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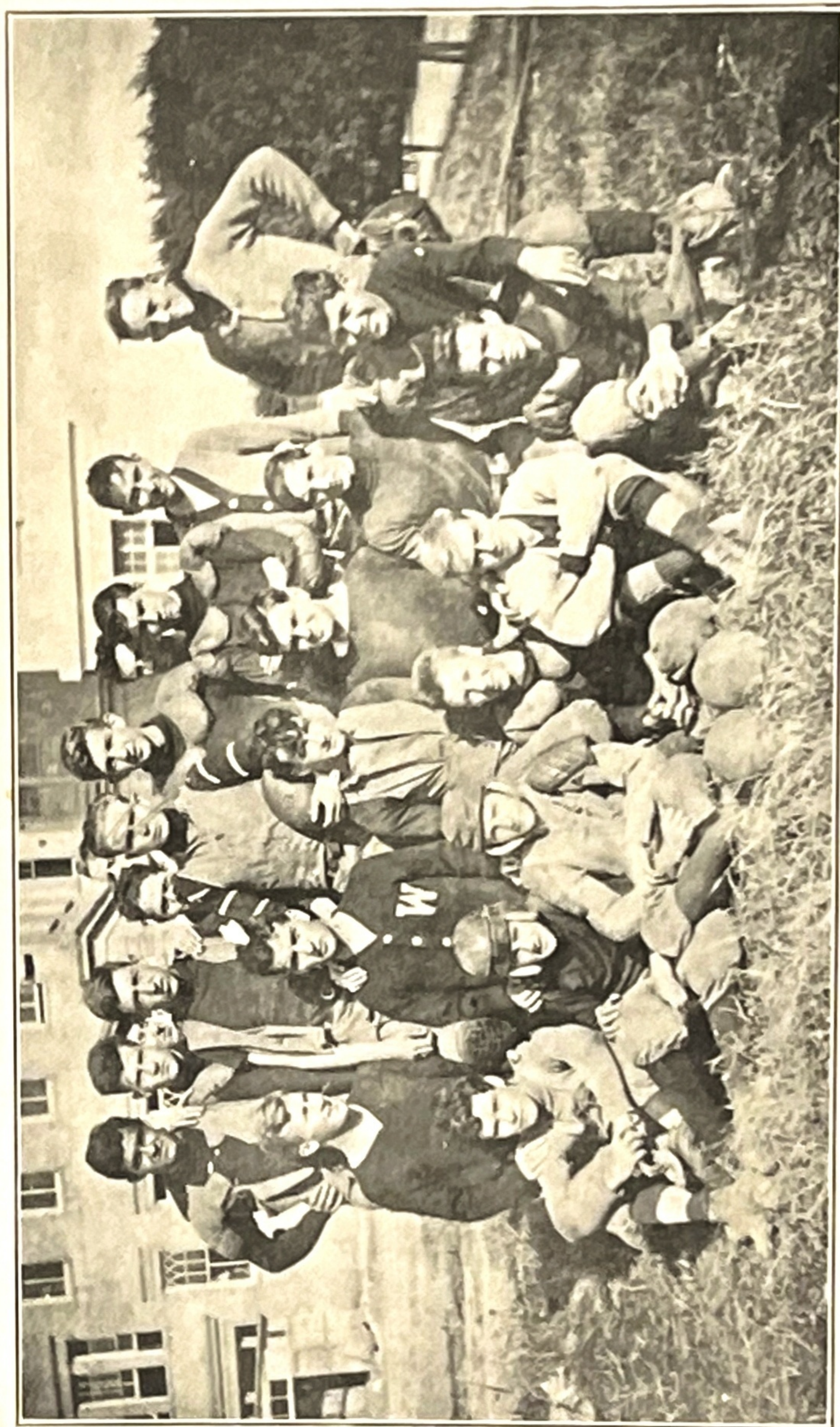
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W. H. S. FOOTBALL SQUAD

THE WESTERN

VOL. XV

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCT., 1910

No. 1

The Race and the Finish

By A. H. FREDERICK, '12

Twenty years ago I should not have dared to write this story, because then I only half believed the truth, myself. If any doctor, philosopher, or business man can give an explanation of it, let him do so, I cannot. I simply write of what I saw and what I now fully believe, and this belief arises from the fact that I have seen men die suddenly, I have seen lingering deaths, and I have seen men die with resolution in their hearts and on their faces.

In the year 1889, I returned to Lloyd's Military Academy, a full-fledged "old boy." Therefore, I did not feel at all gratified when I was informed that my roommate for the coming year was a "new boy," or "goat," as we called them. So I took my key with a disgruntled air and started toward my room. I had proceeded as far as "B" dormitory when I saw a crowd gathered around some object on the floor. As I approached, two or three of them lifted the object, which proved to be a boy, and carried him to room "25," my room. I stopped the fellow nearest me, and asked him what the matter was.

"Oh!" he said, "you know 'Tubby' Jensen. He was bullying some of the new boys. He stands about five feet eleven, you know, and when he came to this little fellow, that didn't reach his shoulder, he said to him, 'And what name did you pick out at your christening, baby?' The little fellow didn't move an eyelash. 'In my youthful innocence,' he said, 'I picked out Nebuchadnezzar, but my parents thought differently.' Jensen got mad when we laughed at him, and called this little fellow, Morton, I believe his name is, a liar. Then they had a scrap. Of course, it all went Jensen's way at first, but he couldn't knock Morton out. He wore himself out pounding the other fellow, and at last Morton hit him an uppercut and laid him out. Gee! that little fellow's game! Fainted dead away as soon as the fight was over."

I went to my room. They had laid the boy on his bed. It was plain to be seen that his nose was broken, two of his teeth loosened and his right eye discolored and swollen. We put wet bandages on his face and waited. Presently he came to. His right hand went up to the towels.

"What's all this tommy-rot?" he stormed, flinging them at the opposite wall and sitting up. "I got him and I got him square. Gimme the 'makings,' somebody."

I handed him the papers and tobacco, and he silently rolled a cigarette.

Big Mike O'Dany, who played center on the football team, advanced and held out his hand.

"You're all right, Nebuchadnezzar," he said, shaking Morton's hand. "What's your name?"

"George Morton," the boy answered. "Babe, they call me down home."

"Well," Mike said, going toward the door, "drop around to my room any time you feel like it, Nebby, boy."

And "Nebby" it was from that day on.

The doctor came in at that moment to set Morton's nose, so we all went out.

Such was "Nebby's welcome to Lloyd's.

Morton went out for the football team and made "quarter" easily, soon developing into our star player. I remember one game especially, when he went through fifteen minutes of play with a sprained ankle. With five minutes left he went over for a touchdown, then fainted. Grit? The boy was grit clear through. But he broke training constantly, smoking at every opportunity.

"Why don't you cut it out?" I asked him one day.

"Can't do it," he answered. "It's got the grip on me, all right."

That was not the only rule he broke, either. There was hardly a regulation in the institution, written or unwritten, that he had not violated by Christmas. The one he broke regularly and constantly was the one against smoking. I would often remonstrate with him, but he would laugh and light another cigarette.

Time after time, the commandant of cadets would call Nebby down to his office and reason, threaten or plead with him about some breach of discipline. I remember one time particularly. The commandant had rebuked Nebby in front of the whole company. He had finished by asking:

"Am I not right in this matter, Morton?"

Nebby shook his head sadly.

"We all make mistakes, sir," he answered, mournfully.

Thus the commandant was left in doubt. So after drill he called Nebby down to his office, and they had a stormy session. When Morton had had sufficient amusement, he lifted his big, girlish eyes, contritely.

"I see the error of my ways, sir," he said, softly, "and I will mend them, sir." He saluted, did an "about-face," and went out.

The commandant was overjoyed. But he would not have been quite so delighted if he could have seen Nebby at that moment.

"Oh! he's all right," the latter was explaining to an admiring circle, "but, say! he's easy. You ought to have seen me fool him."

Suddenly, struck by a brilliant idea, he seized a pencil, ran out into the corridor, and wrote on the whitewashed wall:

"Our commandant went to the war,
Dressed in army blue.
He was the only one who stood
While round the bullets flew.
He stood his ground like a soldier brave,
A hero bold was he—
His comrades charge, he would not budge,
Oh! how he loved that tree!
All spick and span, a "hero-man,"
He came back from the war.
You can buy like him, soldiers of tin,
In any department store."

Of course we rubbed the doggerel out as soon as his back was turned.

Often, after taps, he would light a cigarette, shading it with his hand so the O. D. (officer of the day, supposed to report every one caught smoking) would not see it, and tell me about his home, his mother and father, his friends and another.

But these after-taps talks soon ceased. When he had been at Lloyd's about three months he came in one day and slammed his books on the desk.

"Flunked in Latin," he said, carelessly. But that night, after the last note of taps had died away, he climbed up on a chair, his Latin book in his hand, and studied it by the dim light that filtered in from the hall. When I went to sleep he was still studying. He did this every night, and the next month he stood at the head of his Latin class.

So the days passed. The snow melted and the robins heralded the approach of the last term. We all left at Easter for a visit to our homes. Nebby came back newly stocked with talk of the Other One, and, while we counted the days until the flag would come down, the last time for three months, he counted the days to June 10th.

"Because," said he, "she's coming up with her brother for Graduation Week."

So Nebby would say, "twenty-five days," then "sixteen days," then "five days," until at last he looked slowly round the stripped room and said, "seven hours."

Thus Graduation Week arrived with its drills, dances, and girls; and the battalion went into camp.

I saw the Other One. She was a little chit of a girl, her pompadour just reaching Nebby's ear. She had large fan-like eyes and a sensitive mouth, but for all that one could tell that there was a strong and noble heart in that little body.

I danced with her that night, and could easily gather from her conversation that all this world meant "Nebby" to her. And when I spoke of five long years before Nebby would leave college, she knew what I meant, and said, as if pitying my lack of knowledge, "Why, five years isn't long to wait for Nebby."

I knew by the look that came into her eyes that a thousand years was not too long for her to wait—"for Nebby."

Then came the day when we met our old enemy, St. Cynthias, in the yearly field meet. Many rooters came with them, and the feeling was intense, for never could anyone remember when the two schools had been so evenly matched.

Nebby went in the fifty and the hundred, and won them both, easily. I won the hammer-throw, but lost in the shot-put. After the latter event, I walked over to the grass plot just below the grand-stand and sat down disconsolately. Nebby came over to where I was sitting.

"Why didn't you win?" he asked, his eyes flashing.

"That's a bright question to ask," I retorted. "I suppose you have some magic that makes you win."

"Yes, I have," he said, earnestly. "When I'm running I don't think of a thing except that I must win. I keep saying to myself, a hundred yards more; fifty yards more; you must win! you must win!"

At that moment the coach came up.

"Look here, Morton," he said, excitedly, to Nebby, "you know we put the mile run off till last to give Ambler a chance. He sprained his ankle in the pole-vault. We thought maybe it wasn't sprained and he could run if he rested; but the doctor won't let him. Morton," he paused, dramatically (he knew his man), "we've got to win this race. If we win it, we win the meet. If we lose it, we lose the meet. Will you go in—and win?"

Nebby plucked a weed growing near, and slowly tore it to pieces. He looked at the half-mile track, and followed it round with his eyes, twice. He looked at me. I nodded my head. He looked at the trainer, who bent forward waiting his answer. He glanced at the grand-stand, and I followed the direction of his eyes with mine and saw the Other One nod and smile, as if she, too, knew.

"Yes," he said softly, jumping to his feet, "I'll go in—and win."

He threw off his bath-robe, and a mighty cheer rose from the right where the Lloyd's fellows were. Nebby glanced again to where the Other One sat. She smiled, and I saw the skin grow even tigher across the little fellow's jaw. Then I knew that Nebby would "go in—and win."

The race was being held for the vacant entry, and, as he crouched in place, the pistol cracked. Nebby instantly sprang to the front. At the quarter he had a good ten yards' lead, and was gaining slowly but surely at every stride, so that when he passed us he led by twenty yards. I was close down by the track, and as they passed I noticed that my roommate's breath was coming in short, sharp gasps, that his face was deadly white and his lips drawn.

"He'll win," I heard myself say mechanically, but in my heart I did not believe that he would reach the three-quarters.

Now they are on the last stretch. All of them quicken their

pace. The St. Cynthia man is gaining! No, Nebby is holding the distance. The other two are far behind.

"Come on, Nebby!"

"Dan! Dan!"

"Faster, Nebby, faster!"

A short gasp goes up as Nebby stumbles. Lloyd's cheerleader stands up and waves his megaphone.

"Come on, fellows," he shouts, and the cry rings out three hundred strong.

"Who are we? Who are we?"

The boys from Lloyd's Academy.

Will we win? Well, I should say!

L—L—O—Y—D—M—A

Nebby!!!"

He quickens for a moment, but the other gathers all his strength in a last spurt. The distance between them is now less than twelve yards. From where I'm standing, twenty yards this side of the tape, I calculate the distance. Then I shout with the others, for I know Nebby will win.

"If you can hold that pace, you win," I yell, as he comes opposite me. "You must! you must!" I shriek in a frenzy.

He hears me and turns his head. That old smile of his comes to those gray lips. Suddenly, I stand speechless and horror-stricken, for, even as I looked, the face went whiter than before, the jaw closed with a snap, the eyes rolled back until I could see naught but the whites, and the arms fell limply at the sides. He seemed to pause for the fraction of a second. Then he ran on at the same pace, but not on the toes as before. Each foot came down heavily and flat-footed, like a weight too heavy for the holder. The arms moved by reason of the motion of the legs, but not a bit from their own muscles, and, as this ghastly runner passed me, I could have sworn (and will still take my oath) that the chest did not move, and not a sound came from between the lips or from the nose!

I stood as one in a daze. I saw It break the tape, winning by five yards. I saw the people in front fall back before the horror of that face, so that after It crossed the finish It ran on for about ten steps, each foot coming down with that awful thud. Not a sound came from all the crowd. I wanted to scream, but my throat was dry and I could not. Would It never stop! Would nobody stop It!

Suddenly, as if It had run into a wall, It stopped, stood for a minute, then fell face forward, stiff and still. I ran forward, together with the trainer, who was standing by me. As we ran, I distinctly saw the right leg lift itself about two inches, then fall. I saw the muscles in the left leg tighten, strain and then relax. The crowd closed in, hiding It from my view. The next I remember I was walking across the campus, Big Mike on one side and Jensen on the other, each holding me by an arm.

(Continued on page 13)

The Freshman's Reincarnation

I

It was the father Hesperus
And his son, who came to try
To enter as a Freshman
In dear old Western High.

II

The father glanced down at his son
With look and gesture mild.
The latter grasped his father's hand
And cried in accents wild:

III

"Oh, father! I see an awful sight,
Oh, say what does it mean?"
"'Tis only Upman's gorgeous socks
With purple stripes and green."

IV

"Oh, father! I hear an awful sound,
A mighty crash and crack."
"'Tis only the Sophomores showing,
My son, the Freshmen how to act."

V

"What means that talk of 'first one,'
And 'darling little pearl'?"
"'Tis only Krentzlin, the high school flirt,
Who again has changed his girl."

VI

Down came the girls and smote amain
The place where the strangers stood.
The boy, behind his father's back,
Hid as best he could.

VII

"Oh, father, that girl who looks this way,
Pray tell, what this may be?"
"'Tis only a high school lassie, boy,
Who maketh eyes at thee."

VIII

"Oh! father, what is that dreadful sound?
It maketh my head fair ring."
But the father stood with stopped up ears,
Bushnell had commenced to sing.

IX

In a year the father came again.
At length his son he spied,
Chatting and walking down the street,
A girl on either side.

X

Such was the blooming of the bud—
The laddie scared and shy—
Heaven give us all a fate like this
In dear old Western High.



EDITORIALS

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THE WESTERN is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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Once again we are back in high school. Our vacation is over and we must settle down to another year of hard work for the glory of ourselves and Old Western. We welcome you, teachers and students, all, and especially the members of the class of 1914. The beautiful new additions to the building are nearly complete and will soon be used, and, although we are somewhat hampered by not having an adequate football field and by the dust and commotion that always accompanies the repair and enlargement of a tenanted building, we have been very philosophical and have taken these handicaps optimistically with the result that interruptions and confusion in the class-rooms have been reduced to the minimum.

**A
Question
?**

With the appearance of this issue THE WESTERN begins its seventeenth year as the journal of Western High School. In 1893 it started with six issues of twelve pages each. In 1900 the paper was changed in form and eight issues of sixteen pages each were published. Last year it was again changed to twenty-four pages and the material in the body of the book was altered. Each year it has progressed, if not in style, in form; if not in form, in subject matter. The staff this year hopes to continue the pace set by its predecessors. This, however, can only be accomplished through the hearty co-operation of the school and faculty. Friendly criticisms and suggestions will always be welcomely received. But a paper cannot live on criticism alone. To succeed, a paper must have subscriptions, contributions and advertising. The school can co-operate in subscribing and contributing and the business management will look after the advertising. This is not an appeal to the school, it is a question. Will you support a school paper? Remember, it is up to you, as members of the school, whether Western High School has a successful journal or not.

**An
Innovation**

It was Bulwer-Lytton in his "Richelieu" who first wrote, in his impressive style, that wonderful truism, "The pen is mightier than the sword." We have heard that statement many times since, and we may doubt or believe in its truth as we are inclined, but there still remains the fact that an immense amount of the world's history has been written not in the blood of conflicts, but by the pen of man. The pens of legislators and public men, and especially editors of the American Press have played a great part in the history of this continent. Today each community has its respective news journals. Each community is influenced to a greater or less degree by its press. Many times by advocating reforms and by advancing new principles, politics have been cleansed, institutions have been founded and giant undertakings have been accomplished.

Henceforward it shall be the aim of the Editorial Staff of this paper to make THE WESTERN an influencing element in the life of the school.

Our school is a community within itself, with its own social life, etc., and its own local journal. During the year THE WESTERN will advocate a more active competitive spirit in inter-class athletics, the establishment of the honor system and the participation of every pupil in at least one interest of the school life. With your help, subscribers and students, we can have all these things. Nothing is so strong as public opinion. If the faculty see that we are in earnest, and have in mind the welfare not only of ourselves but of the school in advocating these reforms, they will adopt them.

If one of these principles which we advocate is adopted or considered this year, THE WESTERN will feel that its existence in the school has been warranted, otherwise it has failed in its purpose.

The Autumnal Call

Give us Men!

Men—from every section,
With strength in her perfection;
Men of home-cooked feeding,
Men of football breeding,
Taught to rush unheeding,
Old Western's glory speeding;
Men, of any class or faction,
Men like Juggernauts in action.
Give us men—we say again—
Give us Men!

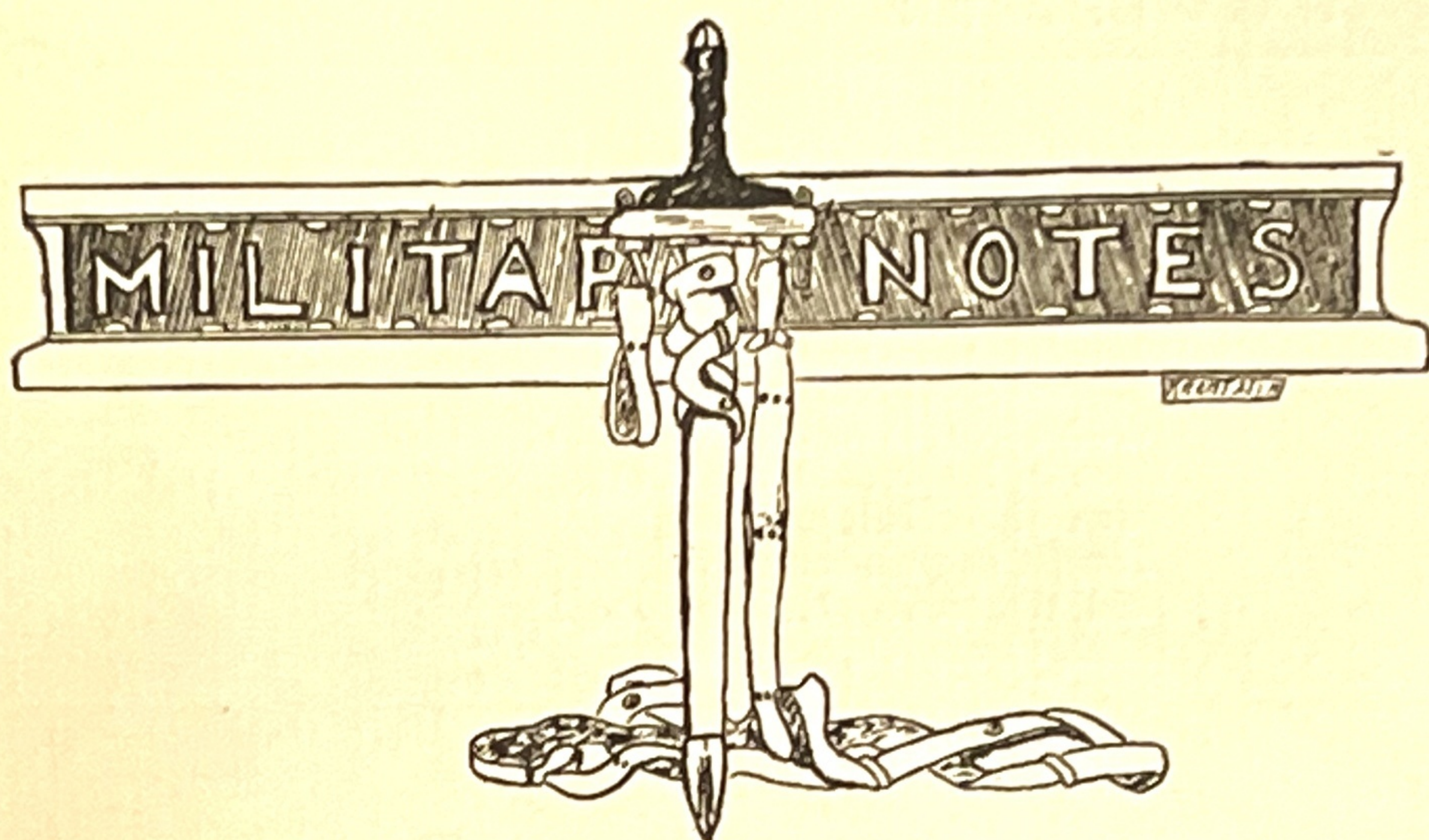
Give us Men!

Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires
To pave the way for funeral pyres
By tramping other men beneath them;
Men, to make dear Western wreath them
As her noblest sons;
Men to fight for our traditions.
Men—with no thought of seditions—
To plant the pigskin ever forward
With their fleshy tons.
Give us Men—we ask again
For Men!

Give us Men!

Men, who when the schools are cheering,
Always confident, unfearing,
In the scrimmage hardest fight;
Who, ox-like, strain a foot to gain,
Unmindful of a bruise or pain,
Hoping Fortune smiles aright.
Men, with brawn and vim and muscle;
Men who think life one long tussle;
Men with the shoulders of a bull;
Men who can push, shove, tug and pull;
Men of meat—good, solid meat—
Eleven men of beef—and might.
Give us such Men! We ask yet again
For such Men!

—P. SIGGERS



Greetings, Company H. Old Comrades, welcome back, once again. Your places are best filled by none save yourselves. New Comrades, we are more than glad to meet you. A hearty welcome to the ranks.

The showing made this year at the first two drills is the best Company H has had in years. It was splendid. We were especially glad to see so many old men as Duvall, Schaff, Ellis, Campbell, and Dowell with us once more.

Those two drills were of necessity rather informal. That is, the company had no officers appointed, commissioned or non-commissioned. The men were, therefore, only put through a light drill, lasting about three-quarters of an hour, under the direction of temporary officers.

The drills served several purposes, however. It gave the old men a chance to remember a few things taught them last year, while the new men were able to get a slight idea of what was going to be expected of them. The circumstances under which the drills were held was, of course, rather hard on all the men. It was, for that reason, one of the chief times of the year, when the first principle of drill, discipline, is very much in evidence. The company is to be highly commended on its work in this respect during those two days. There is always more or less of a fine chance for the second year men to have a little "kidding" at the first few drills. It generally seems to be "rather a bore" to them to go through the movements they had when they were young, oh! so many years ago. But the discipline so far has been all that could be asked. Keep up the good work! There is not a man among you that will regret it.

The examinations for company commissions were held at the Central High School on the third of October. Four men took them for Company H. These were Harry Blanton, Harold Bantz, Edwin Bethel and Frank Scofield. They are all men who could well and ably fill any duty to which they might have been assigned. Our only regret is that there were not enough captaincies to go around.

The following company appointments were made:

Captain—EDWIN A. BETHEL
First Lieutenant—HARRY C. BLANTON
Second Lieutenant—HAROLD BANTZ
First Sergeant—FREDERICK KNIGHT
Second Sergeant—EMMART MEANY
Third Sergeant—JOHN ASPINWALL
Fourth Sergeant—LEOPOLD KRENTZLIN
Fifth Sergeant—CHARLES KIRBY

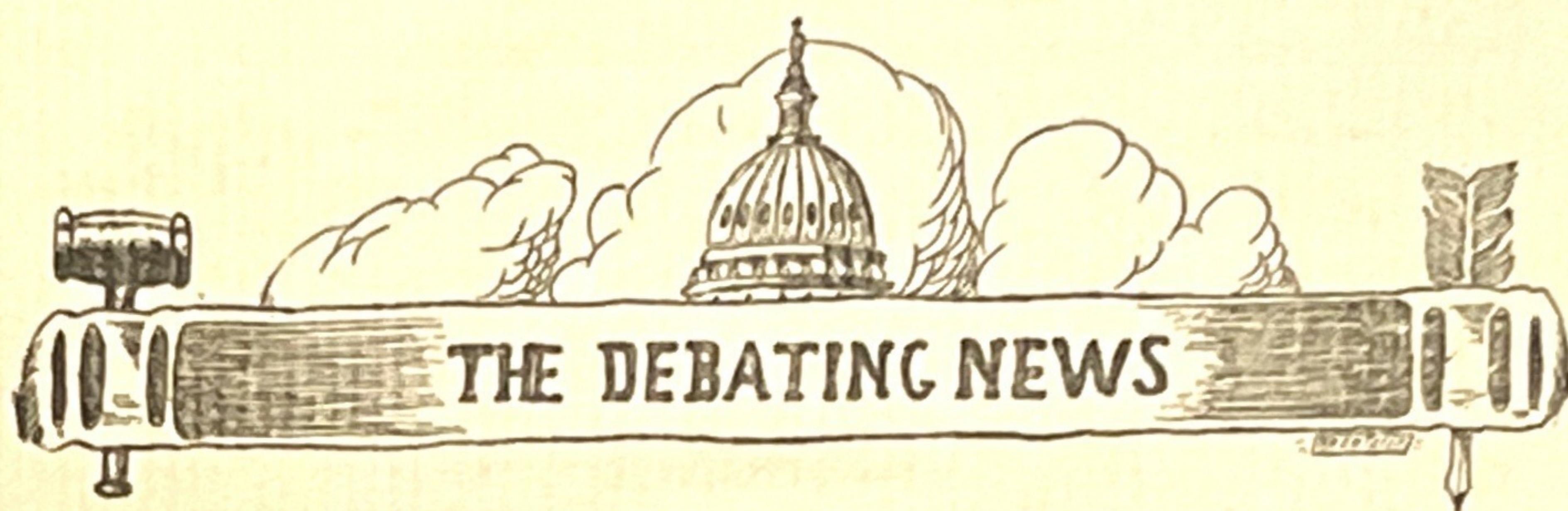
Corporals—JAMES COURTS
HERBERT KIMBALL
BURNETT OLMSTEAD
KERCHEVAL SMITH
COLIN CAMPBELL
WARNER HARWOOD
JULIAN DOWELL
FRED PIMPER

At a later date, through the resignation of Fifth Sergeant Chas. Kirby, Corporal James Courts was made Fifth Sergeant, and the following additional appointments were made for corporals:

WILLIAM ELLIS
WALTER DUVALL
FRED LEHMAN

The following is a list of the Regimental Officers, who are all to be congratulated:

COLONEL WALTER RATHBONE
Business High School
LIEUTENANT COLONEL L. R. LOHR
McKinley High School
REGIMENTAL ADJUTANT DANIEL R. ROPER
Eastern High School
MAJOR PAUL S. ARMSTRONG, FIRST BATTALION
Central High School
MAJOR J. F. MOORE, SECOND BATTALION
Business High School
MAJOR E. J. CASSELMAN, THIRD BATTALION
McKinley High School



One of school interests which needs the individual and sincere support of the school is the Debating interest. The Debating Society exists for the good of the student body, and the issue is squarely placed before you. Do you desire a Debating Society? It is to be presumed that an institution which is of such great value to us all, and which demands so little of us will be supported. It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the advantages of being a good public speaker. The Hon. Geo. F. Hoar has said, "Every American youth, if he desire for any purpose to get influence over his countrymen in an honorable way, will seek to become a good public speaker. That power is essential to success at the bar or in the pulpit, and almost indispensable to success in public life."

The ability to speak in public, to address an audience, is an asset that has always been of incalculable value and which always will continue to be, as long as man has ears that hear and a soul than can be entered. The greatest movements, the most heroic efforts, the noblest deeds have all been inspired by some eloquent orator. To realize this, we have but to recall the efforts of Demosthenes in defense of Greece's liberty; we have but to remember Cicero's efforts in behalf of law and order; we have but to be reminded that American institutions and liberties have been in a large part created and protected by our Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, and other distinguished American orators.

But there are other advantages which one has in being able to speak—advantages which will stand you in good stead every day, no matter what your position in life may be, or in what direction your path may lead. It insures self-confidence so that one can rise in his place and defend his side of the question. It develops the reasoning power and causes one to think quickly. It is the means whereby one learns to express oneself in a clear, simple manner. These are all valuable assets whether you contemplate entering upon a career which requires skill in address or not. Proficiency in debate is the result of long and careful training. The way to get this necessary training is to join the Debating Society and take an active and interested part in the proceedings. If you are a junior or a senior you should have this valuable training before the opportunity is lost. If you are a sophomore or a freshman the time is at hand when you should get the training to enable you to represent Western in the inter-high series, and your work should be of such a character as to surpass anything that has ever been done in this work. Start in now and determine to do

your best and you will succeed. You cannot help but do so. There is no rule to bar you. All are cordially invited to join. The Debating season will open on Wednesday, November 16, and meetings will be held every Wednesday afternoon. We expect this year to put a fine team in the field against the other high schools, and for this reason notice is hereby given that all who wish to try for the team should present themselves at the first meeting in order to learn the question, receive the assignments as to the order of speakers, and other details. In addition to having an inter-school team this year, it is planned to have inter-class teams. There will be class teams to represent all four classes, and debates will be arranged in order to determine the class championship. No member who is selected to represent the school in the inter-school debates will be eligible to represent his or her class in the inter-class debates.

An innovation in the Debating Society this year will be the reorganization into the Senate. Parliamentary rules will be followed in the discussions. Committee appointments will be announced at the second meeting of the Senate. All business will be referred to the proper committee or authority. Committee reports will be asked for at each session, and the Chair will entertain motions relative to said reports or other business that may arise. After the machinery is well oiled and in good running condition, some unfortunate Senator or Senatress—though it is extremely improbable that a Senatress would do so—who has betrayed his trust will be impeached, and if found guilty is likely to be severely punished. Indeed, one unfortunate last year, who was found guilty, was sentenced to serve ninety-eight years in the penitentiary, and it is extremely doubtful if he will ever attempt another such heinous crime.

The Race and the Finish

(Continued from page 5)

I attempted to get away.

"Turn me loose," I cried, hysterically, "I must go to him."

"Easy boy, easy," Mike said, soothingly. "He's dead."

"Dead," I echoed, and again, "dead!"

"Yes," said Jensen, "he was dead when the doctor reached him."

"When the doctor reached him," I repeated. Then suddenly I felt as if Nebby was being belittled, so I cried out: "He was dead twenty yards before he crossed the finish."

And I believed it then, and I believe it now.

I saw Jensen and Mike exchange significant glances, so I said no more until we were in Mike's tent.

"What do you make of it, Jensen?" I then asked.

"Nicotine," answered Jensen, laconically. "It got him in the end."

"And you, Mike?" I turned to him.

(Continued on page 17)



Football

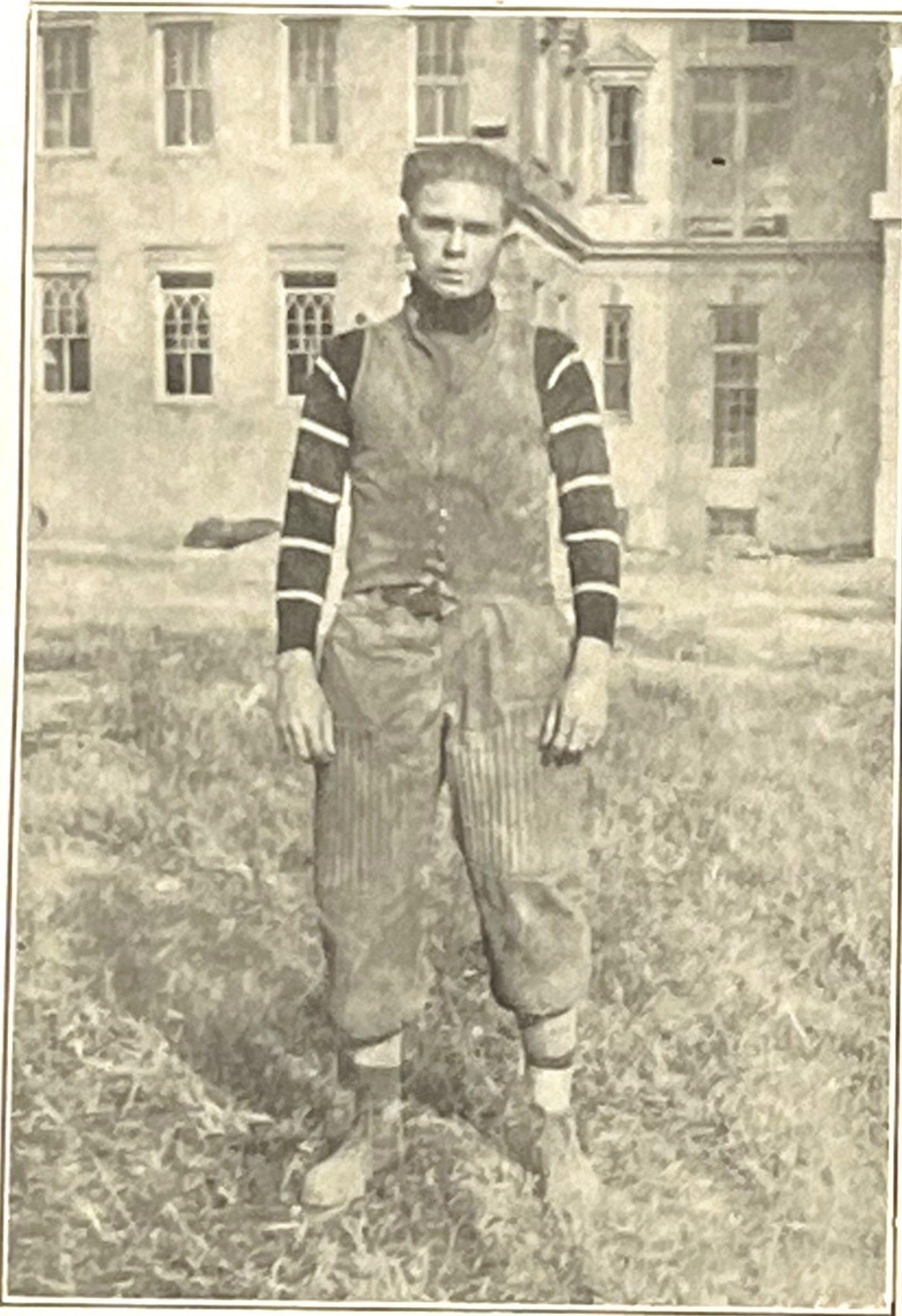
When the football season closed last year every one looked forward to a great season this year on account of the large number of veterans who were expected back, but before the year closed R. Jones, tackle; Pierce, end; Krentzlin, center, and I. Jones, end, left school to enter prep schools, and when school opened this year Church and Stone also were missing, but Krentzlin had returned.

At first few men came out, but the squad gradually increased until now there are over two teams out. The team is greatly handicapped by not having had a coach. However, beginning with October 12, Mr. Brooks, late of George Washington, will be with us, and greater progress is expected. Byrd, who coached last year and made such a wonderful showing, is coaching Eastern College this year.

Shoemaker is out this year and developing into an excellent fullback. Upman is still punting for us this year, while "Froggy" is, of course, doing excellently. Little "Stony" is proving to be a second "Ike" Jones. Krentzlin, our brilliant center of last year, is putting up an excellent showing. He is going out for debate, and when we remember his brilliant achievements on the platform we will count ourselves fortunate in having him with us. We hear also that he is going out for military honors.

Schedule of Games—High School

Eastern vs. Central.....	October 18th
Business vs. Technical.....	October 21st
Eastern vs. Western.....	October 25th
Business vs. Central.....	October 28th
Technical vs. Western.....	November 1st
Business vs. Eastern.....	November 4th
Central vs. Technical.....	November 8th
Business vs. Western.....	November 11th
Eastern vs. Technical.....	November 15th
Central vs. Western.....	November 19th



"FROGGY"

Western, 6; Dunham's, 0

The football team played their first game of the season when they journeyed to Baltimore on October 8 to play Dunham's Boys' Latin School. Although it was raining hard through the greater portion of the game Western did not seem to notice it, and repeatedly rushed the ball to within a few yards of Dunham's goal, only to lose it through some piece of hard luck. Western was outweighed about five pounds to the man, but fast offensive play offset this advantage. The game started with Western kicking off. Dunham received the ball on their fifteen-yard line, and ran it back ten yards. On a fumble, Hunter grabbed the ball, and Western started on a march down the field, but was held for downs on Dunham's eight-yard line. Fowke kicked the ball out of danger, and after a punting duel, the first quarter ended with the ball in mid-field. In the second quarter Western again threatened Dunham's goal, but a twenty-yard penalty just before the whistle blew

kept them from scoring. In the third quarter Garner and Shoemaker advanced the ball to the five-yard line, where Western was held for downs. A forty-yard run by Upman was the feature of this period. In the last quarter the back-field had the ball on Dunham's ten-yard line during the first minute of play, where a fumble gave Dunham's the ball. On Adams' pass for a kick, Krentzlin, in some unexplained manner, grabbed the ball and advanced it five yards. This play won the game for Western. Garner was shoved over for a touchdown a minute later. Barclay kicked a pretty goal. The game ended with the ball on Dunham's thirty-yard line. At no time was Western's goal endangered. Line-up.

WESTERN	Position	DUNHAM'S
Stone	L. E.....	Stollenweck
Hunter	L. T.....	Bosley
Smith	L. G.....	Ford
Krentzlin	C.....	Adams
Gray	R. G.....	Yewell
Brooks	R. T.....	Bloede
McArdle	R. E.....	Nagle
Barclay	Q. B.....	Martin, Daley
Upman	L. H. B.....	Tippen
Garner (Capt.), Blanton...	R. H. B.....	Penniman (Capt.)
Shoemaker	F. B.....	Fowke

Touchdown — Garner. Goal from touchdown — Barclay. Referee—Mr. Rogers, M. A. C. Umpire—Mr. Randolph, W. H. S. Head linesman—Mr. Lansburgh, W. H. S. Timers—Mr. Bristoe, W. H. S.; Mr. Knowles, Dunham's. Time of quarters—10 minutes each.

St O ne
U pman
Frede R ick

Sco F ield
Br O oks
Sh O emaker
Hun T er

B arclay
G A rner
B L anton
La Sco L a

Kren T zlin
P E ck
Gr A y
S M ith

Western played a practice game with Georgetown Preps October 6, this being the first game of the season. Although defeated by the score of 5 to 0, the boys put up a very creditable showing, and had the opponents' goal in danger several times. The Preps scored their only touchdown on a trick play, Cull going through the left side of our line and running seventy-five yards, carrying the ball for the touchdown. In the fourth quarter, with only a few minutes to play, Western, by successive line bucks by Garner, Barclay and Shoemaker, carried the ball to the Preps two-yard line, but were here held for downs. The following was the line-up:

WESTERN	Position	GEORGETOWN PREPS
Lascola, Stone.....	L. E.....	Galvin
Fredericks	L. T.....	Jones
Hunter	L. G.....	Hawkins, Vaughn
Gray	C.....	Stahl
Smith	R. G.....	Mascola
Brooks	R. T.....	Larkin
McArdle.....	R. E.....	Martin
Upman	Q. B.....	Crowley
Barclay	L. H. B.....	Crow
Garner	R. H. B.....	McGrath
Shoemaker	F. B.....	Cull

The Race and the Finish

(Continued from page 13)

"He won the day for old Lloyd's," he answered. "Grit, clear through."

So it ended.

In the chapel at Lloyd's, there is a window, "To the Memory of George Morton." In the heart of every one that knew him at Lloyd's is respect for him; and, in many, love. Ask any one of Lloyd's sons what was the first thing he learnt at Lloyd's and the answer will come readily:

"To obey God, to love Lloyd's, and to honor George Morton."

That's about all. The Other One? Well, I don't know. I never heard of her again; but often on cold nights, when the winds howl dismally outside, and I get to thinking of old times, and more particularly of Nebby, I like to think of the look in her eyes when she said:

"Five years isn't long to wait—for Nebby."



Affinities

When Benjamin wed Annie, oh!
They both were kindly fated;
It Bennie-fited him, you know,
While she was Annie-mated.

—*Cornell Widow*

Professor—"What is made from ivory?"
Freshie (looking at his hands)—"Ivory Soap."

Madame—"Mr. Mallan, give me a word for 'new.'"
Mr. Mallan—"You got me there!"
Madame—"Neuf" (nerve).
Class—"We never had that."
Madame (in French)—"And Mr. Mallan, he has had it so long."

Miss Wallace—"What is a vacuum?"
Pupil—"I have it in my head, but I can't explain it."

Miss N—ly, translating:
"He chased himself out of the street."

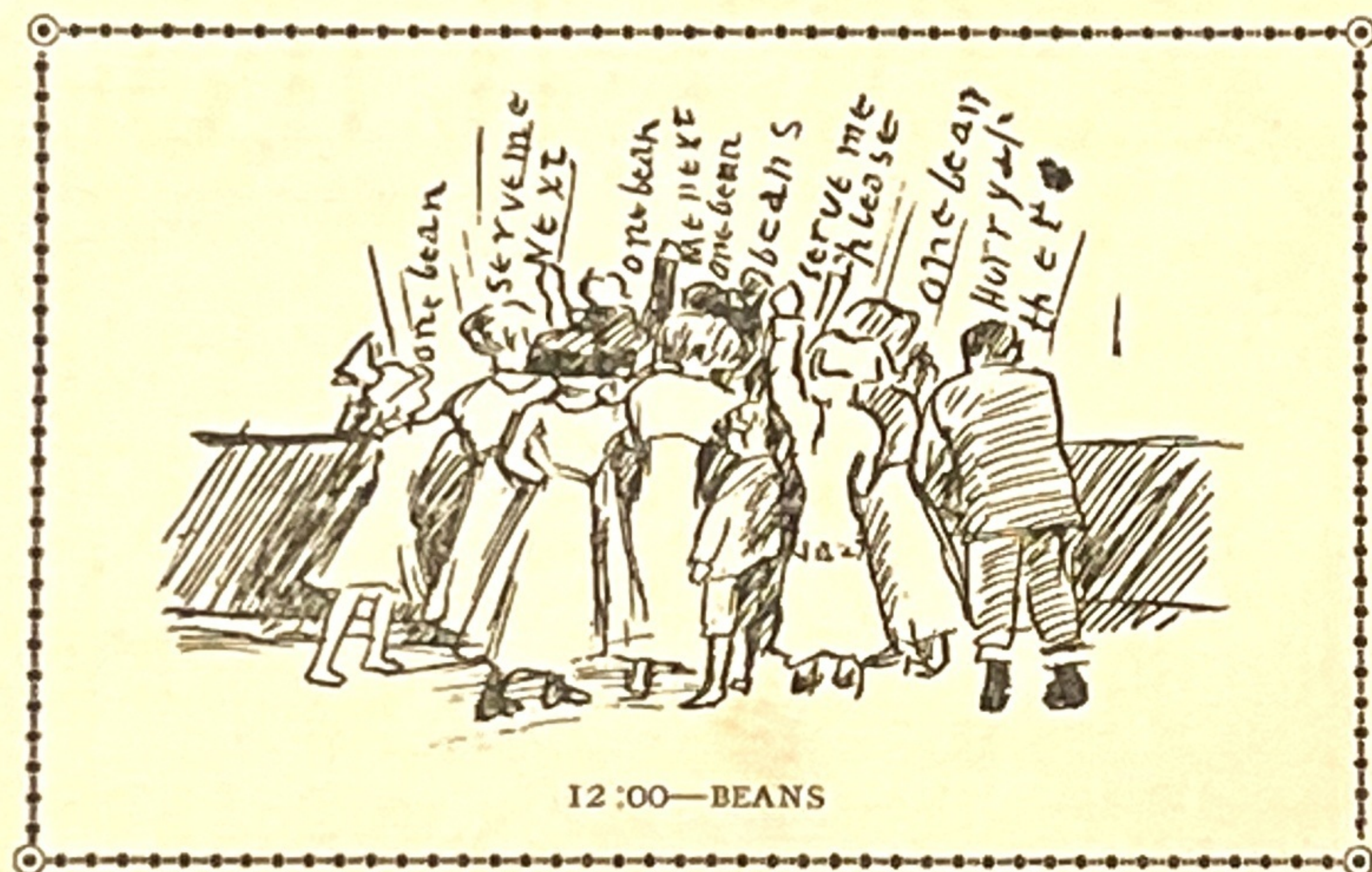
The school is to be congratulated upon the election of Miss Bitzer as captain of the girls' basketball team. Under her able leadership, we expect the girls to support this interest and to make the team which represents Western this year better even than it was last season.

Miss Campbell, translating:
"He was stirring up his dog."

Frederick thinks Milwaukee is the finest city in the United States. We wonder why.

"Why does the moon never get rich?"
 'Because it spends all its quarters getting full.'—*Ex.*

In drawing:
 Miss Guillium—"Now, class, get your little brains to work."



Who takes his neighbor at his best
 And passes by the dross
 Need never roam in friendship's quest
 Or fear for worldly loss.

Those qualities in other men
 That shade their speech and acts
 Display themselves in beauty when
 Their best is what attracts.

Who views his neighbor at his worst,
 And lets the good slip by,
 For all his days, by hatred cursed,
 Must want for charity.

Then let us kneel at friendship's shrine,
 And pray that grace might be
 Instilled in us, to see mankind
 As one fraternity.

—J. B. L.

REVISED FOOTBALL

The heated discussion relative to a proposed revision downward of the present football rules has provoked George Ade to the following solution of the problem:

"Selection of players: The eleven players constituting the team shall be selected by the faculty, and the student who has received the highest grade in Greek anthology shall be captain of the team. No student shall be eligible for the team unless he is up in his class work and has an established reputation for piety.

"Preliminaries: When a team appears on a field for a contest it shall greet the opposing team with a Chautauquan salute, which consists of waving the handkerchief. After this a few friendly chats concerning books and writers may precede the opening of the game.

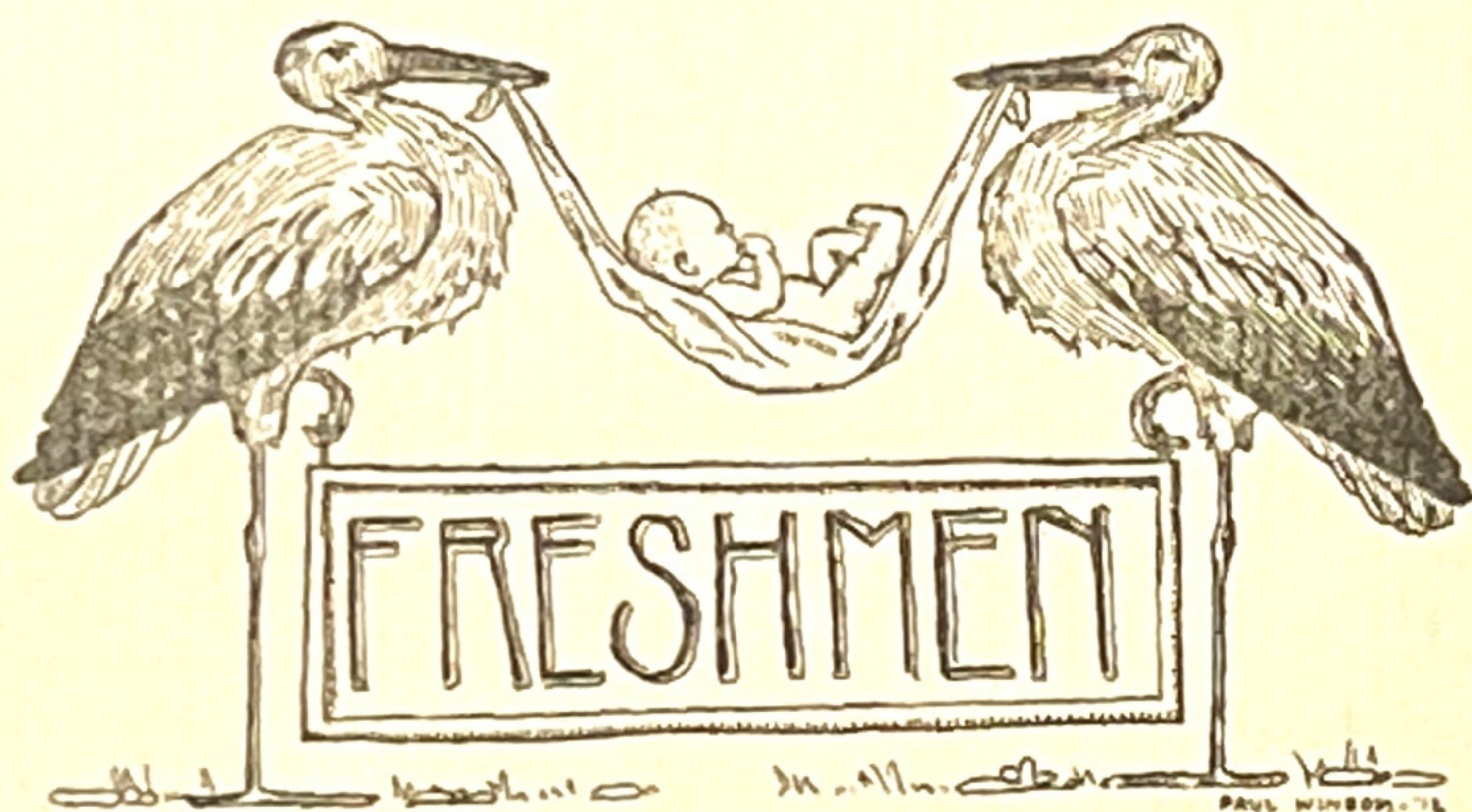
"Substitute for the toss: Instead of tossing a coin to determine which side is to get the ball, the two captains may be called upon to extract the cube root of a number provided by the professor of mathematics. The captain who is the first to hand in the correct solution gets the ball.

"Advancing the ball: The ball having been placed in the center of the field, the umpire, who must be a professor of geology, exhibits to the team, having possession of the ball, a fossil. All the members of the team who think that they can name the geological period to which the fossil belongs hold up their right hands. The umpire selects a player to name the period. If he answers correctly, he advances the ball two yards. If, in addition, he gives the scientific name of the fossil, he advances the ball five yards. If no member of the team can answer the question propounded by the umpire the opposing team shall be given a trial. If successful, it is given the ball.

"Rotation of umpires: After each touchdown there shall be a change of umpires, so that the questions asked a team may, in the course of a long and exciting game, cover the classwork in zoology, applied metaphysics, veterinary science, Sanskrit and other useful studies.

"Offside plays: Any player who makes a grammatical error, mispronounces a word, or seeks assistance from a fellow student, shall be deemed guilty of an offside play, and his side shall be penalized at least five yards.

"Substitute for kicking goal: After a touchdown has been made, the team making it shall be credited with five points, and the captain of the team shall translate five hundred words of Cæsar's Commentaries. If he does so without an error, his team is given an additional point, the same as if goal were kicked. If he fails, the ball goes to the opposing team on the twenty-yard line."—*The Monmouth Oracle*.



Under the heading of "Freshman Editorial" we always expect to read humorous references to nurses, hours of play, nourishment, etc., often with graver warnings as to the "bogy-man" who snatches all small Freshmen who rush into the lower darkness of the basement. These editorials have appeared, and will continue to appear, as long as the school contains facetious upper classmen. In fact, writing "Freshmen Editorials" has come to be a necessary accomplishment for any one aspiring to be on the school paper. But this editorial is to be one merely of friendly advice as to how to exert one's school spirit in school interests.

The Freshmen class, as being the largest in the school, should properly be looked to for its full share of participation in school interests. In the first place, attend the meetings of the Debating Society; don't be backward in this, of all school interests. You know what it does for you, trains you for confidence in public, starts you off toward honors on the school Debating Team, and gives you a knowledge of parliamentary procedure.

Secondly, let all who can go out for athletics, or, failing that, at least see what you can do in the company. Let those who can write stories, poems, or school notes for THE WESTERN. We have already received several contributions in this line from Freshmen.

The various interests of this school are so many and diverse that surely every Freshman can find his or her natural inclination in one or nearly all of them. Don't hesitate to report for basketball or baseball when the call for candidates is made. Don't hang back if some one asks you to join the Debating Society; don't hold back any poem that you have written or any story that you are capable of writing from THE WESTERN. Remember that not four years from now there will be four or five school teams whose captains and most respected members will come from this year's class of Freshmen. And don't, in your contemplation of this picture of future greatness, be slow in undertaking its fulfilment, but remember that a Senior was but four months ago a Junior; that Juniors are not much more than Sophomores, and that Sophs are no more than Freshies, with a few extra inches to their trousers or dresses, as the case may be.

A Welcome to Freshmen

Welcome, ye minute and unlearned creatures to our most distinguished halls of wisdom and learning. You are twice honored: first, because this already large and beautiful structure is being enlarged and additionally beautified solely for receiving organisms of your species; and, second (and even more important), because you are permitted to enter upon your period of mental and physical evolution while we of the class of 1911 are completing our process of mental development. It will add to your dignity and allow a new discovery to be recorded in the chapters of scientific histories if some one of your genus by a masterly demonstration or by actual achievement proves to us that Freshmen actually belong to that class of animals known as homo sapiens.

While you are at work on the great undertaking, we will endeavor to treat you as humanely as is consistent with the good nature of Seniors. To enable you to survive amid this great contest for knowledge, we have established a Freshmen's Protective Society, with such large and robust fellows as Micou, Knight and Chew for your bodyguard and advisers in hours of iniquity. If you are troubled by mental or social problems you will do well to consult the firm of Courts & Parris, who are experts on such matters. Prof. James Cahill is the man to see if you contemplate taking a course in "How to Win a Teacher's Love," for in this line he has admirably distinguished himself. Should you need advice on how to be graceful and make a brilliant speech in English drop in to see Herr McCarteney.

Now, having advised you on all vital matters connected with the beginning of a high school career, let me strongly urge you to follow them, and by the grace of us Seniors you may some day be Sophomores, and thus make yourselves a pride to the school. In that event we shall be heartily glad that at this time we extended to you a cordial welcome.

PAUL MENZEL.

Robin Radford will soon graduate from the Michigan School of Mines as a mining engineer. Robin had some reputation as both a baseball and football player while at school here.

Funny how old Westerners come together at a college after leaving Western. George Whitwell, debater and class historian, is at Boston School of Technology rooming with Wilbur Davidson and Robert Weeks, erstwhile members of Western High.

Theodore Robie (Ted), who held the honorable position of Captain of Company H, is now a student in the great northern University of Michigan.

The only girl, of whose movements I have any knowledge, is Miss Bessie Glascock, who is now attending Wellesley College, having won the coveted Wellesley scholarship last year. Miss Glascock will long be remembered at Western as a star student and also as a most popular member of the great class of 1910. She was Valedictorian of this class.



ALUMNI - NOTES.

On coming to school on opening day about the first thing the "old boys" did was to look around for their friends and give them a hearty welcome. On all sides were clusters busily engaged in arranging plans whereby friends might sit and recite in the same rooms with friends.

All this is going on among the classes that are to be in the school the coming year, so that a member of a class already graduated will miss many familiar and dear faces from their habitual places. Therefore, it may be of interest to know what some of the "old boys" are doing.

Roger Morse Bone, our worthy editor of last year, is pursuing his studies at Georgetown University in the Arts Course as a freshman. Bone was a leader when at Western, both in studies and athletics, and his name ranks among the foremost in Track (where he was captain in his third year), in baseball and in newspaper work. His smiling countenance and pleasant, easy-going manners are greatly missed, we assure you.

Frank Gorman, who reflected great honor on his class last year by passing the revenue cutter service exams, with only a few weeks' special preparation, is still adorning the service with his noble presence, and bids fair to some day be a great obstacle to all smugglers in the capacity of a commander. "Good luck to you, Gorman, class of 1910."

George Fowle, a well-known debater of the year just passed, has given his attention to finance, now, and is in Riggs' Bank. He doesn't own it yet, but there's hope.

Austin Howard, who several years ago shone in football and baseball in this school, is a candidate for a degree of M. E. at Cornell this year. Besides achieving great success in his studies while at Cornell "Andy" has left an enviable reputation as a star third baseman behind him. His name occupies a prominent place in the Dutch Kitchen, a fashionable eating place of Ithaca, whose walls are adorned by the portraits of athletic heroes, past and present.

Ambition

A blood-red beam, from a star did gleam,
The Wanderer saw it glow.
It drew the whole of body and soul
After it to go
On to the end, his foe, his friend,
And now his friend, his foe,
In night or day, ne'er to stay
For misery, joy or woe.

Over the Hill, upward still—
Up, up to the mountain's crest,
His guide, the star, that shines afar,
And will not let him rest.
Shining red, as blood o'erhead,
The course of all men blest.
Following the light, through darkest night
'Till he falls from the mountain crest.

By the unknown lake, as the day did break,
A form lay still and stark.
A laugh afar, from the blood-red star,
Seemed to fill the dark.
A mighty call, rang out o'er all,
And made the valley hark.
Just this one call—the dead man's all,
That—and endless dark.

—A. H. FREDERICK, '12

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No. 2



THANKSGIVING NUMBER

His Mistake

By PHILIP EDWARD SIGGERS

When old "Bull" Powers died there was quite a commotion. From his tenacious hold on life most people had thought he never would die, and it is likely he never would have had he not dissipated his strength in his youth. His unexpected end was hastened by an indiscretion of a fortnight before. Bull awoke that winter morning feeling exceptionally strong, and before sun-up was out at the wood-pile whaling away vigorously at a pine log. By breakfast a cord of wood had been split—a monument to his prowess. But the pitcher had gone once too often to the well, and that wonderful constitution broke at last, though not without a gallant fight. A three weeks' fierce struggle and old Bull succumbed to pneumonia in his ninety and first year.

"Bull" was his fitting nick-name. The tremendous shoulders and the iron arms were known, respected, and feared for two hundred miles around. His long life had made for him many friends, and there was scarcely a person in Wyoming that had not heard of the big ranchman. From his start, with a paltry eight hundred acres, he had been a marked man, and after a half century of ranching a great fortune had been made. Some who claimed they knew declared him to be worth over nine millions, a fabulous sum in those days. So it was not strange that his hundreds of friends were shocked and the rest of the state was stirred at the news of his death.

But it was Tom, the pride of Sweetwater County, the hard-

working, earnest, ambitious young grandson, who was most keenly hurt by "Bull's" death. The old man and the man of twenty-nine had been drawn together through years of friendship until each could not do enough for the other. Their affection and manner toward each other was touching,—woman-like. From early boyhood Tom had worked for gran'pa; through troubles and deaths Tom had stuck by gran'pa, and now Tom felt desolate because he had not gone to the other land, side by side, with gran'pa. For days Tom would sit, apparently taking no interest in matters, dully longing to regain his lost friend, numbly conscious of a world from which, it seemed to him, all joy, nobility, and goodness had been taken. For "Bull" had been a man among creatures. Warrior, pioneer, settler, though he had been; rough, rude, and huge, though he was, no man west of the Mississippi had had a bigger, tenderer, or gentler heart. People said Tom took "arter old man Bull." Certainly the same fearless eyes were there, the same aggressive mouth and chin. All Wyoming knew that Tom was the only man who could put "Bull" "flat on his back." "Tom's big fault," declared an intimate, "is that he is too easy." Tom would drop off his pony, offer it to a walker, and cheerfully swing along by its side in the dust. Such a man was Tom Powers.

Ned, the elder brother, was his exact opposite. Had Tom been an alkali Ned would have been an acid. Tom was sunny and even-tempered. Ned was gloomy and given to childish fits of anger. Ned would have cursed a beggar. Ned, cold and unloving, never moved an eyelash when he was informed of his grandfather's death. His cruelty to his horses was proverbial. Sweetwater citizens often declared that Ned killed "more hosses in one year than all the cowboys on Cowlick Range combined." Five years back the brothers had clashed, and since then Ned was never known to speak a civil word to Tom. Their relations were still strained when "Bull" died.

There was little speculation on the terms of old Powers' will. All knew that Tom's untiring, unselfish labor for gran'pa had earned the right to be considered the chief heir. Ned's contemptible traits were well known all over the county. Shrewd "Bull" Powers was not the man to leave his prided ranch to a thankless grandson. So the large attendance at the reading of the will was only curious as to whether Tom would get all, or whether Ned would be remembered too.

Many of those present on that memorable occasion remarked on Ned's peculiar actions. He seemed decidedly restless, and, in fact, nervous, a condition new to him. Tom's absence was also commented on. "His feelin's is still all choked up," one said, and this was accepted generally as the reason.

At first respectful silence and close attention were given, but at the wording of one or two of the early clauses some of the men examined their revolvers. As the reading progressed muttered oaths and black looks were thrown Ned's way. Before half way through the incredible statement was read that left Ned all of "Bull's" estate, excepting a bare five thousand dollars for Tom. No more

provocation was needed. Ned was surrounded by an angry ring of Tom's friends and roughly escorted to the nearest jail, twenty-five miles off. "If there is any justice in Sweetwater, you'll get it," were the last words he heard as the door slammed in his cell.

Though Ned was not a brave man, he appeared strangely indifferent. "The will was fixed," so the county said, but investigation only revealed the utter incompetency of the authorities. The Bertillon system was unheard of in Wyoming; Cowlick rangers knew more of Plato than Pinkerton. So Ned was released; no evidence could be brought up against him. Feeling ran pretty high about this time, though. Had Tom given the word scores of his friends would have backed his claims with the best argument in the world—the gun muzzle. But Tom, instead, accepted the will's conditions manfully and congratulated his sneering, triumphant brother, and tried to think he was glad matters had turned out as they had.

Time salves the deepest cuts, however, and in a few months people began to look upon the will as a concoction of a crazy man. Brain-storms were unknown out there, so the will was perfectly legal in the minds of Green River citizens. Ned settled down at the ranch, avoided, hated, and cursed. Tom left the range and was employed on the Little Poison basin as a cowboy, but the respect, friendship, and even the love of a great many went with him.

Two brandings had come and gone when Ned made his first blunder. Wishing to gain the friendship of "Bull's" intimates, he wrote to several and invited them to visit him at the ranch. Among these friends was a certain Judge Lamb, who lived south of the Lemhi River in Idaho. The judge was a bluff, hale old party, whose whole existence was wrapped up in his ranch. Being over a hundred miles from the nearest post-office, and it the dreariest spot in Alturas County, it was no wonder the judge was not strictly up-to-date in worldly affairs. Therefore, when Ned wrote him informing him of "Bull's" death he was considerably startled as well as grieved. To Ned's invitation he wrote, "I am coming East to see about affairs." Without knowing why, this sentence did not please Ned; in fact, he shivered slightly as he read it. It was but a cold welcome that he tendered the judge when he finally arrived, and his civility totally disappeared when he learned that a "particular friend" would arrive in a few days. The "particular friend" proved to be a sharp-eyed little man to whom Ned appeared to take an immediate dislike. His Eastern manners confirmed this dislike, and the dinner following his arrival was eaten in moody silence despite the judge's attempt at conversation.

That night the judge slept badly, so he arose early, dressed, and went out for a before-sun-up walk. The morning air was chill and damp; the eastern sky was not yet brightening; so Judge Lamb decided that the half mile to the corral would be far enough. Picking his way slowly down the trail his foot struck a heavy, yet yielding, something. A cry rang out, the bunk-house door opened, and in an instant a dozen cowboys were well down the trail. When they reached Judge Lamb they found him kneeling by the side of

the still body of the little Easterner. His face was turned upward and its convulsive workings could be distinguished even in the gloom. "He lives! he lives!" was the shout; the judge bent to catch the whisper on the suffering man's lips. He straightened up with a jerk and in an eager, strained voice said, "Jimmie says this is Ned Powers' work; boys surround the house." With drawn revolvers the circle closed in; the house was searched from top to bottom, but the prey had escaped. In a few minutes, though, messengers had been dispatched to neighboring ranches, and rangers were sent out with orders to capture Ned Powers—alive, if possible. By morning the news had swept the country like a brush fire with a back wind.

The rest of this story is history. To this day Ned's sensational capture by three rangers and his subsequent trial is talked of throughout Wyoming and Idaho. Tom refused to testify against his brother, but Judge Lamb, full of righteous ire, was well able to take the burden of prosecution on his own shoulders. He told how "Bull" had once said, "I want my money to go to my boy—and Tom's my boy." He told of his conviction from the first that Ned had forged the will, and how he had sent for a Pinkerton in hopes of verifying the conviction. The detective, a writing expert, had needed but a few minutes' comparison of the writing of the will and several of "Bull's" letters to be convinced of the falseness of the former. Without exception the curve of the down stroke of "Bull's" s's was shaded differently from the s stroke in the will, while specimens of Ned's writing showed a startling likeness in this respect to the s's of the will. This similarity and difference was quite sufficient to prove the will false, so the recovered detective testified, and the Green River jury was eager to believe him.

So Ned's doom was sealed. Seeing all was lost he broke down and wept, confessed himself the assailant of the Pinkerton, and admitted the will a forgery. What a wonderful work it was! What pains, what trouble, what care! How long Ned must have slaved, week after week, probably far into the night—for empty greed! Two things, a letter and a hair's breadth of ink, had caused his fall.

That night Green River city rose up. The jail was broken into and the miserable wretch within was given his deserts. The infuriated Westerners, impatient at the law's delay, took the law in their own hands. The tree from which Ned hung is still cursed.

Tom, good, strong, and lovable as ever, was visited by a miniature army of his friends, and then there followed a demonstration that has never been equalled in Wyoming. Three hundred sturdy cattlemen rode back with him to the dear old home. Judge Lamb was there, bubbling over with joy. "Boys," he said, "I think I will have to stay here with Tom now that I see he can't take good keer of himself," and what he said went. Tom, half-scared, but dead in earnest, thanked his escort in a few sentences. His last words were, "Again I thank you, and my dead gran'pa thanks you too, I know. I shall always try to be worthy of him, and of such friends as you. That is my aim in life."

A Mountain Episode

By MISS MARGARET CLARK, '12

It was a clear, frosty morning. The trees, resplendent in their rich autumnal tints, enveloped the mountains in a blaze of glory, relieved here and there by the more sombre hue of the fir trees.

The other members of the party being away from camp, I was left alone to ponder upon the beauties of nature—and watch the breakfast. Now, I've always had a most unreasoning prejudice against bears, and having heard they were rather plentiful in that region I armed myself with a huge carving knife and sat down with my back to a tree. From my high position on the mountain slope I could look far down into the canon below. Somewhere, away off in that riot of color, I heard the clear, sharp ring of an ax, and knew that we should soon have a new pile of firewood. Recalled from my musings by the savory smell of bacon I left my fortified position by the tree to proceed with the breakfast. On my knees, in the act of poking the potatoes in the rough oven, I heard a stealthy pat, pat, pat behind me. "O! my bear!" I thought. Too frightened to move I regretted my forsaken butcher's knife. All the thoughts attributed to the last moments of a drowning man flashed through my brain.

After eons of time, with a great effort, I turned around. To say that I was surprised would be to put it mildly. I was even more startled than if I had seen a bear, for I found myself gazing into the barrel of a gigantic, vicious-looking gun. Somewhere, over beyond the gun, my dazed vision descried a queer little brown weather beaten old man. He was mounted on a surprisingly small, dilapidated donkey, who stood dejectedly and meekly still while his master peered at me through his deep-set black eyes.

Bushy black eyebrows and a long scar on his cheek gave a sinister expression to his wrinkled old face. The last fragments of an old blue shirt clung to his gaunt form and a faded red bandanna, knotted around his waist, served to make connections with a pair of worn khaki trousers.

For several minutes we stared at each other, apparently in mutual amazement. At last I ventured to address the weird apparition with a timid "Good morning; how are you?"

Receiving no answer I got up and fearfully backed away to the friendly protection of my tree and knife. However, I thought it well to be polite, so I again ventured to inquire as to the state of his health.

Apparently he heard me not or was sulky, so as loud as I could I shrieked, "What do you want?" This, at least, had the desired effect of eliciting some sort of response. Much to my relief he lowered his gun, and after a protracted survey of the camp and myself burst into a loud guffaw. When his face had once more resumed its natural expression I discovered that he was really not so fearful after all and seemed inclined to be friendly.

"Well, Miss," he said, "how'd you git here? I'm a mite hard o' hearin', so if you'll step up more clost and talk a little more pert I'd be much obleeged." Feeling very like Red Riding Hood in her interview with the wolf I complied, and shouted into his ear the circumstances of our cross-countryside trip.

"If that don't beat all!" he ejaculated. "Why, ther' ain't another soul livin' in thirty miles o' here, 'cept me and my old woman. She's been kind o' huffy lately and won't speak to me, so me and Nance (here he affectionately patted the little gray beast) come away fer a little change o' scenery." I thought I could sympathize with the attitude of his spouse, for by this time I was nearly hoarse myself.

"Say, Miss, it does an old feller like me good to see folks once in a while," he went on with a wistful expression. "You needn't be skeert o' me if I did kill a man oncet." (Naturally, I jumped. Pleasant, you know, to be alone with a man who calmly informs you that he is a murderer.) Seeing that I was rather disturbed he hastened to add, "But I ain't in the habit o' killin' folks, and I wouldn't hurt you fer nothin'."

Somewhat reassured by the information that I was not to be slaughtered just at present I gratefully invited him to stay to breakfast.

"It were this way, you see, Miss," he continued, as we sat down to wait for the others. "Twenty years it's been since I left civilization. I was purty desprit then, and I thought my life was spoilt fer sure. But I dunno; reckon I'm gittin' kind o' used to it now," he mused. "Well, you see, Miss, me and another feller, Jimmie Kent, got mixed up some how er other, and it purty nigh ended things fer both o' us." Here he touched the scar on his cheek and remarked, "Souvenir o' the occasion, Miss. Well," he continued, "when I come to I was lying over in one corner and Jimmie he lay by the fireplace, but he never moved. I was purty nigh crazy, I kin tell you—what with this awful slash Jimmie'd give me and the awfuller thought o' what I'd did to him. Me and Samanthly Sal lit out then and traveled around a bit till we come here. Well, we're gittin' used to it now, and if it wern't fer the thought o' Jimmie Kent and the awful lonesomeness sometimes I reckon we'd be fair to middlin' happy. Samanthly Sal stood by me noble, fer she knowed I wern't a bad sort, but just too keerless and hasty with my temper."

The arrival of the rest of the party interrupted his narrative, and I rose to introduce my guest, who had given his name as John Paul Whittaker Spuddington. Our morose old guide, Jim, advanced to drop an armful of wood when he espied the honorable Mr. J. P. W. Spuddington, limited murderer. "Spuds!" he gasped. "Jimmie!" cried the L. M. The two lined faces lit up with a gleam of mutual recognition, and with one bound they seized each other, exclaiming, "Jimmie, Jimmie Kent! and you ain't dead?" "Spuds! old man, I'd have knowed you anywhere!"

One would have thought the two men were old pals who had last parted the best of friends from their joy and delight at the

meeting. Explanations were due, of course, and we soon had the story of how two men, who had once been comrades, had had a misunderstanding; had come to blows, and each, thinking he had killed the other, had lived in the woods, an outcast, for the last twenty years.

The happiness of the reunited friends was infectious, and when later in the day they wound their way up the mountain together to the rough cabin which had so long sheltered "Spuds," they left a merry party who promised to follow their trail the next day and make the acquaintance of Samantha Sal.

To buy or not to buy! that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The glance of utter scorn and pointing finger
That brands you for all time as a "cheap skate"—
Or else by buying end them? To honor; to sponge
No more; and by a "sponge" we mean the one
Who clasps the dollars till the eagle screams;
Whose pockets jingle:—this is no character
Devoutly to be wished. To buy; to read;
To laugh; perchance to keep; ay, there's the thing,
For when we dream of school in later years,
The thought we never bought our monthly paper
Must give us pause; where then is the respect
That God or man has for a greedy sponger?
For who would bear the gibes and scorn of those
Who, like true Westernites, have bought the sheet
If he could their quietus make with four
Small bits? who e'er would see old Western
Sink in defeat; if aught of life or strength
From him, could stay it? Yet the whitewashed field
Has not the only merit, but that field
Where Shakespeare, Homer, Milton, and our own
Dear Kipling shone; and this, too, must be great
For the glory of old Western. Who would not
The old man touch, if for the greater honor
Of Western? Willing will he give, if you
But do approach him right, with charming smile
And honeyed tongue. For who can face a soda
Or put the fifteen ball in the corner pocket,
Or offer bon-bons to his lady fair
When th' paltry sum by which he does these things
Could aid his school, support the Western sheet,
And save him from the brand of a "cheap skate?"

Heard in History

Miss Brewer—"What word are you endeavoring to say?"

Mr. Dowel—"It was the last word you said in class day before yesterday."



WESTERN STAFF, 1910-11

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THE WESTERN is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription, 60 cents per school year; by mail, 75 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

Thanks

The first issue of THE WESTERN has appeared, and from what the staff can gather, and from its cordial reception, we have good reason to believe that it is as good an issue as Western High School has seen for a long time. The Editor wishes to thank the school for the way in which they have accepted the paper. Nothing pleases a staff more than to see the fruits of its labor accepted and praised as the first issue was. The first issue of any paper is usually a "tester," a means by which the staff can see the deficiencies to be made up.

A School Interest ?

A school paper is by no means a special interest in a school. It is in every sense a school interest. The staff is appointed merely to organize and edit the material submitted, and to write up the distinct departments. A school paper, to be such, must voice the sentiments of the school and the students must join hands with the Staff in presenting a paper of interest. A school paper is "of the school, by the school, and for the school." Take this to heart and let THE WESTERN be representative of you and Western High. The arguments for having a school paper are too numerous and so self-evident that they need not be enumerated here. But all the good derived from having a school paper is lost if the paper is made a special interest and does not carry with it the spirit of the whole student body.

Freshmen

In looking over the number of subscriptions from each class the Staff finds that the proportion of freshmen subscribing is smaller than that of any other class. The reason for this, we think, is because the freshman class has not up to this time been given recognition on the staff of the paper. To remedy this deficiency two members from the class of 1914 have been appointed, namely, Messrs. Allison Scott and Nichols. Both of these men have shown their interest in the paper by their good work in obtaining a large number of subscriptions. These two members of the Staff will hereafter have sole charge of the freshman department. They are to be both praised for their good work and congratulated upon the honor thrust upon them.

The Class Election

On the 1st of November the fourth-year class held a meeting to elect the principal class officers. The result was the election of the following: H. Sheild McCandlish, president; Miss Avonelle Crockett, vice-president; Miss Margaret Scofield, secretary, and Frank Scofield, treasurer. No further business was transacted and the meeting adjourned.

Notes on the Election

John Chew was appointed temporary sergeant-at-arms.

McCartney was nominated class orator.

The question is: Has any one found out how that speech of McCandlish's originated.

Class officeships seem to run in the Scofield family.

The second meeting of the class was held on November 8. The question of a Christmas play was proposed and a committee appointed to look into the subject and report their ideas to the class at the next meeting. A committee on class pins was also appointed.

The Honor System

Are you an ultra-conservative, or have you no honor? If either be true, you will oppose an honor system for Western. We trust you will ally yourself with neither of these classes. We do not want you to be an ultra-conservative, for that means no progress, and Western has always stood for progress. We trust that you are not one who has no honor. Reasons are obvious.

The University of Virginia has had the honor system since 1842. In that year Judge Henry St. George Tucker introduced the following resolution which was adopted by the faculty:

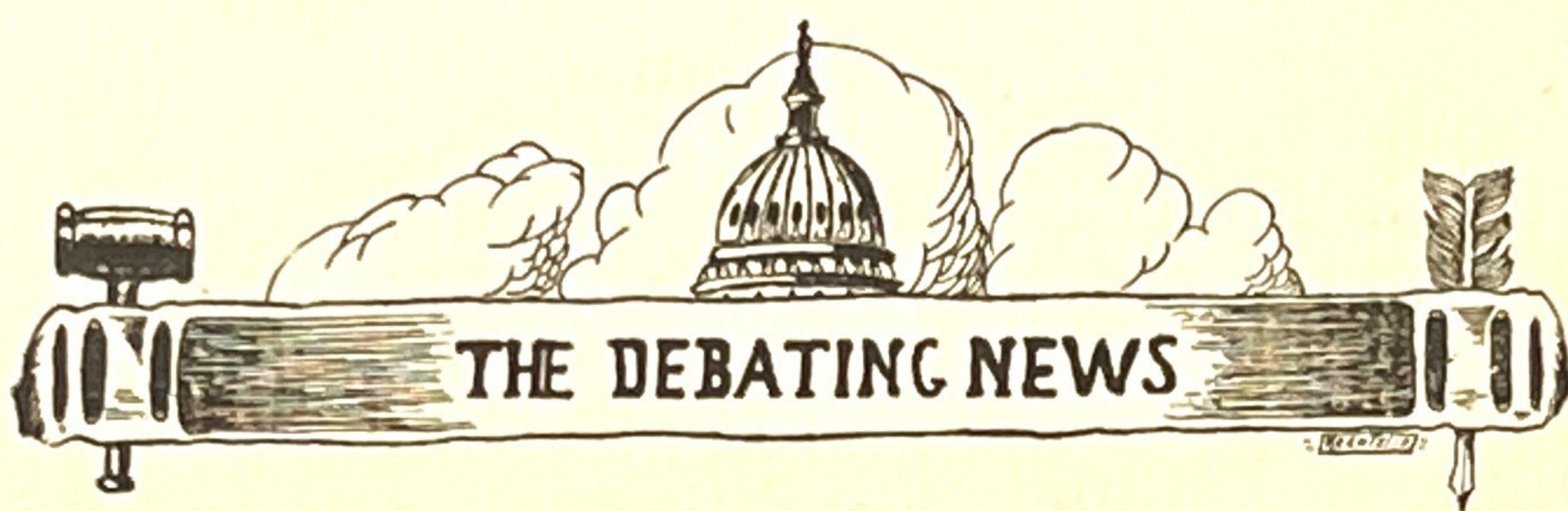
"Resolved, That in all future examinations for distinction and other honors of the university each candidate shall attach to the written answer presented by him on such examination a certificate in the following words: 'I, A B, do hereby certify on honor that I have derived no assistance during the time of this examination from any source whatever, whether oral, written, or in print, in giving the above answers.'"

Later this rule was extended so as to prohibit the giving as well as receiving of assistance.

The rule has been remarkably successful, and its beneficent influence has extended beyond the examination room and is felt throughout the college life. There have been few violations, and these have been punished by the student body.

We can do the same at Western, and let's do it. It would work to the advantage of all. The faculty wants to trust us, but at present it is the sad but true fact that they are not always justified in doing so. The system would work for the good of the students for several reasons. It would raise the standard of honesty and responsibility. It would cause those who now depend upon the graciousness of their friends to become better students in their home work as well as their examinations, for if they knew that their friends would decline to aid them they would do their own work. Some might offer the objection that the faculty would not trust us. Ask any one of them. Each and every one not only would be willing but is anxious to believe us to be honorable.

Let Western, then, lead the way in adopting the honor system. She has never yet been found wanting when there was a question of honor at stake. This system must, however, be adopted by the pupils. The faculty are not going to take a hand until they see that we are earnest in our desire to have the system instituted.



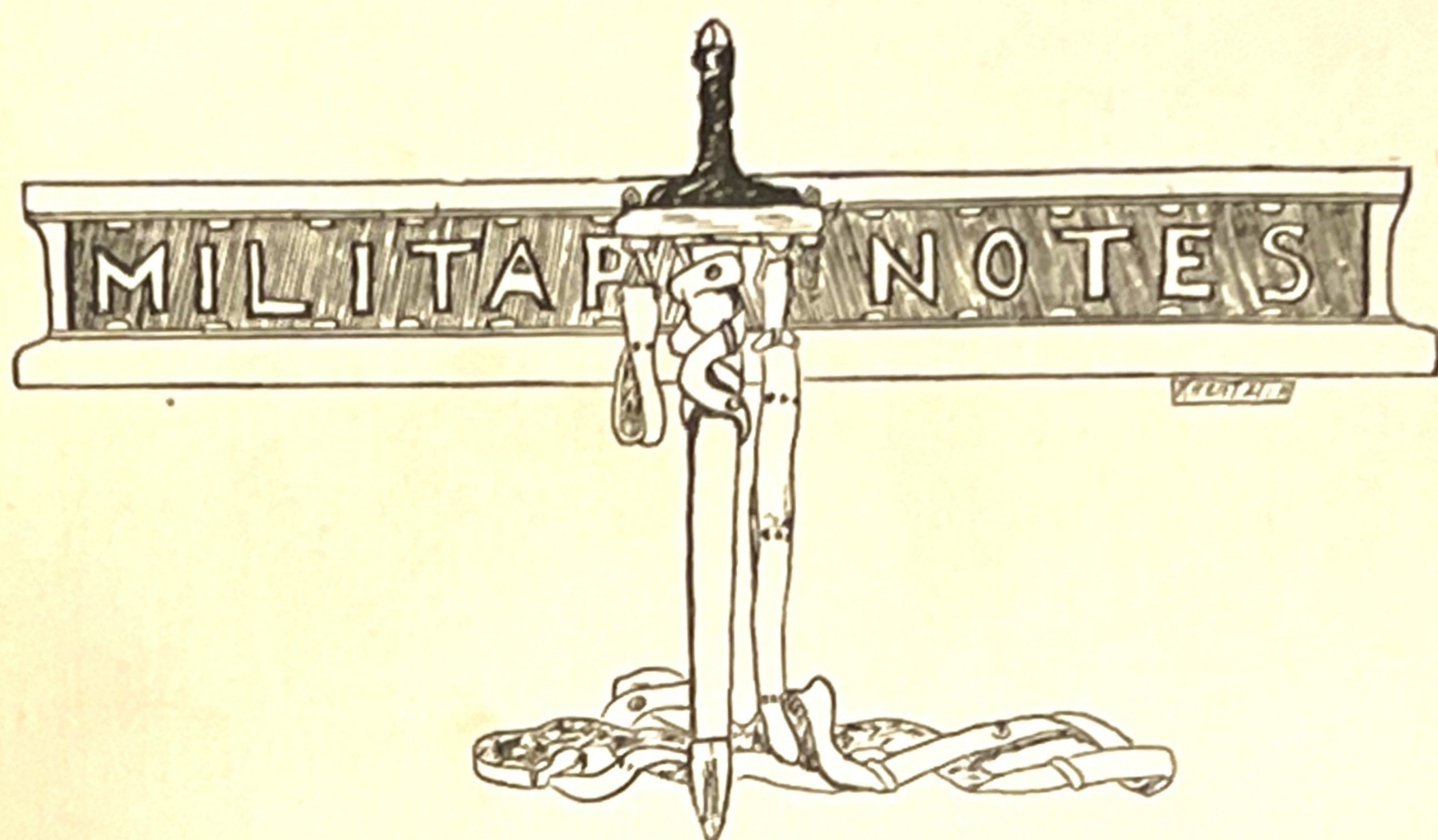
The Debating Society of the Western High School very auspiciously opened its season for the year 1910-11 on Wednesday, November 9. The meeting was called to order by the president, who outlined the policy which would be pursued during the coming year. The society was addressed by Miss Cushing, Miss Sherman, and Miss Wood, all of whom urged the membership to go into the work of the society and get as much out of it as possible. Announcement was made of the desire to transform the society into a Senate, and upon being put before the society the motion was carried. The president appointed Messrs. Cohen, Bethel, and Bushnell, with Mr. Cohen as chairman, to draw up and present a set of rules to govern the Senate. It was announced that an election would be held November 16 to fill the vacancy on the executive committee made vacant by the resignation of Miss Smith, who has left school. After a short report by the secretary-treasurer the meeting adjourned.

The society has a very bright future before it with such a splendid showing as was made at the first meeting. More than seventy-five students, consisting of seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen—which is by far the best showing the society has ever made. We are most fortunate in having the support of our corps of English teachers, and the team which will represent Western in the inter-high debates will have the efficient coaching of Miss Cushing, Miss Brewer, and Mr. Huntzberger.

There will be awarded to the best debaters in the society medals at the close of the debating season. By a system of elimination the best debaters will meet in a final debate to fight out the honors.

On November 23 trials will be held for membership on the team to represent the school in the inter-high debates. The question to be discussed is, "Resolved, That the direct primary should be adopted by the several states, waiving the question of constitutionality." Each speaker will be allowed five minutes to uphold either side of the question. Those who will debate are the following, in the order named; Mr. Garner, Mr. K. Smith, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Blanton, Mr. Krentzlin, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Bethel, Mr. Campbell, Miss Schaaff, Mr. Burt, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Gorman.

The inter-high school series opens this year with Western debating Eastern at Western on January 11, 1911. The same day Central and Technical will debate.



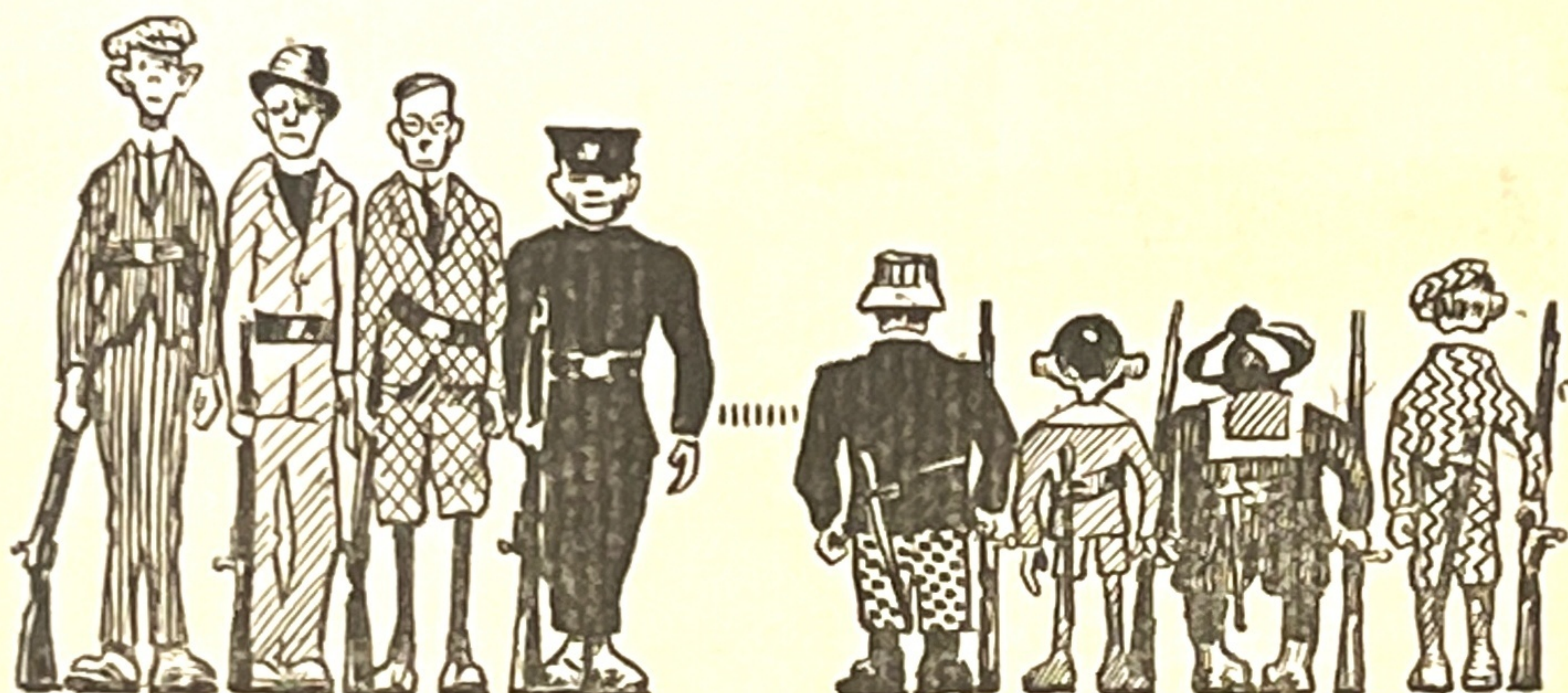
The work of the company is steadily progressing. A great many developments have taken place since the last writing, not the least of these being the announcement of commissioned officers. Although this important announcement was published in our first issue, it was inserted at the last moment and did not allow us to extend our heartiest congratulations to Captain Bethel, Lieutenant Blanton, and Lieutenant Bantz upon their respective appointments. Every success to you!

To continue along the line of development. With the assignment of regular officers came the first task of "sizing up" the company. This is regulating the divers natural conditions existing, which are graphically illustrated on another page.

Since that time many new movements have been taken up and from day to day the work is demanding a more serious effort. From this time on, something new will probably be introduced each drill day, so I would like to say a few words in explanation of how that effort should be made.

It is an old story to many of you, yet some of you have heard it, and have not yet learned it. *Ecouchez!*

Every man should be in his position on time when the roll is called. Don't let any slight indisposition to drill cause you to be excused from the ranks on this day or that, but be there ready to take a lively interest and to feel that you, individually, are helping things along. If you are corrected by any of the officers make it a point to take note of the mistake, and be sure to see that you are not corrected about it twice. The officers are not going around making corrections just to hear themselves talk. Don't forget that they all have your interest in the company at stake, and so no matter how sharp the correction may be take it with a good will, men, as it is meant. Watch that "discipline" of which I spoke to you before. Take it to heart honestly. Don't start any "rough house" and don't



FRAGMENTS OF COMPANY H

stand for any going on around you, but consider it as a personal proposition, each one of you. Do this and then will come naturally what is known as "Company H spirit," which, as any old member will tell you, needs no explanation.

Now, for a word to the corporals. Your positions are ones of great influence and responsibility. Be sure to look after your squad throughout every drill. Watch each man carefully, learning his weak points; then take him aside after drill and help him to overcome them. Hold frequent squad meetings after drill and emphasize the small details, thereby saving a great deal of the time of your officers. Make yourself felt among your men.

The points which I have tried to give you are those which have been handed down from numerous past experiences as fundamental. For that reason please don't read them as a lot of "stuff," but for the sake of your officers and the school behind you try and profit by them.

I wish to conclude in a lighter strain. It is in regard to the Thanksgiving dance, which the officers have arranged for the company. They want you all to be there. Sad to say inquiry has given the impression that many of you are better drillers than "trippers of the light fantastic." It is a deplorable condition that you are all strongly urged to amend. At any rate, if you can not see your way clear to come otherwise (unfortunate creatures) come as a stag, but at all events be on hand and help yourself to a good time.

THE LITTLE BOOK



"WHEN IN DOUBT — CONSULT IT"



Football

The unfortunate calamities and conditions which attended the football team after its game with Eastern, and which resulted in the disbandment of the team, have produced a situation unique in the history of Western. The situation needs no explanation in view of the facts in the case. All will agree that the action taken by the faculty was the only course to take. There was no alternative.

Much credit must be given, however, to the team, and especially Captain Garner, for their fighting spirit in wishing to continue the series. There was not a man on the team who wished to quit. Such a spirit is characteristic only of old Western. The only thing to do now is to wait until next year when, with the experience gained this year and competent coaching by a good football coach, Western ought to be able to place on the field an excellent team.

The real calamity of the situation came in the accident which befell Krentzlin. In the Eastern game he was one of the men we could have least afforded to lose. He was in every play, offensive and defensive, and was hurt in a successful attempt to gain the ball from a kick. He is missed not only by the football men, but by THE WESTERN and the company.

Eastern vs Western

In a fast and snappy game Eastern defeated Western by the score of 5 to 0. Much speed and aggressiveness was displayed by both sides.

Eastern made her only touchdown early in the third quarter. Parker returned Shoemaker's kick-off almost to the middle of the field. Weaver circled left end for twenty yards, and after Chase had gained fifteen more through tackle he added another twenty-yard plunge through center.

Western now put up a last desperate resistance on her one-yard line, but was unable to hold back Weaver, who, in the next play, planted the pigskin over the goal line.

For Eastern the work of Parker and Weaver deserve great credit, while Captain Garner and Barclay starred for Western.

THE LINE-UP

EASTERN	Position	WESTERN
Wright	L. E.....	Stone, Bethel
Williams	L. T.....	Smith
Pope	L. G.....	Hunter, Gray
Whitman	C.....	Krentzlin, Hunter
Sanderson	R. G.....	Frederick
Defandorf	R. T.....	Brooks
Evans, McCaffery.....	R. E.....	McArdle, Lascola
Parker (Captain).....	Q. B.....	Peck, Barclay
Chase	L. H.....	Barclay, McArdle, Blanton
Smith	R. H.....	Garner (Captain)
Weaver	F. B.....	Shoemaker, Upman
Touchdown—Weaver. Goal missed—Chase. Referee—Mr. Gass. Umpire—Mr. Kirby. Head linesman—Mr. Foley. Time of quarters—10 minutes.		

Baseball Outlook

Baseball prospects for next year received a severe shock when it was learned that Todd, our captain and pitcher, had left school. As "Gus" would probably be at his best next season, with two years' experience behind him, his loss is felt very seriously. Now it becomes necessary to elect a new captain and to develop a new pitcher.

However, with six of last years' players remaining, the rest of the team should be well fortified. "Yaller" Myers will probably hold down his position behind the plate again, and his heavy hitting will prove a great help, while Manager Gray may be brought in from the outfield and tried out on first. Then, with "Buck" Howard back on third, the other infield positions will be chosen from Mallan, Ranny Adams and others.

In the outfield Scofield, McArdle, Richmond, and Fuller remain, but they will be hard pushed by a host of new material.

In all probability efforts will be made to have "Curly" Byrd coach the squad again.

The elections for captain were held on November 3 and resulted in the election of Meyers as captain.

Girls' Athletics
BASKETBALL

The prospects for the girls' basketball for the season of 1910-11 is very bright. Six of the capable girls who helped to make the brilliant record of last year are members of this year's team. As only one more girl is needed to complete the line-up the incentive for work should be very great.

Inter-class games will lend an added interest to the sport, and it is hoped that the attendance at these games will be large. The girls need the support and appreciation of their classmates just as much as the boys do.

Kathleen Bitzer has been elected captain of this year's team, much to the delight of every one, and we have every reason to hope that we shall have an unusually good team under her leadership. The other girls of the team, Cecilia Arnold, Virginia Wheat, Hope Graff, Frances Maher, and Dorothy Hanvey are all experienced players and hard workers, thoroughly capable of representing the school.

Practice will begin about the first of November. A most cordial invitation to come to the gym for practice is extended to all girls, to those who know something of the rudiments of the game, and also to those who are entirely ignorant of it. The under-classmen are specially urged to try, for the future victories will depend on them.

ALUMNI NOTES

There is quite a colony of old Western men at Massachusetts Institute of Technology this year. In the senior class are Henry Davis and "Pete" Gaillard, and though neither may be called graduates of the Western still both owe the greater part of their high school education to this school. The two are taking electrical engineering.

Then, there is "Mike" Creecy. He is no longer at "Tech," having left last year to return to his home in Illchester, Mo., and raise apples and peaches. Had he stayed at "Tech" he would have been in this year's graduating class.

"Nat" Sage is another one of these army folk, who owe the best part of their allegiance to Western as a high school Alma Mater, but his brilliant hair is still seen wandering around the halls and buildings of Boston "Tech."

In the second year there is "Robby" Weeks, erstwhile second lieutenant of Company H. "Robby" served last year as first sergeant in the M. I. T. battalion, which is the best office open to a freshman. This year he was offered a captaincy in the battalion, but was forced to decline the honor on account of conflicts with his program. In addition to this Weeks was freshman assistant business manager of the "Tech" show, the greatest undergraduate feature at the institute, and stands the best kind of a chance for the sophomore position this year.

"Jack" Hill, once captain of W. H. S. baseball team; Hunt Weber, and Roderick Rafter are at Lehigh together.

At a late hour word has been received from Oberlin Academy to the effect that Miss Dorothea Bauer has been elected vice-president of the Senior Class.



If, while at college, you write home for "dough," when you graduate are you college "bred?"

Crocker thinks that if he goes in the company he will establish too "high" a standard.

Mr. Bristoe in Chem.—"I don't know what is used to make the bubbles in doughnuts, but I do know that baking powder is used to raise bread."

Heard in Senior German

Miss Rupli—"What is thought of when you hear a word 'croak?'"

Mr. Cohen—"A sick man."

Supposing that Parliament said that a man carrying a chest of "tea" in the Boston Tea Party was "treasonable." If he dropped the "tea" would he be "reasonable?" Wat?

"How do you tell a bad egg?" asked the green freshman.

"I never told any," replied the wise Soph. "But if I had anything to tell a bad egg, I'd break it gently."

Minister—"Johnny, do you know where little boys go who fish on Sunday?"

Johnny—"Sure; follow me and I'll show you."—*Ex.*

Owen Moore went away one day,
Owen Moore than he could pay,
Owen Moore came home one day,
Owen Moore.

Lives of editors all remind us
That their lives are not sublime,
For they have to work like thunder
To get their paper out on time.

"I met a Dutchman who offered to bet me he could sing longer than I could. I took the bet and sang 'Annie Laurie' for two and a half hours."

"Did you win?"

"No; he sang 'The Stars and Stripes, Forever.' "—*Ex.*

Miss Wallace—"When do we get energy?"
Barclay—"When we get a D."

Study Hall Teacher—"Are there any study hall pupils here who are absent?"

A wise student has remarked that the Nile ran down stream.

Pupil—"Professor, what is the nature of this examination?"
Professor—"Questions, largely."

A bright German student spent a whole free period trying to pronounce and translate this word: "Handwerkerwitwenunterstützungsverein."

No, we do not have a kindergarten here; those are the new freshmen.

Teacher (in chemistry)—"What is a physical mixture?"
Pupil—"A football game."

Other papers all around us,
We can make our own sublime,
If our fellow schoolmates send in
Contributions all the time;
Here a little, there a little,
Story, club note, song or jest,
If you want a "slick" school paper
Each of you must do your best.

The Flunk of the Nine Pupils

(With customary apologies to Tennyson.)

Half a step, half a step,
Half a step onward,
Into the schoolroom went
Nine High School pupils.
"Go in and take the test!
Go in and do your best!"
Into the schoolroom went
Nine High School pupils.
"Go in and take the test!"
Was there a one distressed?
Not though each one knew
Nought of the subject.
Theirs not to crib a hunk,
Theirs not to shove the bunk,
Theirs but to do or flunk—
That was their object.
Teachers to right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers in back of them,
Grim and unblinking.
Their brains were all ahaze,
Thought they of wasted days,
Into the schoolroom went,
Vowing to mend their ways,
Of future tests thinking.
Flashed forth their pen and ink,
Flashed as they tried to think,
Flashed as they passed the wink,
Midst hopeless glances.
Was there a one dismayed?
Sought they the cribber's aid?
Not though each one knew
Wild were the guesses made,
Slim were his chances.
Out from the room they came
With wilted collars.
Some there got "E," but not—
Not the nine scholars.
When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild stabs they made!
Seeking kismet aid
From their brains sundered.
Oh! the wild guesses wrought!
Nine boys, without a thought;
Writing, but knowing nought,
While all the school wondered.
Honor the noble nine!
Flunked, but cribbed not a line—
Noble nine scholars.

—A. H. FREDERICK



THE NATIONAL COMMISSION



CAMPBELL AND LOCKWOOD GETTING ADS



BASKET-BALL PRACTICE



CLASS ELECTIONS



MR. TODD, "CHANGE FOR TENNALLYTOWN AND ROCKVILLE"

H.C. DREYER

"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

"I don't know, but banana skins make good slippers."

Why be so inquisitive?

Dr. Newton—"Did the questions in the test trouble you, Allan?"

Peck—"No; it was the answers that puzzled me."

"Who are you going to play tennis with?"

Fuller—"The man with the marvelous serve."

"Really! I wish you many happy returns."

Breathes there a boy with soul so dead,
Who o'er his physics ne'er hath said,
When midnight hours are spent in vain,
"I wonder where I keep my brain?"
If such exist, conduct him here,
To him belongs a rousing cheer.
Henceforward we will have him do
Besides his own, our physics, too.—*Ex.*

Miss Keegan (reading Chaucer)—"There was a merchant with a beard of many colors."

Caruso Shoemaker—Hymns, a specialty.

Mrs. Young (after calling on Mallan and waiting for him to recite)—"It seems to me, Mallan, you ought to be able to answer any question with all the prompting you're getting up there."

Mallan—"Well, Mrs. Young, there is such a difference of opinion up here——."

Visitor—"About how many pupils are working under you, Miss T——?"

Miss T.—"Oh, guessing roughly, I should say about one-third of them."

Mr. Priest—"His reign was very short."

The Bright Freshman (*sotto voce*)—"A mere shower."

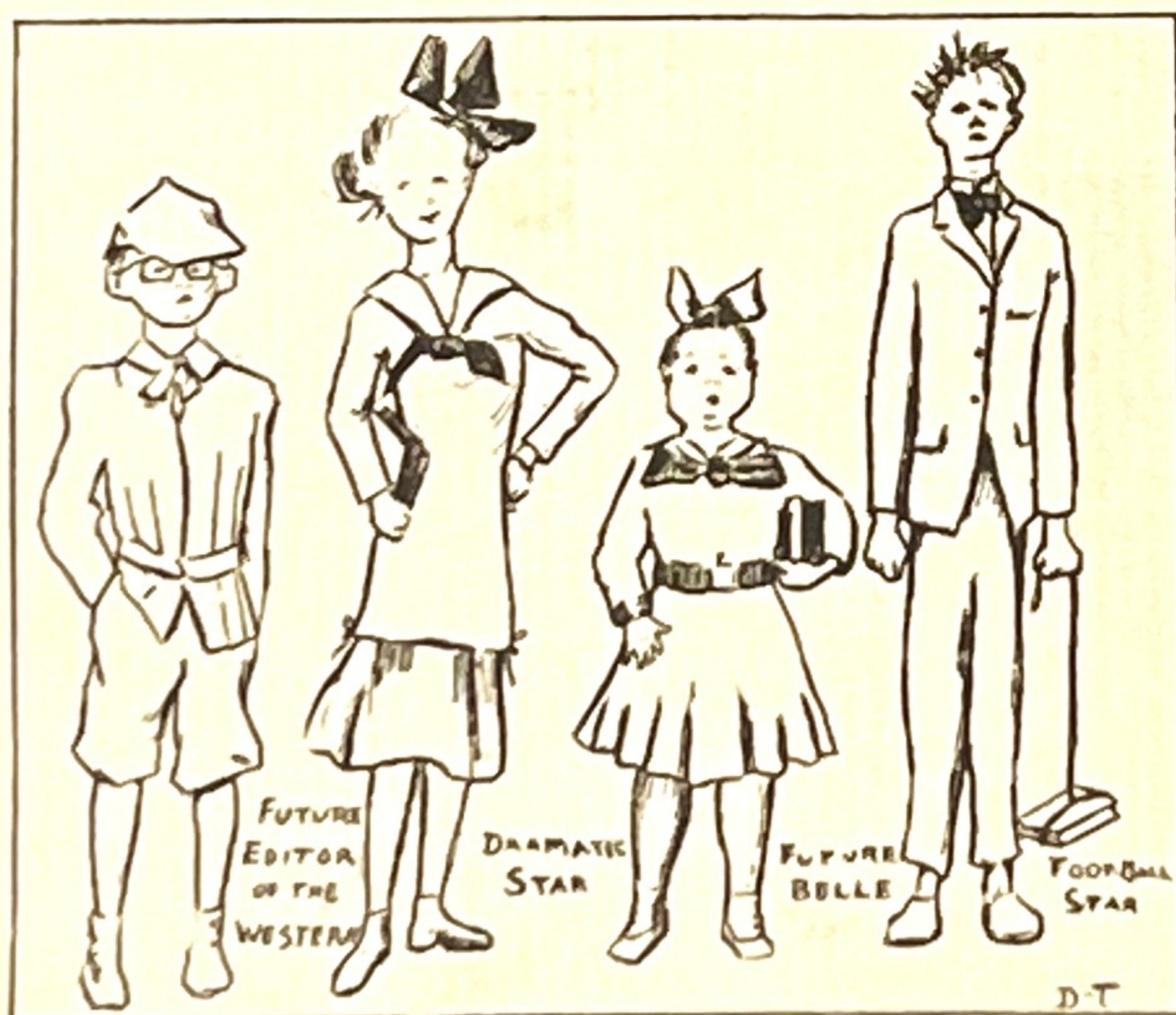
To Anxious: No; the gyroscope will not keep your balance at the bank.



I'm just a little Freshman,
My age is fourteen years,
And the way I'm scorned by Senior girls—
It makes me shed salt tears!
I just adore all Senior girls,
On one I have a "crush,"
(But if she knew it, she would say,
In chilly tones, "Oh, slush!")
My idol is a lovely blonde;
She walks with queenly grace,
And when she smiles and laughs, you see
The dimples in her face.
Her clear white cheek seems tinted by
The petals of the rose—
Cherry lips, and eyes like stars—
Oh, dear! Nobody knows
How I adore this charming miss
So pretty and so gay;
The boys are crazy o'er her charms—
"She is a peach!" they say.
But, ah! (like George, I tell the truth)
Those smiles are not for me—
Her nose is tilted high with scorn
When she sees Marjorie!
I'm just a Freshman, it is true,
But how I yearn and sigh
For one sweet smile—one nod—from her
Whene'er I pass her by!
So when I meet her in the hall
I grin from ear to ear—
(She doesn't know how glad I am
Whenever she is near.)
Then do I get a smile—a nod?
Not much! She switches by,
And lifts her head (one mass of puffs)
While I do naught but sigh.

And, when I'm wiggling through the crowd,
I land on some one's toes—
Apologies I haste to make—
I turn and see my rose,
My idol, glaring down at me!
I flee! Oh, school girl woes!
And so all hopes are blasted,
And shattered are my dreams;
Upon the sadness of my state
I think I could write reams.
I'm just a little Freshman,
And feeling mighty blue,
But my sad comfort is: *Some day*
I'll be a Senior, too!

—MARJORIE KINNAN, Section A, Room 33



Extracts from the Equine Editor

Those who are continually complaining about the difficulty of mastering their lessons, who gratuitously give us advice about the dangers in working during the warm weather, and who never have any time to devote to the school interests should apply for admission to one of the institutes for hopeless and harmless hook-worm patients.

Ezra, there are several ways of winning the respect of your schoolmates. Every one admires a good student, but the person

who gains the admiration, friendship, and support of all is the person who supports the school interests as well. We do not mean to disparage the efforts of the student, but we wish to encourage him to enter new fields of endeavor. Everyone comes here to study (or supposedly to), and many of us think our labors should end there. That is the selfish way to look at it. Don't be a sponge, and don't try to be an ornament by any such means. You are just so much superfluous humanity in the way if you do. Get into the spirit of the school. If you are too small to get into athletics, join the Athletic Association and give the school your financial support and the team your vocal support at the games. Join the company and help bring the flag to Western, which has not been honored thus for five years. Join the Debating Society and make the debating interest a success and yourself a silver-tongued orator. We always have room for another Demosthenes, Cicero, Bossuet, Burke, Webster, Clay, or Calhoun. And last, but not least, support THE WESTERN. Send in your ideas. Write us some poems and stories. Hand in the school notes, and pass us all the jokes which are not more than fifteen years old. The Equine Editor offers to treat the entire school to doughnuts and fresh air if the interests of the school do not improve with such support.

Sarah, the school needs your support just as much as that of your brother. You cannot play football, baseball, or run, but you can attend the games. Support the basketball team and make it better even this year than it was last, when it was by far the best in Washington. You can join the Debating Society and forget your troubles. You can bestow your grace and charm upon us all by supporting THE WESTERN. Think it over.

A Phenomenon

A negro preacher while speaking to an audience of his own color chanced to make use in the course of his remarks of the word, "phenomenon." This rather puzzled several of his hearers, who at the close of the meeting asked to be informed of its meaning. Not knowing quite how to answer them the preacher put them off until the following Sunday, when he thus explained: "If you see a cow, that's not a 'phenomenon.' If you see a thistle, that's not a 'phenomenon.' And if you see a bird that sings, that's not a 'phenomenon,' either. But," he said, "if you see a cow sitting on a thistle and singing like a bird, then that's a 'phenomenon.'"

Perhaps the jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
If you would think you can do better
Send in a few yourself.

THE WESTERN

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Bo's Christmas

By HARRY C. BLANTON, '11

He was only twelve years old, and yet his face resembled that of a man many years his senior. He was pale and wan with a pinched look. His small, clear, blue eyes were mischievous looking and seemed to see everywhere. His broad-bridged nose was somewhat turned up at the end. His ears, which were usually dirty, were so flexible from being played with (for he sucked his thumb and with his other hand rubbed his ear) that one often saw them tucked within. His light hair was a total stranger to the comb and brush. His hands were small, rough, and grimy.

I had often seen him darting hither and thither among the crowds down town. He usually wore a ragged cap with earflaps and a green high-necked sweater which appeared to be many sizes too large for him. Over his sweater he wore a soiled coat, and his trousers were patched until there remained little of the original cloth. His stockings were of a coarse texture which admitted the cold air so that his legs were often blue. He was poorly shod.

But nothing seemed to worry him, and he was the idol of his companions. He could do more work and do it better than any of them. He could run fast, and it was his proud boast that the officers had never been able to catch him. He was elusive and easily lost himself in the crowds. He was acquainted with every kind of trick, and nothing gave him more pleasure than tripping up a well-groomed gentleman from behind in the slushy street and then brushing him off when he arose. Of course he always held out his hand, and if the coin was not forthcoming he would obstinately refuse to budge from in front of his victim. He was rarely pushed aside.

He aroused my curiosity and I determined to make friends with him. It was then the early part of December. One bitter cold

morning I accosted him as he stood warming himself by beating his arms against his body, and asked him for an "Appeal." As I was feeling particularly fine that morning I gave him a dime and told him to keep the change. He did so with "thanks" as his reply.

I next saw him a week later. He was scurrying along about 11 o'clock at night. He ran against me and without glancing up darted on. As I had nothing particular to do I determined to follow the lad and see upon what mission he was bound. I had great difficulty in doing so for he fairly ran and turned corner after corner. He soon left the thronged thoroughfares and turned south toward the river. It was very foggy and occasionally he would stop under the corner lamps to discover his whereabouts. At last he stopped before an old dilapidated house whose blinds hung away and whose front door stood open. In the hall a dim light was burning.

The lad climbed up the broad stairway and on tip toe entered the room at the back of the hall. I followed him as closely as I dared. After some time I decided to enter the little room, unbidden though I was. Within besides the lad there was an old man who was screwing on the top of a pine box. The latter was too intent upon his task to notice my entry, but the boy, however, looked up and said, "You!"

I saw that he recognized me, and he immediately said, "Will you squeal?"

"Will I *what?*" asked I.

"Will you peach on Father John?" was his only response.

I came to the conclusion that there was something he wished to conceal and so I said, "Of course not, what is it?"

"The black wagon will soon be here to cart Mother Ann to the Field (that is the poor man's burying ground), and Father John and me don't want no bulls to get on to it. We aint got no friends nor money, so we is going to bury her tonight. I put the sexton wise and the hole is dug. She has been sick these past two weeks and today she died. And so I says to myself, 'Mother Ann and Father John is been mighty good friends o' mine and I'll do him a turn,' and so I goes and sees the sexton tonight and he says he'll send the black wagon at midnight so no one won't know nothing 'cept the neighbors, and they don't care for the wagon comes here often now. Father John got the box somewhere."

While these words were being spoken Father John continued to screw the top on and I gazed about me. The furniture consisted of a little oil stove with a kettle on it; in one corner was an old stove with three legs and a stool, while to one side stood a small table. Stretched across another corner I saw a large piece of dirty cloth, and looking behind it I noticed an old mattress on the floor and one ragged blanket. This was all there was in the room.

By this time Father John had finished and turning around he picked up the candle which was beside the box and holding it up to my face looked long and intently. He then turned to the lad and whined:

"Bo, it's been these forty-three years we've been together, and tonight we part."

He looked at the box and was silent.

Soon a black wagon drove up, and a man entered and without noticing any of us picked up the box, threw it upon his shoulder, and left us. We followed in silence and climbed into the wagon which was then rapidly driven off. After winding in and out of dimly lighted streets we came to the "Field." We entered and after a few minutes stopped. The man dragged out the box, lowered it, and threw in the earth. That was all.

I left the other two and went home.

It was several days later that I saw Bo. All the windows down town were decorated with the Christmas display, the streets were brightly lighted, and the merry throngs were hurrying by. Bo was gazing into a baker's shop window when I came up and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and I motioned to him to follow me. Upon my asking him what was the matter, he informed me that he had made but 85 cents that day, and that he did not want to go home without his customary dollar. He added that he was hungry. I asked him to take me where he might dine and he led me to "Three Cent William's."

I told him to order whatever he wanted and as much as he wanted. His eyes sparkled and he exclaimed, "You're a swell guy. I'll dance at your wedding," and turning toward the waiter requested him to bring a hot roast beef sandwich, a mug of coffee, a piece of mince pie, and two orders of chocolate ice cream, admonishing him not to forget the napkin. After he had finished he gave a chuckle of satisfaction and told me he was sorry that he had put me to so much expense.

I paid the bill and as we left the eating house I pressed 15 cents into his little fist. I asked permission to go home with him, for, thought I, I can see something that will do me good.

"What is Santa Claus going to bring you?" I asked him.

"Santa Claus, who is dat guy?"

"What! Have you never heard of Santa Claus, who visits us all at Christmas and brings us plenty of good cheer?" gasped I in amazement.

"I guess poor people don't have no Santa Claus, then."

Was this true, I asked myself as he led the way to the western part of the city—"I guess poor people don't have no Santa Claus, then?" I explained to the lad as best I could who Santa Claus was, and promised him that I would see that Bo was not forgotten. He questioned me again and again about this good saint and told me that Santa Claus had never been to see his little brothers and sisters, but that he was going to come that year.

We were rapidly approaching the western limits of the city when Bo stopped before a tenement house. We had long since left behind us the gay part of the city and had been winding our way through slippery, mucky, poorly lighted streets. We entered the house and ascended to the fourth floor. Bo led me, feeling his way along the wall until we came to a room whence there came

sounds of merriment within. Bo pushed open the door and ushered me in. Four or five little ones were playing on the floor together, and a young girl of about seventeen was helping her mother cook their little supper. There were seven children, then, and their mother, who lived in this one room. But how happy they were!

"Mother," said Bo, "here is a friend who is come home with me tonight, and he gave me a fine feed, and he's a dandy."

Mother shoved the only chair in the room toward me and begged me to be seated. All the children gazed up at me from their corner of the room and smiled at me, if smiling it could be called. Their sweet little faces were pale and wan like Bo's. Mother sat upon a box and by degrees I drew from her her little story.

"Father was killed by a train two years ago and we have had a hard time getting along. May (pointing to the pretty girl of seventeen) works in a millinery store and makes \$3 a week and Bo usually brings in a dollar a day and I do sewing sometimes and I can make 25 or 30 cents a day patching when I can get the work. Our rent costs us \$6 a month, but we get along somehow. If it wasn't for May and Bo I don't know what would become of us."

May continued to prepare the humble repast for the cheerful family. Bo was the second eldest child. Then came brown-eyed Harriett, who was a little treasure, for she brought up water from the basement. She was about ten years old. Eight-year-old Kate was fair haired and blue eyed. She, with Harriett, took care of the other three, who were all boys. Milton was blue eyed and fair haired, too. Jim was dark haired and black eyed and was about four years old. Edgar was the baby, who was fair also, and he prattled all the time I was there.

The mother was rounded shouldered and bent with toil, yet was happy, for she had all her loved ones together. Why they were all so happy I could not understand, for they were scantily dressed and poorly fed. It was cold in the room and the walls were bare, save for a single picture. It was the "Battle of Waterloo" and covered a place where the plaster had fallen off. They begged me to stay to dinner with them. I did so, but when I departed my eyes were moist.

A week later—three days before Christmas—I saw Bo again. He came up to me and asked if I wouldn't keep something for him until Christmas. I told him that I would be delighted, and wondered what he meant. He asked me to stay there a few moments and he disappeared around the corner. He soon reappeared bearing a couple of small packages. He whispered to me that Santa Claus was coming to see his brothers and sisters. He had some ribbon for May, a little sheep for Edgar, some blocks for Milton and Jim, and a doll apiece for Kate and Harriett. He whispered to me, "Something for everyone but mother and you. I'll get them later."

My voice was husky and I could not answer him. I could only pat him on the head. He turned and sped toward the west.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. It had been snowing all day and had cleared off bitter cold. I recalled that I had Bo's presents in my

keeping, and so I determined to take them to the family. After a great deal of difficulty I managed to find the house a second time. In addition to Bo's presents I carried a large basket of food, for I had made up my mind that this family should have at least one good Christmas dinner. All the children were anxiously awaiting their brother's return, but when I made known my mission Bo was for the moment forgotten. However, when I brought forth Bo's gifts the children clapped their hands for joy; they danced up and down, and nervously fingered their little gifts. Mother chokingly said, "God bless my boy, and may the world be as good to him as he has been to me."

I helped prepare the food for the next day's dinner in order to pass the time away while waiting for Bo. When this was completed and we all were looking forward to a most happy time, we sat on boxes, for I insisted that mother should have the chair. We waited in vain for Bo.

"He will show up all right, my Bo will," said mother in reply to my suggestion that something may have befallen him.

Finally I determined to go out and look for the lad. The merry crowds down town were jostling each other and great throngs peered into the brilliant windows. The bright lights reflected upon the snow made a beautiful sight indeed. Sleigh bells were jingling, many were blowing horns, and everyone seemed to be enjoying the spirit of Christmas. I looked in all the accustomed places for Bo, but nowhere could I find him. I went up one side of Main street and down the other. I glanced into the stores and gazed among the happy faces peering at the toys through the glass, but nowhere did I see my little friend. I thought, perhaps, that Father John had seen Bo, and I started for the southern part of the town.

It had commenced to snow again. I turned but a single corner when I saw a little bundle of humanity beneath a door stoop. Within there was a sound of merriment, and one could see them decorating a Christmas tree through the windows. The little boy was covered by the snow, his lips were blue, and his legs, bare in places, were purple. But he was smiling, and in his hands he clasped two gifts—one for mother and one for me.

I gathered him up and bore him away, and then I remembered what he had said:

"I guess poor people don't have no Santa Claus, then?"

Nothin' a' Tall

By "777"

A tranquil eloquence seemed to pervade the whole place. Even the birds had taken to the spirit of quietness of the morning and had ceased their chatter and chirping for a while. The bright, spring sun shone down on the country round about and wondered at the foreboding silence that enveloped the place. No person could be seen in the immediate neighborhood, except on the orchard fence by white and green house across the road.

There a small boy balanced himself serenely on the top rail of the fence, perfectly content in adding his figure to the landscape. He was a little red-headed, freckled, over-all begarbed chap, and sat there bent over calmly watching his bare feet as they swung in and out helping him to keep his equilibrium on the fence.

Zing! bip! and something whizzed through the air and cut through the leaves of a tree behind him.

The figure on the fence slowly raised his head and looked around.

Zing! bop! and two more missiles shot by in close proximity to the little fellow's head. And almost immediately another hit the fence below his dangling feet.

The boy on the fence saw that the person across the way was evidently getting the range and that it was about time to call a halt.

"I seen y'u, Skinny, com' on out from behind that hedge; I knew it was y'u all th' time," he drawled out.

"What y'u got there," he called as another youngster his size immersed from the bushes beyond the road.

"Jest a new sling," announced Skinny as he approached the fence.

"Lemme try it," asked the red-haired boy.

Skinny handed over the sling and, fitting a round pebble in it, drew back and let fly at a rooster who strutted around the corner of the fence at that opportune moment. The rooster jumped about three feet in the air, let out a frightened squawk, and made for a more healthy climate.

"It's a peach," admitted the boy, and proceeded to try its strength on several more distant objects.

"Got anything to do?" asked Skinny.

"Nothin' a' tall," answered the red-haired boy.

"Let's go down to Uncle Hank's barn. Shorty an' his brother an' Dave are down there trying to catch rats. It's lots o' fun; com' on.

The boy on the fence slid down and he and Skinny started down the road in the direction of Uncle Hank's. "Tell y'u what let's do," interrupted the red-haired boy as they drew near the barn and heard the shouting from within, which confirmed the statement that it was lots of fun "ketchin" rats. "Let's sneak up on 'em and lock

Shorty and 'em in the barn; then we can climb up to the lots and have lots o' fun throwin' corn cobs at the bunch." Skinny agreed and the two barefooted urchins proceeded to stealthily approach the barn door.

Bang! slam! went the big, double door as the red-haired boy and Skinny pounced down on it from either side and quickly slid the bar in the slides. The two quickly gathered a bag of cobs and proceeded to hoist themselves to the loft by means of a pulley and rope that always hung from the loft door above.

They crept along the floor to the trap door which was open, and looking down saw a group crouching at the big door trying to see through the cracks. Just then they heard Shorty's voice below and both let fly a couple of cobs at the figures at the door.

"What you brats doin' up there?" thundered a man's voice from below, and Skinny nearly fell through the trap for fright.

"Gosh!" he cried, "that's Dave's pa; let's beat it." And with all the haste possible for such short legs the two culprits made for the loft door, slid down the rope, and were off across the fields before either dared to utter a word.

The pair trudged along over the fresh plowed field until they came to the road on the other side leading to the school house up on the hill.

"I know how we kin have som' fun," announced Skinny after a while.

"How's that?" asked his companion.

Skinny grew excited as he thought of his new stunt and imparted the knowledge to his companion that by ringing the school house bell, this being Saturday, everybody would think it was a fire and come running. And with a small boy's ever desire to see an older person go to a lot of trouble for nothing they hurried up the hill to the school.

The school house bell was rung by a wire which hung down from the bell tower, and the two mischievous youngsters grabbed it and pulled with all their might.

"Cheese it, cheese it," shouted the red-headed boy and bounded off to the woods beyond the school. "Here comes Deacon Jones on a hoss." They hid behind a large oak and watched a crowd from all around the country gather about the school; then they sauntered on through the woods to a road beyond.

They came out on the road again near "Fatty" George's house. "Fatty," whose father ran a livery stable, hailed the pair from his yard.

"Hey, fellows, what y'u goin' t' do," called "Fatty."

"We ain't got nothin' a' tall to do," drawled the red-haired boy, "what let's do?"

"Let's go down in our pasture; pa put some ole hosses in there this mornin', and we kin hav' sum fun racin'," proposed "Fatty."

This proposition was accepted with joy and in a short while the three boys were down in Mr. George's pasture and perched each upon a large, scrawny, discarded dray horse.

"Com', let's start up at this ole pear tree and have a race three times 'round," called Skinny.

The race was on. Around the pasture ambled the three antiquated steeds, urged on by the shouts and vigorous jabs of bare feet as the young jockeys kicked the poor beasts in their boney sides.

"Now, for the finish," called Skinny as he swung on to his horse's mane and urged him to the front.

But, alas; as Skinny rounded the turn well in the lead the hired man who had approached unnoticed shouted in his basso voice as the leading horse neared the place where he had climbed over the fence:

"Get out of here, you rascals, and stop running them hosses to death."

Skinny's charger executed his most graceful side step and deposited his rider none too gently on the ground as the man yelled out. But now was no time to think of bruises, for Skinny was tough and wouldn't have any anyhow. His only hope of safety lay in his being able to get on the other side before the hired man did. With all speed possible he picked himself up and dashed for the fence. His eager, frightened eyes looked for a place where he could jump through a hole, for he knew that he would be caught if he tried to climb over. He was running now with all his might, and the angry hired man right at his heels. Ah! there was the kind of place he sought. The horses had kicked off the third board from the bottom leaving a fine opening. With renewed vigor Skinny made for this hole. He could hear the man's heavy breathing just behind him now, and now was the time; he had almost reached the fence. Skinny was the best diver in the "gang;" one more step and he left the ground head first in a splendid stiff-limb dive, shot through the opening in the fence, rolled over once, and was off like a streak again.

Down the road a piece Skinny caught up with the other two who had made a safe get away while he was being chased. "Golly, but you was leggin' it, Skinny, when Jake was after you," sang out Fatty when the aforesaid youth joined the other two. "Aw, shucks," answered Skinny, "I wasn't skeered o' him; I was just runnin' for fun." The red-headed boy nudged his fat companion and they both smiled in their wisdom, for Jake was the terror of all the mischievous kids in the neighborhood. He had spanked Shorty for swiping peaches out of Mr. George's orchard, and Shorty was compelled to take his meals standing up on that account for two days.

"Aw, shucks," mumbled the red-haired boy, after they had gone a short distance down the road, "there ain't absolutely nothin' a' tall to do 'round here on days like this."

"That's what I say," agreed Fatty.

"I say the same," chimed in Skinny, "you jest got to hang 'round doin' nothin' a' tall."

"Whoopee!" shouted Fatty, "look who's comin', fellows, it's the English guy, Snipey's cousin."

Yes, it was "English," as he had already been nicknamed, "Snipey" Coleman's cousin from London, who had come with his mother to visit "Snipey's" parents. "English" was the scorn of the

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juvenile members of the community. He did not act like the "bunch" at all. He wore a broad Buster Brown collar all the time, even when he went out to have fun. He washed his face and hands three times a day and—oh, well, he might have been forgiven these misdeeds, but never the final and most atrocious of his violations of the "bunch's" creed, he wore shoes and stockings on Saturdays in warm weather. No, poor boy, he could never hope to be "one of them."

"Greetings, lads," called English; "fine morning, is it not?"

"Uh hu! it is not," mumbled the red-haired boy. "Where you off to, English?"

"Oh, gracious," answered Snipey's cousin, "I saw you chaps coming down the road and I thought I might join you in whatever you were going to do."

"Well, we ain't goin' to do nothin' a' tall," said Skinny.

"Aw, let's go over yonder an' swipe som' o' ole 'Squire Perkins' apples in his orchard," proposed Fatty.

"Swipe apples!" cried the English kid, "why, what kind of a procedure is that; do you mean admire the fruit?"

"Naw, y'u dunce," broke in the red-haired boy, "take it, disconnect the apples from the tree and beat it."

"Beat apples," sighed English, "such queer doings, but I suppose when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do."

"Taint nothin' like that a' tall," interrupted Skinny, "when you're 'round here you got to do like the 'gang' says, see?"

"Oh, very well," answered English, "I suppose I shall learn."

"Com' on," called Fatty, and the four boys crawled through the fence on the side of the road and made their way across the field to Squire Perkins' orchard.

"Man! look at those beauts," shouted Skinny when they got near enough to see the fine apples that loaded down the trees. "Me for this corner tree," and he lit out for the fence closely followed by the others. Even "English" joined in the spirit of the occasion and crawled through the fence with the rest.

Snipey's cousin stayed down while the others went up in the large corner tree and threw the apples down to him.

The climbers were startled by English calling, "Look, lads! a large beast is approaching." Immediately Fatty and Skinny dropped down from the tree and, gathering up their disconnected fruit, made for the fence, where they saw the squire's dog coming. The red-haired boy was too high up the tree to risk a drop, but coming down with all haste he called, "Throw me your sling, Skinny, it ain't nothing but that ole yellow dawg; I'll fix him."

As Skinny cleared the fence he threw the sling back. The red-haired boy gathered several large pebbles on the run, picked up the sling, and made for the top of the fence as the dog was swooping down on him. He swiftly, from long practice, slipped a pebble in the sling and calmly balancing himself drew back and let fly at the dog. The "yellow dog" gave one long yelp and, tucking his tail between his legs, returned the way from whence he had come.

"That was a clever shot, old man," the English boy congratulated the red-haired youth when he slid off the fence.

"Twan't nothin' a' 'tall," announced the other, "I can do that any ole time."

"What y'u goin' to do now?" asked Fatty.

"There ain't nothin' a' 'tall to do less we take a swim," answered Skinny.

"We'll go down to the creek, then," proposed the red-haired boy, and off they trudged over the field and through a narrow strip of woods to the swimmin' hole.

"Where is the dressing room?" asked English, when they neared the pool on the run and the others began to discard their scanty clothing on the way.

"First in!" shouted Skinny, as he gave his body a final twist and in a long dive kicked his overalls off as he left the bank and splashed into the clear, cool water, closely followed by the red-haired boy and Fatty. They splashed about for a while in their youthful glee, enjoying for the time being their new occupation.

Finally they noticed that English was still standing on the bank making no preparation to go in the water.

"Come on in," urged the red-haired boy, "it's great."

But English did not seem to have the same view of the situation and made no move. Then the trio clambered out and tried to persuade the boy to take a swim, but in vain.

"Well," said Skinny, assuming his most dignified air, "you can't become one of the gang unless you can dive backwards into the pool and stay under water while we count thirty-five."

"Well, I am perfectly willing, but—— splash!!! Fatty had shoved him off into the pool, Buster Brown collar, shoes, stockings, and all.

"Let's go," shouted Skinny, pulling on his none too numerous garments and followed by the other two, dressing as they ran, beating a hasty retreat from the 'swimmin' hole,' leaving poor English to make the best of it that he could.

"I believe I'll go home," announced the red-haired boy, as they came out on the road again, "there ain't nothin' a' 'tall to do around here."

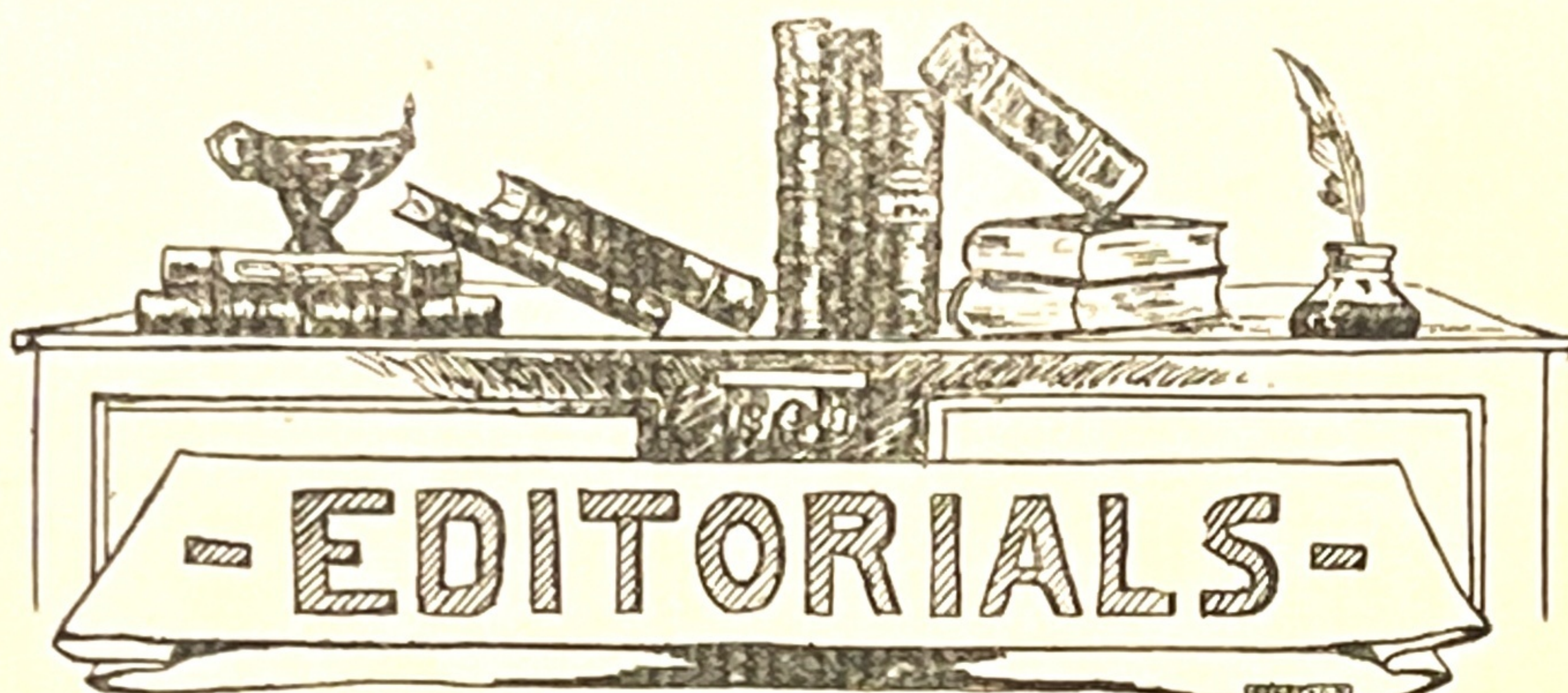
"Aw, see fellows!" shouted Fatty, "there's pa's wagon over there. Jake's at Mrs. Smith's taking her some chicken feed. I heard pa say this morning that he had to send her some. Let's get the wagon an' run away before Jake comes out of the house."

With a mighty rush the three desperadoes swooped down on the wagon, and with Skinny on the seat were making down the road lickity split as Jake came around the side of the house too late to catch them.

Back to the village they drove and let the red-haired boy out at his gate. "So long, fellows," he called, "if you find anything to do this evenin' come around for me."

The red-haired boy perched himself on the fence again by the house and sat swinging his feet in and out and wondering at the silence that enveloped the place after the wagon had clattered out of hearing.

"Aw, shucks, there ain't nothin' a' 'tall to do 'round here," he pondered to himself. "This sure is a lonely place."



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**Cornell
Masque**

The Cornell Masque, which is to present "The Butterflies" at the New National Theater at 2:15 on December 29, is a dramatic society. It is also a true exponent of the spirit of all Cornell undergraduate activities, "Let the Best Man Win." Almost all the positions connected with it, either in the cast or in the management are filled only after competition by all those who care to try for them. It makes no difference if the man has been in the cast before; he must enter the competition on the same basis as the Freshman who is just coming out for the first time. Indeed, the only place not thus thrown open is

that of Mrs. Dixie, the coach; the reason for this is that by her great success in previous years she has shown herself able to defy all competitions.

This absolute fairness in selecting the best men for each place insures the coaches a great number of contestants to pick from, and has doubtless been the leading factor in giving the Cornell Masque the prominent position which it enjoys among the dramatic societies of our colleges. This year the competition for parts in the annual production has been especially keen, due, perhaps, to the fact that a prose comedy instead of, as before, a musical one, is to be presented. For this reason ability to sing is not required, giving many more men a chance of making good. So numerous and so good were the candidates who answered the call for competitors early in October, that it was found impossible, after the ordinary tryouts, to narrow the selection down to one man for each part. So two full casts were chosen and have been rehearsing against each other ever since, somewhat in the manner of the varsity and scrubs on the football field. Soon, however, a final selection of the men for the Christmas trip will be made.

"The Butterflies," the play in which the Masque will appear here, is a three-act comedy by Henry Guy Carleton. The piece was very popular some years ago when presented on the professional stage. While not without its serious parts it is replete with many a good laugh, and all who go to see it are insured an enjoyable evening.

Merry Christmas

Christmas draws near at hand and with it comes dances and gay festivities, and above all that wonderful Christmas spirit. This is the one holiday of the year, when all the world is moved to rejoicing, when North meets South and, in spite of Kipling, East meets West. Merry Christmas! What an enormous amount of good cheer is bound up in those words. What a feeling of universal brotherhood this phrase possesses. "Hop Along" arouses all Westernites, "Dixie" stirs the patriotic hearts of the Confederacy, the "Marseillaise" animates an entire nation, but Merry Christmas electrifies the whole world. From the millionaire with his dinner parties and great displays even to the poor salesgirl in the large department store—all stages of humanity catch the Christmas spirit. Even old Scrooge caught it. From that old story of Dickens we can get many Christmas lessons. Old Scrooge, the pessimist, the narrow, poor, and humble old clerk, was born again; he awoke in his old age to the spirit of his youth. But his friends were gone. He could seek no good cheer or companionship around his own family circle, but the Christmas spirit held him fast and opened to him a newer and broader field of happiness. Henceforward he found pleasure not in receiving gifts or satisfying his own appetite by purchasing his wants, but in giving. And this is the true Christmas spirit. It is not so much in the giving of material things that we find a pleasure, but in the giving of those greater and nobler gifts—love, good cheer, and sympathy.

W. H. S. Alumni Association

The Western High School Alumni Association, which was formed last year, will hold its second meeting on the evening of December 28 in the assembly hall. Mr. Bryan Morse, '05, chairman of the committee on publicity, has been unsparing in his endeavors to make the affair a success from the point of view of obtaining a large attendance. Mr. Morse is remembered at Western as being a member of one of the famous old football teams. He is now a teacher of drawing at the McKinley Manual Training School. Miss Alberta Walker, '97, chairman of the entertainment committee; along with the other members of the committee, Mr. Harold Keats, '08, now at George Washington, and Miss Dorothy Helman, '08, have arranged a delightful program.

It is interesting to note that the president of the Alumni Association, Mr. S. Duncan Bradley, was president of the first class graduated from the Western High School in June, 1893.

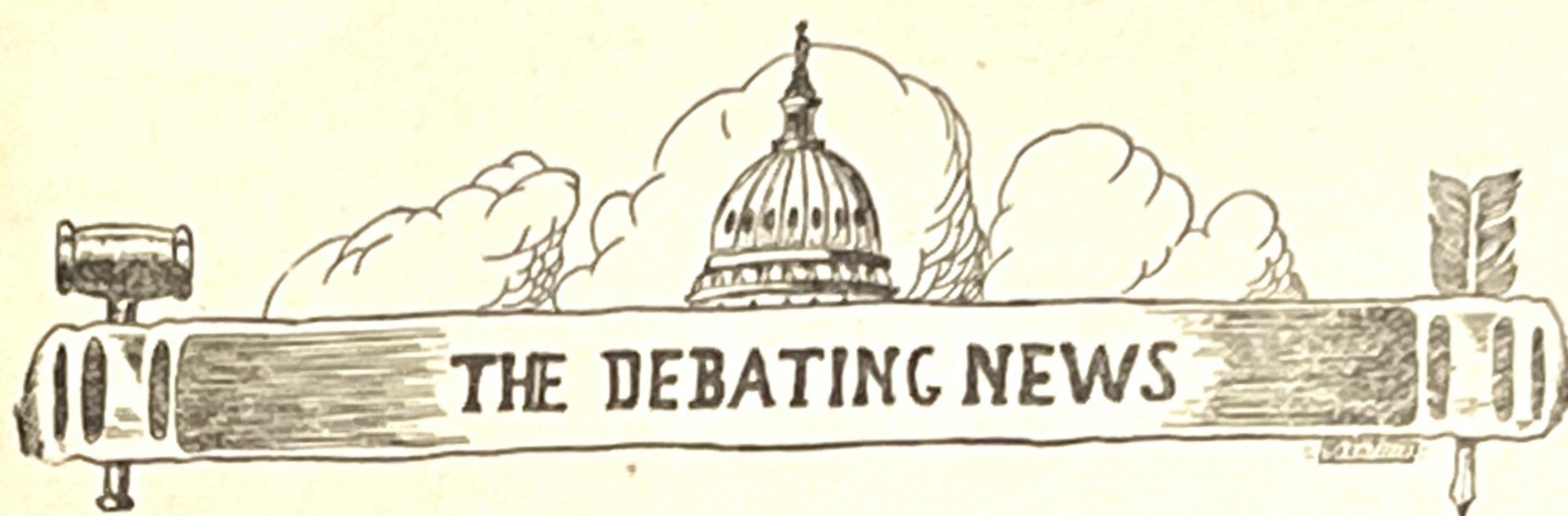
The association is formed for the purpose of bringing together at least once a year the graduates and ex-members of the school. It is for the renewal of this interest, for the renewal of old friendships, and to breathe again the atmosphere of Western that the association is formed. All graduates and all persons who have attended Western for at least two consecutive years, and whose class has since graduated, are eligible to membership in the association. An annual due of 50 cents is assessed, and this is payable at the meeting. A hearty invitation is extended to all who are eligible for membership to attend the meeting on December 28. The association is a thing to be encouraged and its existence gives evidence that the Western spirit has left its imprint on us in spite of years of separation from the school.

Most all are glad when Xmas comes,
Even those that poorer are,
Real happy everybody seems,
Rejoicing near and far.
Yet there is one to whom it is

Xceptionally bad;
Might he but just flee from it all
And give up being "Dad." It
Seems to him some one had stepped

Toward him with a gun
Obsructing all his chances to escape.

Yule time to pa is no fun;
Omit the bills and you will find
Unfailing cheer in daddy's mind.



SENATE REPORTS

The second sitting of the Senate occurred on November 16, 1910, with a large number of senatresses and senators present. Several new members were received.

After the president called the meeting to order Miss Merrill gave the Senate a most interesting talk concerning the Oxford Union. She said that she noticed particularly the dignified and serious air that prevailed at its sessions, and suggested that the members of the Senate assume the same air. She further urged that each and every person present do her or his part in the work which is assigned without evading the responsibility. Miss Merrill was followed by Miss Cushing, who spoke along similar lines, emphasizing the need of responsibility.

Owing to a misunderstanding the closed debate scheduled for November 16 was called off and a debate assigned for November 30 on the question, "Resolved, That the execution of Charles I was justifiable."

Announcement was made of the change in the rules regarding the choosing of those eligible for the medals at the end of the year. The two best speakers in each debate will be picked to participate in the semi-finals. If the two best speakers do not come up to the proper standard they will not be eligible to try in the semi-finals, but on the other hand if more than two speakers display superior ability they will be recommended for a second debate.

The Senate then proceeded to elect a senatress to fill the vacancy on the executive committee caused by the withdrawal of Miss Smith from the school. The result of the election showed that Miss Leavell received 39 votes and Miss Wheat 27.

The chairman of the temporary committee on rules, M. Cohen, then presented their report suggesting such as it seemed advisable to adopt. The report was unanimously adopted. In accordance with the rules the Senate then proceeded to elect a committee on committees. The president, Senator Blanton, was chairman ex-officio, and the balloting for the two young ladies resulted in the following vote: Miss Maher, 50; Miss Leavell, 46; Miss Wheat, 33; Miss Updegraff, 31, so that Senatresses Maher and Leavell were elected. For the two vacancies to be held by senators, Senators Garner and Krentzlin were elected by the following vote; Garner, 68; Krentzlin, 36; Siggers, 33; M. Cohen, 30. As provided by the rules Senator K. Smith was unanimously elected sergeant-at-arms.

After an interesting and instructive talk by Senator Cohen on "How to Obtain Material at the Library," the Senate adjourned.

On November 23 the Senate was presided over by Senator Bushnell as chairman for the trial debates for the team to represent Western in the inter-high debates. Nine members discussed the question: "Resolved, That the direct primary should be adopted by the several States, waiving the question of constitutionality." Each speaker was allowed five minutes in which to present his argument and could support either side of the question. The chairman of the judges, who were Miss Cushing, Miss Merrill, and Mr. Huntzberger, reported that the material for a fine team was plentiful, and that the judges regretted that they could choose but one team, necessitating the loss to the first team of some excellent material. Those who spoke were Mr. Garner, supporting the affirmative; Mr. Kimball, supporting the affirmative; Mr. Blanton, supporting the affirmative; Mr. Lovett, the negative; Mr. Lockwood, the affirmative; Mr. Campbell, the negative; Mr. Burt, the affirmative; Mr. M. Cohen, the negative, and Mr. Gorman, the negative. The decision of the judges was in favor of the following, who will compose the team representing Western in the inter-high series this year: Principals, Messrs. Blanton, Cohen, and Lockwood, with Mr. Campbell as alternate.

On November 30 the Senate held a short business meeting, at which time the chairman of the committee on committees made his report with the following committee appointments, the first named in each committee being chairman:

Appropriations—Mr. Krentzlin, Miss Brown, Miss Needham, Miss Merriam, Miss Fleisher, Mr. Blanton, Mr. Bushnell, Mr. M. Cohen, Mr. Garner.

Ventilation—Mr. Campbell, Mr. Siggers, Mr. Eiker.

Rules—Mr. Blanton, Miss Leavell, Miss Payne, Mr. Gorman, Mr. J. Dowell.

Membership—Mr. M. Cohen, Miss Schaaff, Miss Bitzer, Miss Wheat, Miss Payne, Mr. Gray, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Krentzlin, Mr. S. Cohen.

Immigration—Miss Leavell, Miss R. Updegraff, Miss D. Dawson, Miss Preston, Miss Dixon, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Burt, Mr. C. Roberts, Mr. Du Bois.

School affairs—Miss Maher, Miss Cissil, Mr. Vickery, Mr. Stone, and Mr. B. Micou.

Claims—Mr. Bethel, Miss Kinnan, Miss Conner, Miss M. Clark, Mr. Scott, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Hinds.

Privileges and elections—Mr. Garner, Miss Maher, Miss Merriam, Miss Moran, Mr. Lansburgh, Mr. Ward, Mr. Schneider.

Innovation—Mr. Lockwood, Miss M. Updegraff, Miss Arnold, Miss S. King, Miss Sanders, Mr. Chew, Mr. Frederick, Mr. Siggers, Mr. Cunningham.

The Senate then adjourned until December 14.

It is to be hoped that the membership of the Senate, which is already larger than it has ever been in the history of the school, will continually grow in size, earnestness, and sincerity of purpose. The Senate should be a school of instruction, and we trust it is being accepted as such. We do not want this instruction to be limited to the few, but to be universally accepted by the members of the school.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SCHOOL NOTES OF THE WESTERN, DECEMBER, 1936

The P. A. Y. E. cars which have just been installed on the Thirty-fifth Street Monorail line are bringing forth protests from many of our schoolmates who now find it impossible to "beat" their way.

Something happened to our moving stairway lately, and for several days students were compelled to walk from floor to floor. At first there was much grumbling, but this stopped when the school was reminded that a few years ago, when the building was not equipped with moving stairways, walking between recitations was a popular recreation.

These self-rubbing blackboards are fine. Simply push the button and Father Electricity does the work. It is not as bad now as it used to be, to be the only boy in a section of thirty pupils.

The raising and lowering of windows by electricity controlled at the teacher's desk is not meeting with much approval. No one likes the idea of being deprived of the privilege of rushing to attend to the windows when he thinks the teacher is about to call on him.

Arrangements have been made for Company H to march in the inaugural parade of W. J. Bryan next March.

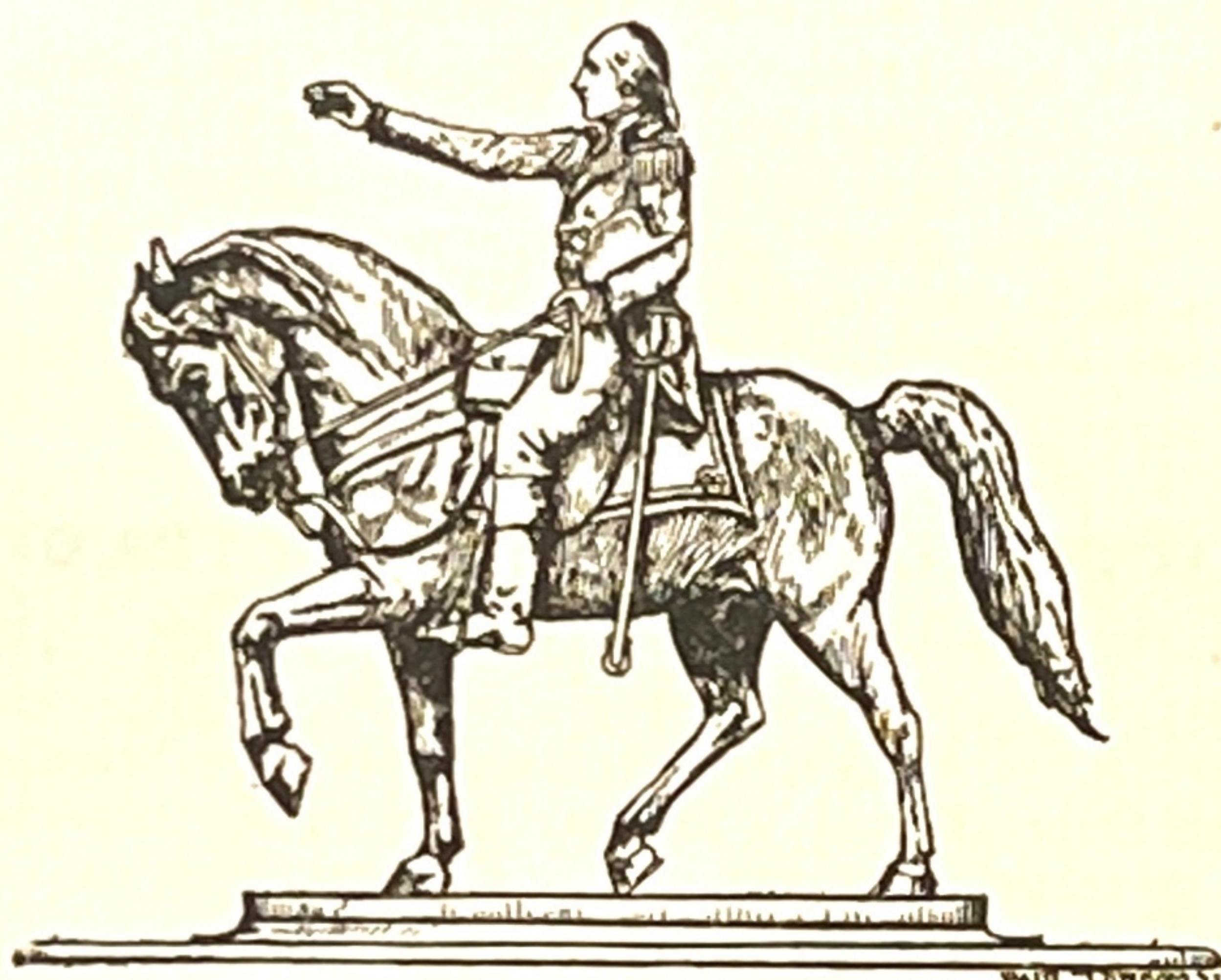
A much needed reform at Western is a separate lunch room for the freshmen who need more attention than is given them at present. Some one should be present to see that they tuck their napkins under their collars, and that such intoxicating foods as ham sandwiches be kept out of their reach.

Cafe de Muntz has just installed a new system of paying. Those not having the ready money must pass in checks for the proper amount.

The faculty gave a dinner lately in honor of the janitor's first anniversary in the school. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember when before a janitor has stayed so long with us.

Before the next issue of this paper our aero crew will race Central. We are fairly sure of winning, but the Blue and White will probably give us a hard fight.

I. R. RICHARDS, '13.



MILITARY NOTES

What is the company doing? Well, if you will pardon an indirect answer to that question, why "they ain't no loafin' goin' on, by yimminy."

But, seriously, the company is getting down to some real, honest work. The amount of space available here does not permit us to give all the details, but if you are really interested there is nothing to hinder you from taking an observation for yourself. Be careful, however, that you make that observation in a proper spirit. A great deal of good can be done by your presence. It is a constant reminder that the whole school is always with them in their endeavors. But, on the other hand, no small amount of unintentional harm can be done by attempting to speak to the men directly, laughing at their mistakes, or creating any small disturbance which might easily distract them from their work.

Since the burden of the rifles was thrust upon them much hard work was necessarily added. The mastering of the "manual of arms" involves a great deal of time, patience, and long suffering. An epidemic of sore shoulders and cramped arms, which suddenly became general throughout the company, bears grave testimony to that last statement. Although pretty good progress has been made with the guns so far there yet remains plenty of room for improvement. In order to procure a fine, general effect in the manual it is absolutely necessary that each man should pay attention to every little detail. Above all do not slur over a single number, but on the contrary make each count sharp and distinct. It is vastly important that the company should get this work with the guns well in hand as soon as possible. If there are one or two here and there

who lag behind the whole company is held back on their account and much valuable time is lost.

Corporals, take notice! The responsibility of your positions has doubled with the "taking up" of the guns and the accompanying accoutrements. It is up to each one of you to see that the men wear their belts correctly, and that the various commands connected with the manual are thoroughly understood by them. As I have said in a previous writing, your positions enable you to exert a strong influence over the men you control. Don't neglect to take advantage of this fact. It will save your other officers from making those numerous small corrections, which only occupies their minds from the work of instruction. Take these hints for what they are worth, and no doubt some of you will find a few to add to them for yourselves.

The company has been unfortunate in being forced to hold two indoor drills. These are more or less hard on both men and officers. The only purpose they serve is to afford an opportunity for improving the manual. The atmosphere indoors, however, is not conducive to the energy which this sort of work requires, but as much value as possible was derived from the situation.

The monotony of these drills was broken somewhat by two "individual competitiveness," which were held towards the close of the drill on each day. The men who stood up to the last in these are highly congratulated. On the first day these were: Private Darnall (inexperienced) and Corporal Kimball (a man of much experience). The winners of the second day were Private Stead (inexperienced), while Private Newgarten gave Corporal Kimball a close race. The corporal won, as was only right and proper.

The appearance of the company is being slowly enhanced under the gradual collection of uniforms. Each drill day sees a new hat or two in the ranks, while sometimes even a whole uniform makes its appearance, plus or minus the hat. Nevertheless a change is becoming evident, and we hope that it will soon be restored to the beauty of former years.

One thing more before closing. Did you go to the company dance Thanksgiving? If not, you missed it. By it is meant a good time. There were about seventy-five couples present, and we don't think any of them regretted being there. Miss Merrill and Miss Brewer very kindly chaperoned and Miss Westcott took the trouble to see if we were having a good time, coming in for a short while in the middle of the evening.

N. B.—The "Dancing Corps," W. H. S., is now well under way, and the kind ladies who have so bravely volunteered for this work look for many recruits as a recognition of their proffered services. *Enlist!!*



ATHLETICS

Track prospects this year look very promising. With our old friend, Byrd, back to coach us again, and with several of the old men from last year's squad in school, things at present are very bright. Of course conditions in scholarships may prevent several good men from participating, but let us hope that when, after the Xmas holidays, a call is made for candidates a likely squad will turn out. The Senior relay this year will be exceptionally strong. With Captain Tanner, Adams, Upman, Hunter, and Barclay of last year squad and with such men as Reade, Peck, Krentzlin, Shoemaker, Garner, Holden, Lascola, and Withers making their first appearance no fear can be held in this department. Upman can well attend to the hurdles, as shown last year. In other departments we hope to find some new material, so come out, fellows, show your school spirit, and do a little something for the school, anyway.

Kren T zlin
 S H oemaker
 Garn E r
 W
 P E ck
 Upm A n
 G R ay
 Ston E
 Ba R clay
 Brook S
 Blant O n
 F rederick
 Smi T h
 H unter
 McArdl E
 "W"



- "What is an anecdote?"
- "A short funny tale."
- "Correct. Give me a sentence containing the word."
- "A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself has said,
 As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
 ! ! ! ! ? ! ! — ?—*Ex.*

Mike (to Pat painting a barn)—"Hey, Pat, what's the use o' painting so fast?"

Pat—"Aw, ye fool, I want to get through before me paint gives out."

As It Ever Was

"777"

The little fellow seemed to be pondering over some weighty subject.

"Father," he asked suddenly, "does it cost much to keep a grizzly bear?"

"Yes, my son, it does."

"A lion would make a good meal for a grizzly, wouldn't it, father?"

"Yes."

"And a wolf would be enough for a lion, wouldn't it, father?"

"I imagine so, but go away and play."

"A wolf would be satisfied with an eagle and a hawk would be enough for an eagle and also a sparrow would satisfy a hawk, eh father?"

"If you don't go away from here——"

"And a spider would be a meal for a sparrow?"

"Yes, yes, but for goodness sake stop bothering me."

"Just a minute, father. We're just getting to the question. A spider would be satisfied with a fly, wouldn't it?"

"Well, what if it would."

"That's just it, father. What I would like to have you tell me is this, could a man keep a grizzly bear for more than a year with a quart of molasses to catch flies with?"

And then the sound of a briskly wielded strap awoke echoes of the tranquil night.

A Different Matter

"Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked Johnny.

"Dat's a cinch. First you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand——"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

"Do you take this woman for better or worse?"

"I do jedge, I do. But I kinder hopes we kin strike an average."

Wanted

A sheet for the bed of the river.

A ring for the finger of scorn.

A glove for the hand of fate.

A sleeve for the arm of law.

Teeth for the mouth of the river.

A lock for an elephant's trunk.

Scales for the weight of years.

A rung for the ladder of fame.

Reins for a bridal tour.

Medicine to keep the ink well.

To know what makes the weather vane and the roads cross.

A key for her lock of hair.

A hat for head of school.

The saddest words for tongue or pen,
In Phys., "for Monday, take the first ten."

Dewey—"I have a special topic here."

Miss K.—"What is it about?"

Burroughs, the pride of C3—"About four pages."

A dog sat in a spacious yard
 Whereby a tramp did come.
 He thought, "How are my chances here?"
 The dog though, "Pretty bum."

In Miss Alexander's Cicero class: Miss Crittendon—"They killed him when he died."

Micou (translating French)—"The carriage rolled by on crutches."

New Victrola Records

Cutie, Who Tied Your Tie.....	Carlton Smith
Every Little Moment.....	S. McCartney
My Hero (Chocolate Soldier).....	Miss Combes
Any Little Girl.....	Krentzlin
Grizzly Bear	Shoemaker
Waltz Dream	Stage, at noon
'Scuse Me Today.....	Garner
I'm in Love With One of the Stars.....	Barclay

Miss Stutz asked Shoemaker in German: "What are the three meals a day?"

His answer was: "Spring, summer, and winter."

Tho' a hammock's wholly worthless
 When occupied by none,
 And a little less expensive when containing only one,
 It's a drug up on the market,
 When it's brimming o'er with three,
 It's cheap at half a million
 When you're sitting there with me.

Teacher—"What makes the tower of Pise lean?"
 Pupil—"It was built during a famine."

Miss Wood—"Give me an Homeric simile."
 Freshman—"Hawkeyed Pete."

Bonehead (in Fr.)—"Columbus saw some dry wood floating in the water."

Mrs. Muntz—"Never know what Cahill's going to say and when he's finished you know less."



THE 4TH YEAR PLAY



COMPANY H DANCING SQUAD



FRESHY

SOPH

JUNIOR

SENIOR

XMAS EVE

When Father Went to School

By "777"

Kids, they did some wondrous things
When father went to school.
Seems they were almost smart as kings
When father went to school.
They went to school at break of day,
And after that they helped make hay.
I guess the kids were built that way
When father went to school.

The lessons then were awful long
When father went to school.
An' teachers, too, were mighty strong
When father went to school.
And if you made a noise or two,
Gosh, what that man 'ud do to you!
Well, you'd be gone when he got through
When father went to school.

The snow was 29 feet deep
When father went to school.
Gee! but weren't those old hills steep
When father went to school?
The stuff 'ud freeze and then they'd go
And coast to school upon the snow,
Without a stop, six miles or so,
When father went to school.

In those times boys could sho play ball
When father went to school.
They'd bang the horsehide to the wall
When father went to school.
But now dad loves to whoop and shout,
When Wagner cracks a single out.
Aw, well, but this was all about
When father went to school.

Editor—"I couldn't think of publishing this stuff. It's merely an escape of the gas."

Poet—"Ah, I see, something wrong with the meter."

Teacher—"Tommy, translate 'rex fugit.' "

Tommy—"The king flees."

Teacher—"You should use has in the perfect tense."

Tommy—"The king has flees."—*Ex.*

Mr. Priest—"Charles, tell the class what you know of the Mongolian race." "I wasn't there," answered Charles; "I went to the ball game."

Teacher—"Johnny, what is the meaning of the word 'procrastinate?'"

Pupil—"To put off."

Teacher—"Right. Use it in an original sentence."

Pupil—"The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train."

"Jimmy, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher; "what would you say if I came to school each day with a dirty face?" "I would be too polite to say anything about it," answered Jimmy.

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly; "only that ain't her name."

Mr. Priest—"What are the two Frankforts?"

Freshman—"The one in Europe and the ones they sell on the street."

Miss Wallace in Physics—"What is the C. G. S. unit of power?"

Siggers—"What?"

Miss Wallace—"Correct; a watt."

The Smile Reminiscent

"I see you are smiling at my jokes," said the waiting contributor, hopefully.

"Yes," replied the editor, "that courtesy is due when one meets old friends."

He—"Where was the first telephone?"

She—"I don't know; where?"

He—"In the Garden of Eden."

She—"Well, what was the number?"

He—"Two ate one, Apple."

"Thar's a sign up there, daddy, what says: 'Don't blow out the gas.'"

"Well, who blowed it out? I jest hit it a lick with my s'penders, an' I hain't seen nothin' er it since."

The Freshman's Reverie

We are Freshmen, only Freshmen,
 And our cause is brave and true;
 But we'll fight for dear old Western
 As our elders would us do.
 So, why this constant hackling
 At our minute forms so few,
 Were our brothers not as lacking
 When their studies to pursue,
 They sought this lofty edifice,
 Just turn back and review?
 Our trials are long and many,
 And our knowledge only new,
 But we'll do as good as any
 That before us held the view.

—WALTER O'BRIEN, '14

(To the tune of Marching Through Georgia)

Let us raise our standard, boys, and sing another song;
 Sing it with a spirit that will echo loud and long;
 Boys and girls together, five hundred sixty strong,
 As we go marching through Georgetown.

Chorus

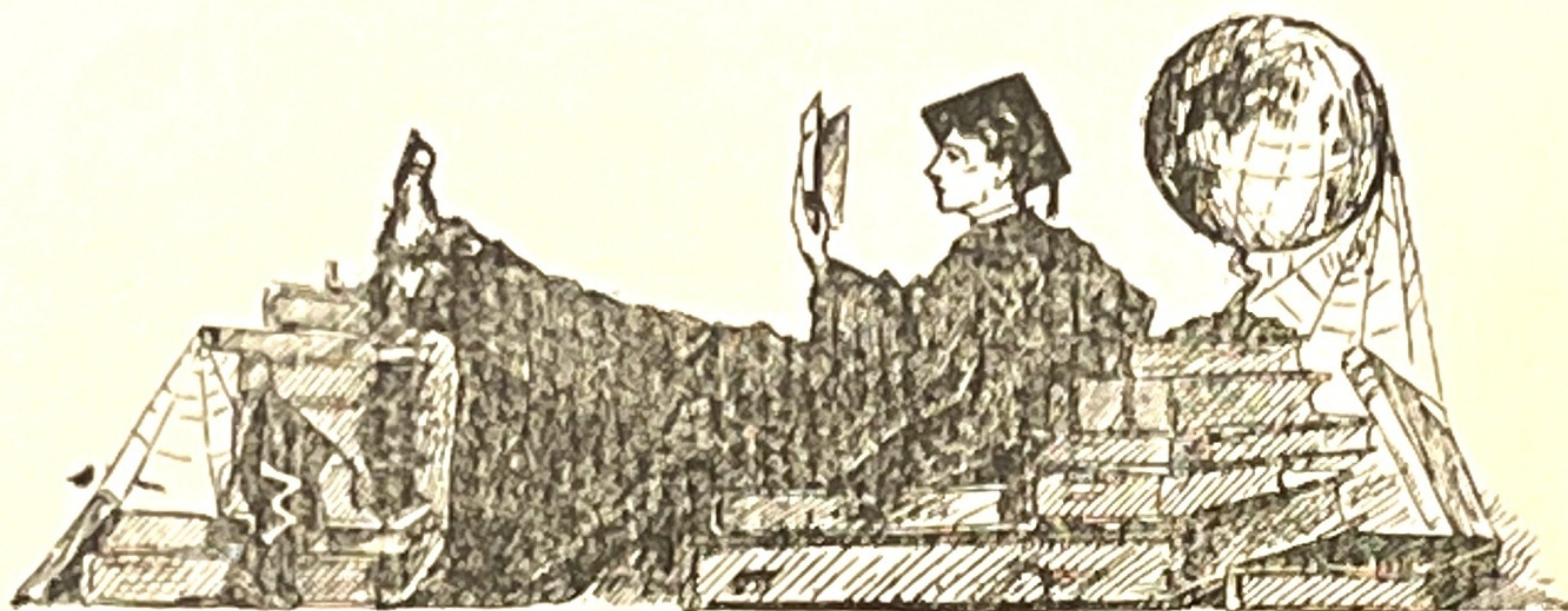
Hurrah! hurrah! for dear old Western High!
 For nothing short of excellence the boys and girls all try,
 (Yell) *Western, Western, Western, Where? When? Why?*
 You'll know if you go marching through Georgetown.

We have a dandy principal, the finest to be found;
 Our faculty and students can surely stand *their* ground;
 So let's be up and doing, and make a rousing sound,
 As we go marching through Georgetown.

Chorus

Hurrah! hurrah! for dear old Western High!
 To win in games and studies we can't do less than try—
 (Yell) And *Western! Western! Western!* will be our hearty cry
 As we go marching through Georgetown.

—MISS FRESHIE MANN



ALUMNI - NOTES

As the school year progresses and everyone gets settled into the course which he has chosen for the year, word comes in from time to time from those who have left old Western in years gone by. This news is always welcome and is gratefully received by the staff, because our readers find it a veritable pleasure to learn what their illustrious predecessors are about.

Keats, '08, seems to have gained popularity at George Washington University, as his schoolmates have chosen him as manager of the track team, and also have elected him one of the staff of the school paper. Track manager is just in Harold's line, for while a student here he achieved fame as a track man.

Dennet Adams, '09, editor of *THE WESTERN*, is again following up with success his journalistic ability, at present being one of the associate editors of *The Princetonian*.

Our old friend, Taylor Thom, is again with us, having been given leave of absence from Washington and Lee University on account of an epidemic of typhoid fever at that school.

The old trio, John Reemy, Perry Griffin, and Martin Fisher, are still keeping bachelor quarters at Harvard, where they matriculated in the fall of 1909.

Gutherz, whom we all remember on account of his star football playing, made the Freshman crew at Pennsylvania last year, and will no doubt make a strong bid for a seat in the 'varsity boat with a little more practice. Gutherz is a good student, also beside being a good athlete, because, as you know, he won a competitive scholarship to the university which he now attends.

Bone, ertwhile editor of *THE WESTERN* and captain of Western High School track team, is now attending Georgetown University, where he has been elected to the office of manager of the Freshman basketball team.

Bryan Morse, having profited much from Miss Gillianne and Miss Chester's teachings, is now teaching drawing at Tech.

Arthur Randolph Guy, familiarly known as "Micky" by his friends, is at present taking a scientific course at G. W. U. Guy, when attending Western, was most popular among his schoolmates, and was a star athlete besides, being captain and quarterback of the eleven '09.



The Philadelphia Central High School has in the *Mirror* the largest and one of the best all-round papers that comes to this office. The literary and editorial departments are good, especially the latter. You print some of the ablest editorials we have read. The cuts are good and the exchange department shows careful editorship. We have nothing but praise for your efforts.

The St. Louis Central High School *News* is the handsomest magazine that comes to us, with exceptional cuts. Its stories and write-ups are very good. All departments are well filled. There is nothing we can criticise.

The October number of the Meriden High School *Pennant* is superior to the September number both in material and get-up. Your paper should be brightened up by a few cuts. The October stories are all fine.

The Portland Academy *Troubadour* is mighty good all through, cuts, stories, and poems. Why not use larger type?

The *Messenger*, of Wichita, Kans., certainly can boast of a fine lot of cuts. The story department is larger and better than the average.

The *Skirmisher*, of Hillsdale, Mich., is a well balanced school paper. The type used in its printing does not give a pleasing appearance. The practice of bold facing the capital H's should be stopped.

The *Review*, of Central, is at hand with its usual excellent stories. The second and third stories are fine in the October number. The poetry is good, and so are the school notes. We have only one criticism. The paper should have better cuts and headings.

The *Balance Sheet*, of Business, has had two very artistic covers so far this year. The November stories are both very good. Why not enlarge your paper? It is small for a school of your size.

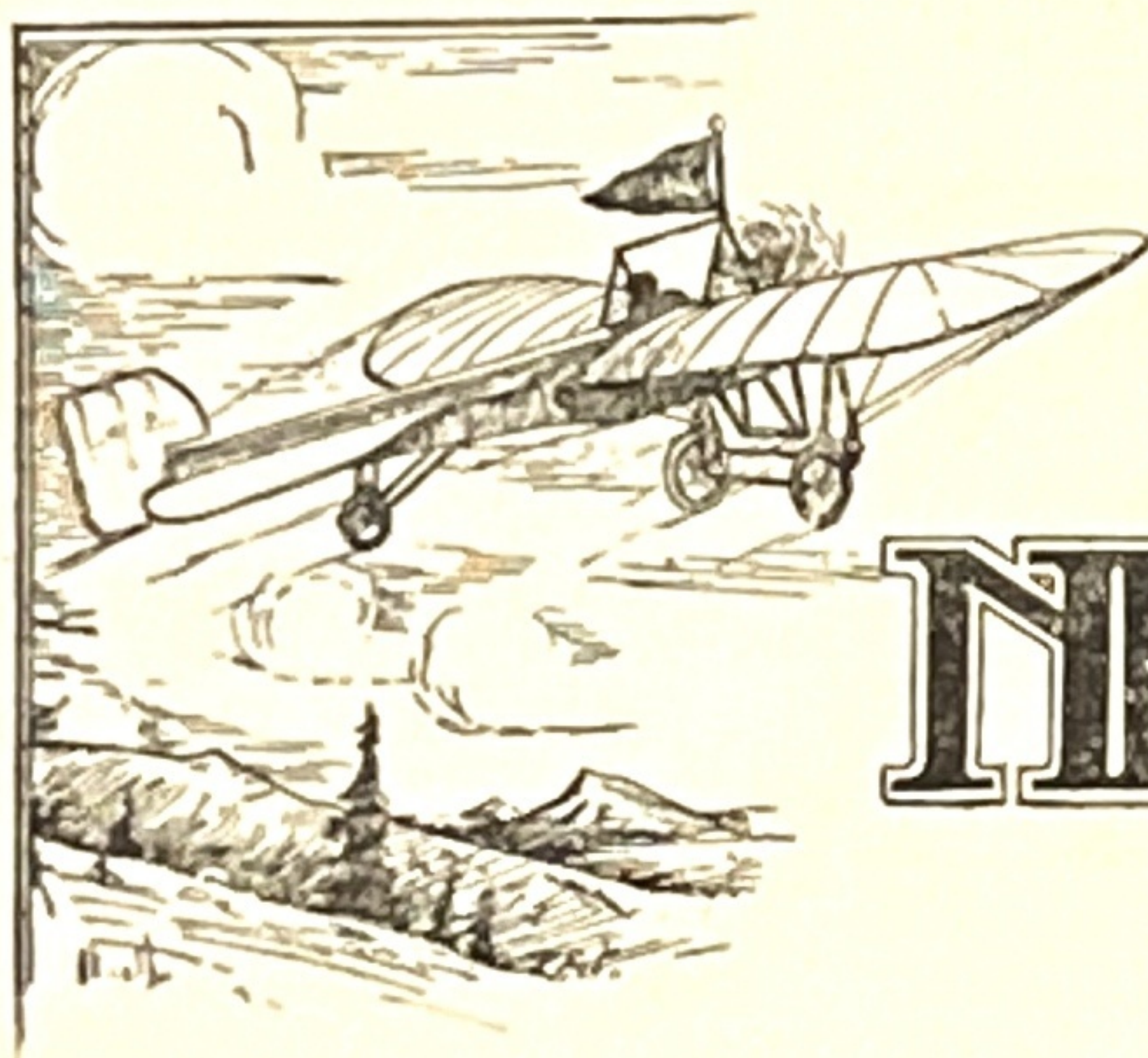
The *Easterner* is larger and better in many ways than last year. Your Monkey Shines department is quite good. The alphabetical classification of your alumni is a novelty. The cover could be improved.

THE WESTERN

VOL. XV

WASHINGTON, D. C., JAN., 1911

No. 4



NEW-[△]YEAR

—PAUL WITCOM—

The Guide's Tale

WILLIAM M. GRAY

In August, 1910, I was traveling in Europe for my health, and as I was an author by profession, I thought perhaps I would get material for a new story while on my excursions through Italy. I knew that the city of Naples was having the ruins of Pompeii excavated, so I secured a written permission from the American manager of the work to visit the place while work was going on. He pointed out to me an old man who he said was an excellent guide. The old man spoke very good English and asked me many questions as he showed me the place. I told him that I wrote stories, and while we were seated on a bank watching the work he told me that he had heard a true story that summer before he came to Pompeii which he thought was as good as anyone could write. The old fellow seemed so earnest that I asked him to tell me the story.

"Well," he began, "I went from England to India when I was a young man and lived there until this summer. One day in June as I was paddling my boat along the bank of the river below Calcutta a crocodile suddenly arose just under my little boat and upset it. When I fell screaming into the water he dived at me and would have killed me but for two young Americans who were landing from a big ship out in the river. Their boat was passing nearby and one of them flashed out his revolver and shot the monster in the eye. They then took me into their boat and landed me safely on the shore. I thanked them many times for saving my life, and

as they were strangers in the city I invited them to spend the night in my humble home and they gladly accepted.

"That night when we had eaten the meal which I provided and were sitting around smoking, I asked them to relate some of their adventures to me. They seemed to hesitate for a while, but seeing that I was such a good friend, John McClure, who seemed to be the leader, told me why they had come to India. After graduating from college at home he and Charlie Duff, his friend, decided to go to Europe and see something of the world. They worked their way wherever they went and soon arrived at Pompeii. As they were both interested in the research work they got positions and in this way could follow every event.

"One evening after they had been there a few weeks the workmen uncovered the door of a large house just before they stopped for the day. After supper the two young men decided to open the door and explore, if possible, the inside of the house. They provided themselves with two very powerful lanterns and started just before dusk. The door was easy to open and they found themselves in a magnificent old Roman villa. Everything was perfectly preserved and seemed to be just the same as when the eruption occurred. They noticed that the home appeared to be that of a Roman nobleman who had no family. After walking through the rooms for sometime they entered what they supposed to be a chemical laboratory. On the opposite side they saw a strong door which they had great difficulty in opening. However, they finally succeeded and found themselves in a room surrounded by stone walls and with no entrance except the door which they had entered. To one side was a large fireplace with a hanging pot and in the center of the room was a small table, near which stood a chair containing the skeleton of a man dressed in the garments of the old Romans. He seemed to have been studying a parchment which lay on the table. As they approached the fireplace their lights fell upon three lumps of metal at one side, and upon examining them closely they were dumbfounded by finding that the lumps were pure gold. Then the truth of the whole situation flashed upon them and they suddenly realized that they were in the laboratory of the only successful alchemist in the world's history.

"Instantly McClure took his light and went to the table to read the parchment, and aided by his knowledge of the ancient Latin language he found, as he had expected, that it was indeed the formula of making gold out of baser metals. When he touched it, it began to fall apart, so he copied it down on a leaf of his notebook, since it was too long and too valuable to trust to his agitated memory. They then rubbed the parchment between their hands and threw the dust on the floor. Then, recovering their reasoning powers, it was decided to remove the gold to a place of safety, as the workmen would be in the place the next day. One of the small lumps was all either could lift, so they took two to places of safety.

"When they came back they found that the room was full of a band of murderers and outlaws who were organized for the purpose of stealing at night all they could from the excavated houses. They

had been there some time, and after seeing the gold and the room had also grasped the situation. Seeing the two Americans they at once knew that they had the formula and made a rush at them, determining to kill them and get it. The two threw their lights into the face of the leader as he came through the door and then fled through the dark house. As they had passed that way three times before they soon found the door. They were closely pursued by the murderous villains but gained the populated part of the town before overtaken.

"McClure and Duff knew that spies would be placed all over the town to watch for them, so they decided to leave at once and take a ship away from the country. Gathering their few belongings they went to the nearest wharf and found that the next ship left for Constantinople at sunrise. They took passage and sat up in their staterooms listening for any suspicious sound which would tell them that their enemies were on board. After a quiet night they went cautiously on deck just as the ship was sailing. When about two hundred yards out they ventured to look over the side and realized too late that they had exposed themselves to the eyes of a spy of the band who was at that moment walking along the wharf. This was indeed an unfortunate accident for they knew that the relentless band would go to some other port and get a fast ship which would bring them to Constantinople even before themselves.

"The two friends decided on the trip to go to the northern part of India in the Himalaya mountains and there make the gold. As soon as they reached Constantinople they at once had reason to suspect that they were being watched, so they determined to go to Suez. Duff was to start with a caravan at once by land, while McClure was to hide a few days and then go by water, carrying the formula with him.

"On the fourth night McClure left his hiding place to search for some food. As he was returning along a dark street he heard several stealthy footsteps behind him. At the same time he heard a single person approaching from the other side. Just as they were about to pass the stranger turned sharply to the right and hurried up a side street. At that moment a shrewd plan came to McClure. Turning immediately he retraced his steps passing in safety through the band while they followed the stranger whom they had mistaken for him.

"Some days after Duff's departure his friend started one night to the wharf thinking that the enemy had been thrown off the trail. With the notebook grasped firmly in his hand he was passing the walled-in yard of a residence when a rush was made upon him by several of the band who had continually watched for him. Just before one of them felled him with a club he threw the notebook over the wall into the yard. In vain they searched his pockets for the formula. Fainting from loss of blood he gasped in a delirious voice that they should never get it for his friend was at that moment safe away with it while he remained behind to draw their attention.

"That the robbers believed this was evident from their many oaths. They were just about to stab him when one of them cried

out that it was unnecessary for he was already dead. They carried him to a nearby lot and pitched his body roughly to the ground. When he began to recover from his faint he found that he was already surrounded by a pack of Constantinople dogs who had been attracted to the scene. Suddenly realizing his awful peril, with almost superhuman will power, he mustered his remaining strength and made his way to the place of the attack. He entered a nearby gate and was soon in possession of his precious notebook.

"The trip to Suez was uneventful and the two friends were soon on their way to Calcutta. The robbers thought that one was dead and that the other had escaped, so they gave up the pursuit."

"But why are you in Pompeii, and what became of my two countrymen?" I asked.

"I was not doing well in India, so they advised me to come here. They told me the two places where they had hid the two lumps of gold, but I found only the smaller which I have not yet had coined. The two alchemists laid in a supply of chemicals and went to the mountains where they would be secure from the intrusion of their former enemies or of a chance intruder. Some day their achievements will startle the world and make currency worthless in trade."

'Tis Strange

'Tis funny how the tailor cries:

"Fair sir, those rich, dark-brown-y eyes
Are suited for a black or blue,
Now winter comes to me and you."

You buy the black, or brown, or pied,
And walk away well satisfied.
But come again another day,
And this is what you hear him say:

"Hoot, hoot, m'sieur, the darker suits,
Are not worn even by recruits,
You show bad taste; your figure tall
Does not look well in black at all.

"The styles this spring are very light,
(Here's one of them, ye see it's white)
Besides those bluish eyes you've got
Go well with light suits, *do* they not?"

I wonder, if as seasons change,
Our eyes take on a diff'rent hue.
In winter do they darker range,
In summer lighten to a blue?

—P. E. S.

Field Day at Tech

[From a Freshman's point of view]

GEORGE WHITWELL, '10

Despite the reputation that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has for hard work, there are several bright spots throughout the year when good times reverse the usually existing conditions. And one of these bright spots (the brightest in the fall term) is Field Day.

On the first Friday in November a series of competitions is held between the Freshmen and the Sophomores at the Technology field. The three events are a football game, a relay race, and a tug-of-war. In the first of these every man making either team gets his numerals; in the second year there are twelve men in each team (every man running 220 yards), and the members of the winning team only get numerals, which system applies also to each of the tug-of-war teams, consisting of twenty-five men. In addition to these events either the annual Tech-Tufts or Tech-Howard cross-country race is run on the same day and finishes at the field.

Because so many men in both classes are needed to make up the various teams everybody gets a pretty fair show to make good in some branch. At the very beginning of the term practice starts and continues right up until the day set for Field Day. Each team has its coach and practice is a pretty serious business, for great honor is attached to the winning of the day.

In scoring the football game counts three points, the relay race two, and the tug-of-war one. In the last the best two out of three pulls wins.

This year the weather was unfortunate and quite against making the day the success that it usually is. The football game went to the Sophomores. At the end of the first quarter the first pull was held and at the end of the third quarter the second. During the halves the race was run off. Also both of the other events were won by 1913.

In the evening Tech's night at the theaters occurred. The whole house for "The Arcadians" was bought out and the Sophs were in the orchestra, while 1914 was put in the first balcony. As it turned out this was the best position. As soon as the curtain went up thousands of serpentines were thrown toward the stage and in a minute the whole theater was a mass of paper ribbon. The people below were entangled with it and to add to the mess confetti was thrown until it seemed as if there had been a real blizzard. To say that the audience was an enthusiastic one would be to put it too mildly. It was almost impossible to control. Whenever anything made an especial hit the uproar was so great that the performance could not continue until encores sufficient to pacify the fellows were gained. As a consequence the actors were more than pleased and fairly outdid themselves to satisfy us.

During the progress of the play the two classes did everything possible to be just a little better than the other, 1913 having experienced a Tech night before had hauled one of their banners up in the air so that it floated about twenty feet from the ceiling. 1914, not to be outdone, procured balloons, and attaching a similar banner set it free and it sailed up until absolutely at the top and about ten feet above that of the Sophs. The keenest competition in the matter of class yells existed and at any time these broke out. This was a signal for everybody to make some kind of noise and for the moment the show was absolutely lost track of. One of the best instances of rivalry occurred when the song hit, "Bring Me a Rose," was sung. Immediately after it the Sophomores threw a bunch of roses onto the stage while the Freshmen brought down two bunches. The keenest rivalry existed, but it all was good natured.

Things broke up right after the conclusion of the performance and Field Day, 1910, was a matter of history, but to one witnessing it for the first time it will remain printed indelibly for all time as one of the most memorable events of a life time.

Yesterday and Tomorrow

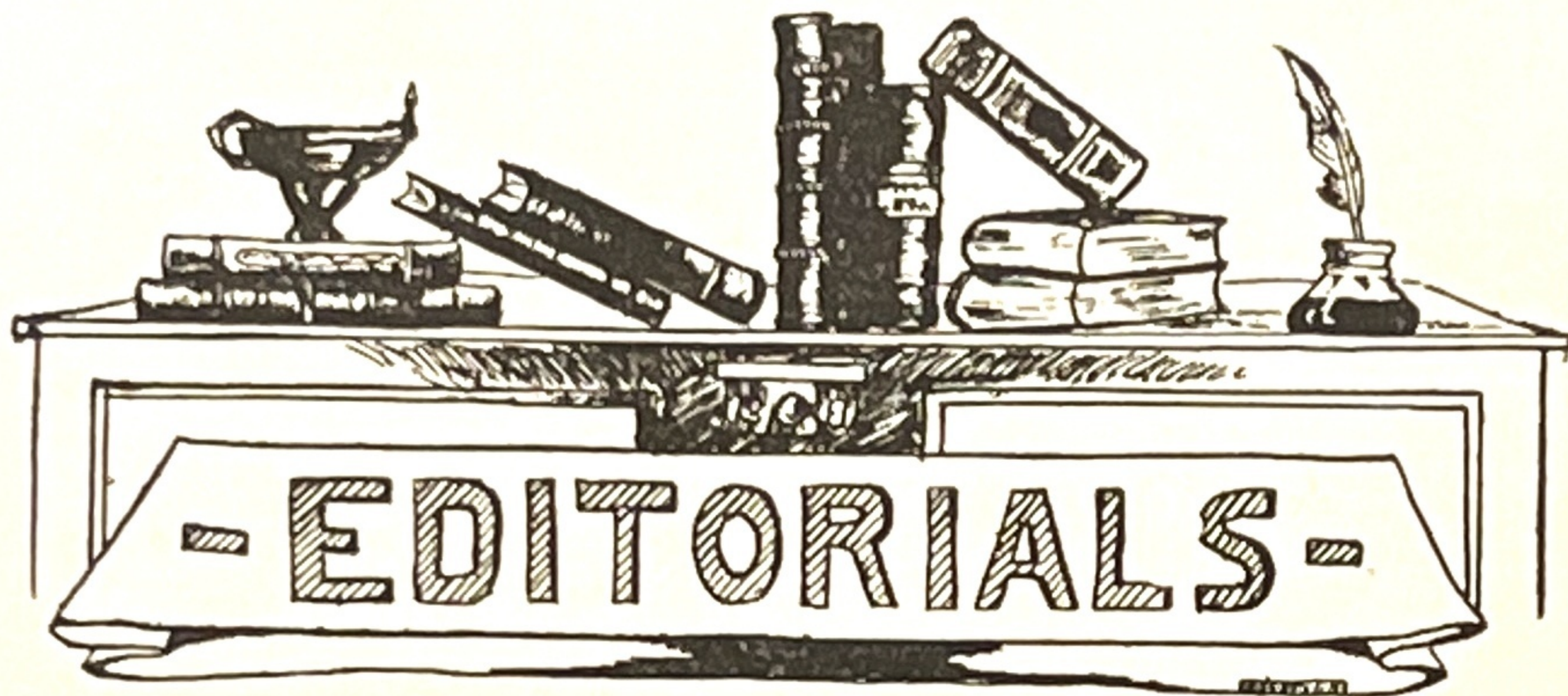
Sometimes I sit and dream and dream
Of Freshman days now past and gone,
The joys that gave my eyes a gleam,
The sorrows that gave looks forlorn;
All seem to pass and upward go
In one unending ceaseless flow.

O, days, too swiftly do you glide
Into the weeks, the months, the years!
Wait only that I may abide
To wipe away my Freshman tears.
Too soon my high school days are o'er
And then are gone forevermore!

Alas! alas! it is all too late
To sit and dream of days gone by,
For it is just the way of Fate
For time to come and live and die.
So why should I look back and dream,
The Future, now, should be my theme.

—*By the Author*

Siggers: "If I have one point, I can't have two, and if I have two points I can't have one."



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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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Happy
New Year

Another year has passed away to the tomb of his fathers, leaving an only son and heir, and in his name, I give you, Greetings!

As this paper goes to press, the youngster is thriving and well on his way to manhood. From all indications he will be as stern and unbending a master as his father, stopping for no one and forgiving no breaker of his laws.

Let us of Western do well under his regime. Let us make the reign of "King 1911" an epoch from which future generations of Westernites will date events. We can not all do everything; but each of us can do something. Do that something, or those some-things, well and you will have done your duty.

A year seems long; but passes quickly. The days are already weeks, and will soon be months. Get in the game NOW! Midnight soon reaches the man who waits for the eleventh hour to strike.

Success and prosperity to each and all, in the name of the King,
Annus 1911.

Semester Marks

The time for the presentations of rewards and penalties for the records made in this first half of the school year is at hand. Probably they have already been awarded by the time the paper reaches the hands of the subscribers. The E, G, or F is very gratifying to the deserving pupil, and as to the D, well, the least said, the better. Why the D and E should come so close together in the alphabet and yet in scholarship should be so far apart, is unknown. The passing mark signifies that the pupil has done satisfactory work in his respective subjects. But it should signify more to the student. What beside the mere mastering of assigned lessons has the student done? What have you done while in pursuance of your lessons that will be beneficial to you in after life? Have you gained anything from the books or from your class work that fits you for your later life? Have you gained in discipline and training, and have you met the responsibilities that, however small, have been imposed on you? Of far more importance to you is the character and training which you are framing than the E or G or F which you gain upon your report. Of course you should pass. You are not meeting your responsibilities when you don't pass, but the point we are making is, in passing it is not whether you get an E or whether you get an F, but what you have done to make for yourself success in later life.

Our Semester Marks

There comes a day but twice a year that I don't view with pleasure, when all our deeds and knowledge sparks are stamped on our semester marks. Whenever I get these tell-tale marks I frown for 'tis always so that don't matter how much you think you know these bloomin', pesky, little marks will never say 'tis so. I've got these marks now more than once and had my little say, and the teachers always somehow never seem to view the thing my way. Now, I'm tired of hearing this same old tale and seeing that same old smile, so I'm going home this very day and work like a hero—for a while. You will always hear the boys a grumbling when their marks are running low and they get so oft reminded that "I told you so," but the fellows who pass right along see time go by like a song; alas, but these boys are much less than a throng. Now my frown has changed to a smile for now I know, 'cause they told me so, that kids who get up with the larks and go after work like hungry sharks are the lads who are getting semester marks that are worth the while.

"777."

A Record

A splendid exemplification of the old maxim, "Where there's a will there's a way," was given by the pupils in Section C1 during the campaign for the sale of Red Cross stamps in December. The spirit of helpfulness born of knowledge of the good that could be done for less fortunate neighbors manifested itself in no uncertain way. There were sold by this section eleven hundred stamps, more than one-third the number allotted to the entire school.

A commendable spirit was shown by each one, but the work of these students was especially creditable as indicated by the number sold: Hilda Cross, 150; Chase Donaldson, 150; Ethel Conner, 90; Paul Ireland, 75; Elizabeth Schweyer, 75; Richard Hollyday, 55; Gladys Shedd, 50; Denby Wilkes, 50.

Mr. Welsh's Talk

The entire school felt indebted to Captain Fox for the highly interesting talk given by his friend and associate, Mr. Welsh, of aerial fame, after the latter entertained the student body in the assembly hall some time ago. Miss Westcott introduced Captain Fox, who in turn presented the aviator, and in a short time his audience was soaring with him.

Mr. Welsh touched on the history of aviation, paid a tribute to the Wright brothers, and anticipated the questions of his hearers by answering them in a most frank and informal way. He dealt with the dangers and the trials which all aviators meet with. The construction and the manipulation of the aeroplane was gone into. His remarks were appropriately concluded by speaking of the future of the science, declaring that its further development lay in the hands of today's young Americans, the aviators of tomorrow.

Mr. Welsh is the holder of the American record for distance and duration.

The Hon. Victor Murdock's Address

We were fortunate enough recently to hear one of the leaders of his time speak to us. Representative Murdock, of Kansas, delighted an assembly hall full of Westernites by talking, in his charming way, on The Value of Instinct. He spoke of the great good an instinct to do right may accomplish; he advised his audience to seek no advice in deciding the right or wrong of a matter, but to fight it out by themselves and decide for themselves. He held his hearers spellbound while he told of the wonderful play, "Every Man." How "Every Man," at death's door was forsaken by beauty, riches, and other earthly possessions, and how good deeds alone consented to go down into his grave with him, was graphically and skillfully told. With a reminder that our good deeds are alone carried with us into the next world, as truly as in life, as in the play, Representative Murdock closed, and by the enthusiastic applause one would judge his

audience was deeply impressed by the man and the message that he brought.

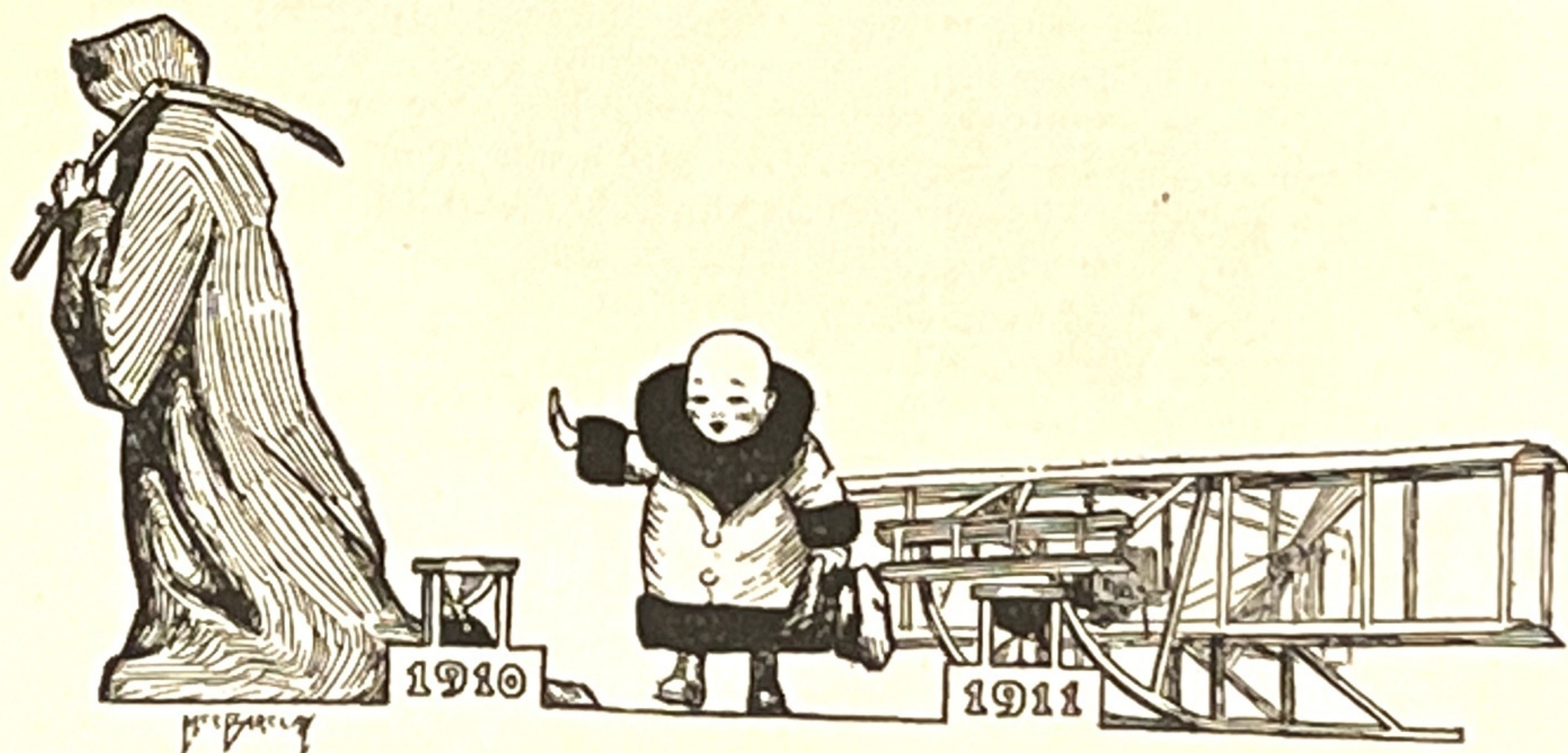
The school is to be congratulated on being so fortunate as to have Hon. Murdock address it.

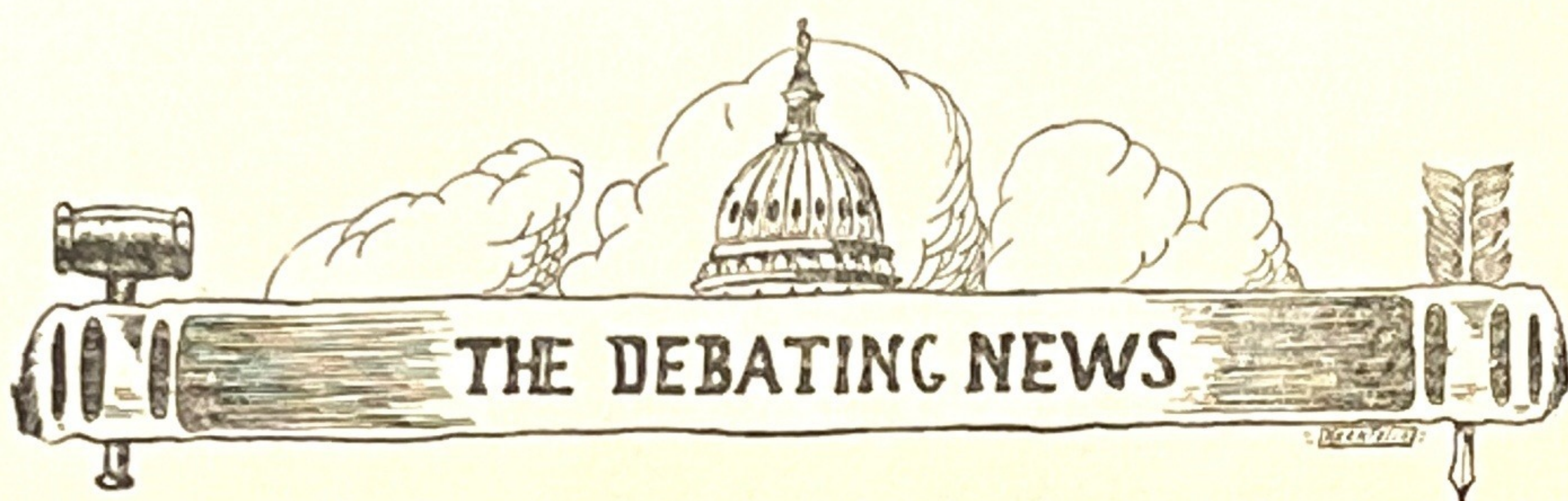
A meeting of the Home and School Association was held Saturday evening, January 14th, at the comfortable and attractive rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. The meeting, which was well attended, was very interesting, the principal address being given by Professor Clarke W. Hetherington, President Section in Physical Education, National Education Association, 1910-11.

The *Pennant* for December is diminished in size and still lacks headings. "The Night Before Christmas" was thoroughly enjoyed at this office.

The *Polyprep*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has a large literary department. The Alumni Notes are competently compiled and reflect great credit on the school. We compliment the paper on its general appearance.

The *Hand and Mind*, full of well written articles, is a source of pleasure and profit to the reader. The stories are decidedly good; the poetry is only the average. As in former years, the magazine is distinctively printed, and has good headings. The arrangement of the material gives the impression that the editors stretched the material to cover the seventy odd pages. At least nine pages of space are wasted. The type used gives a strikingly handsome look to the magazine.





Senate Reports

Since the WESTERN last went to press there have been three meetings of the Senate.

On Wednesday, December 14, the Senate was most delightfully entertained by a closed debate upon the subject, "Resolved, that the execution of Charles I was justifiable." The affirmative was upheld in a splendid manner by three young ladies, Miss Leavell, Miss Louise Maher, and Miss Dixon, while the negative was very creditably supported by Messrs. K. Smith, J. Dowell, and Herbst. Mr. Campbell served as chairman and Miss Sherman, Miss Kingsley, and Mr. Huntzberger acted in the capacity of judges. Each speaker was allowed five minutes for the main argument and two minutes for rebuttal.

Miss Leavell started the debate and led us into the dim past—the age of Charles I—and pictured to us the life and ideals of that age. She asked that the question be judged as it would have been at that age. Furthermore, she showed how Charles I had violated the laws of England, the Bill of Rights and the English Constitution. Mr. Smith told us that the execution of Charles I was illegal; that he was not convicted by a majority; that his jurors were prejudiced; that the trial was illegally conducted; that the friends of Charles I were denied any place in the jury, and that by means of what is known as Pride's Purge the army officers controlled the trial. Miss Maher showed that his execution was necessary to better England's condition, to meet the crisis of the time, and for England's future. She showed that Cromwell could only do what he did, and that there was no other way of dealing with Charles I. Mr. Dowell showed that the means which were used could not justify his execution; that the cost in money, men, and laws was too great; and that banishment was to be preferred to execution.

Miss Dixon showed that the execution was justified by its results both immediate and permanent; that it gave us liberty, toleration and freedom from the divine right of kings. Mr. Herbst showed that his execution was unjustifiable morally; that he was charged with a crime he could not commit; that he was denied a fair trial and was misrepresented.

The refutation was given in the following order: Mr. Dowell, Miss Maher, Mr. Herbst, Miss Dixon, Mr. Smith, Miss Leavell. The refutation was given very well indeed by both sides. The decision of the judges was 2 to 1 in favor of the affirmative. Miss Leavell was awarded first honors, and Mr. Smith second. The

speeches were well-written arguments, and showed much preparation on the part of the principals. The delivery was a little faulty, but that, of course, will improve with training. On a whole, the debate can be considered one of the best that has been heard by the society for several seasons.

On January 4 there was held a short meeting, at which time several bills were voted upon and after a general discussion, the Senate adjourned.

EASTERN DEBATE

On the afternoon of January 11, 1911, the Eastern-Western debate was held in the Western Assembly Hall. The proposition was, "Resolved, that the 'Closed Shop' is justifiable in the United States." Western upheld the affirmative and Eastern the negative of the question. The teams consisted of the following members: Western, Harry C. Blanton, James B. Lockwood, Maurice Cohen, alternate, Colin Campbell; Eastern, E. W. Dieserud, Miss Eleanor Farmer, William W. Gibson, alternate, Miss Fredericka Newmann. The judges were Mr. E. C. Brandenburg, Mr. William F. Gude, Mr. Paul E. Sleman. Mr. Davis, of the Business High School, presided. Eastern reversed the decision of last year, the judges voting unanimously in favor of the negative. We feel, however, that the decision does not do justice to the equality of the two teams. Eastern put up a fine debate, of course, or they would not have won. We were handicapped in having the weak side of the argument, but the "Closed Shop" was defended in a manner which casts credit upon the team and the school. Miss Farmer put up the most convincing argument on the negative and her delivery was also fine, but the Western team surpassed Eastern in that respect; each member of the team giving his argument clearly and distinctly. The team wishes to publicly extend its thanks to the members of the coaching team for their assistance, and especially to Miss Cushing for the invaluable services which she rendered in the preparation for the debate, and to Mr. Huntzberger for his aid in perfecting delivery. Of course we all regret the fact that we did not win, but we know that the team did its best and do not feel the time expended was lost.

Those New Rules

"Why was Binks put out of the game yesterday?"

"He hadn't shaved and was disqualified for unnecessary roughness."

—*Ex.*

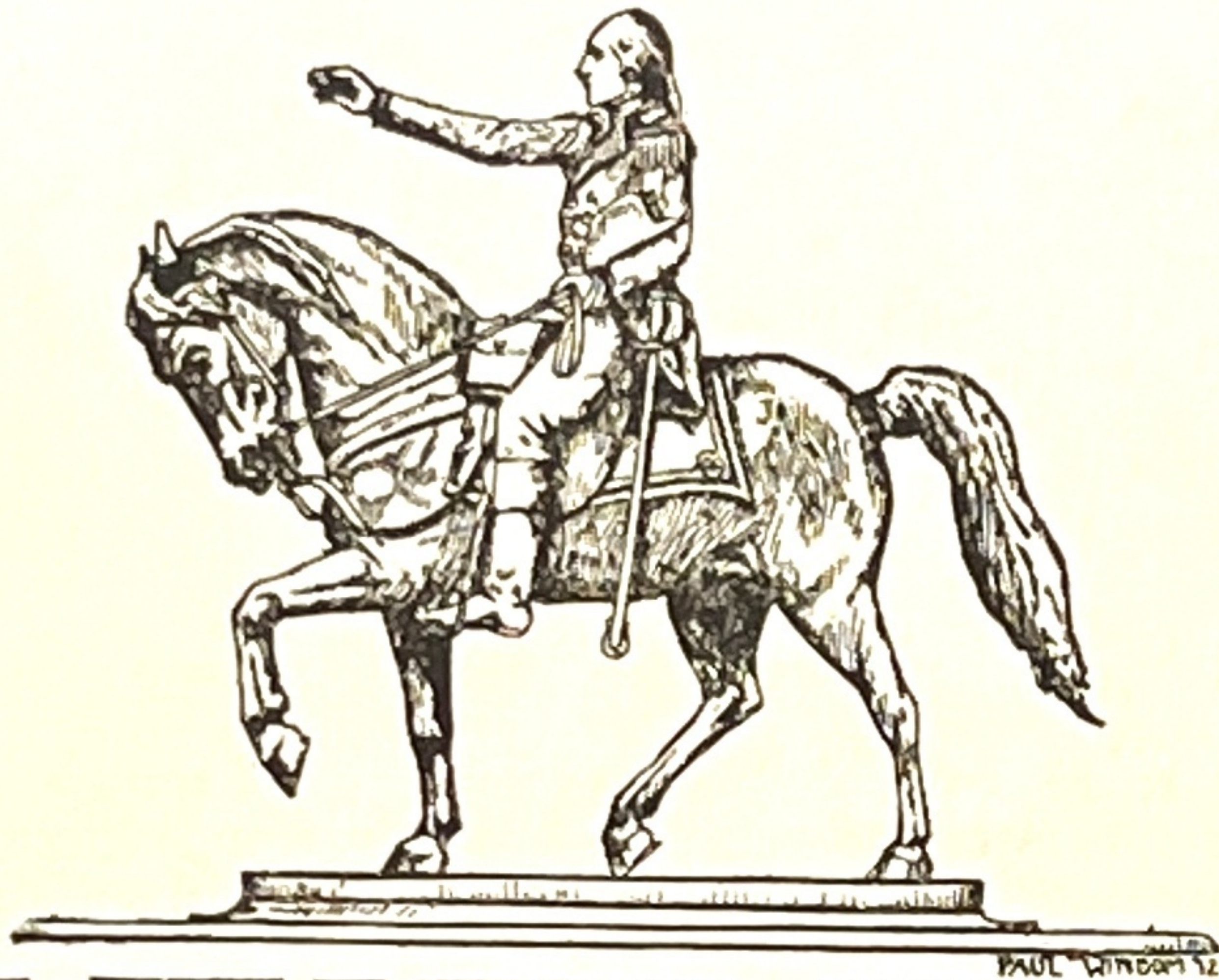
Adamant

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to get married."

"How do you know?"

"I've proposed to several."

—*Ex.*



MILITARY NOTES

With the opening of the New Year, and upon their return from the Christmas vacation, Company activities have been resumed. Officers and men once more we greet you and take this opportunity of extending our very best wishes for Nineteen Hunderd and Eleven. May it be The Year, for Company H.

The resumption drill has brought with it much that is new, and much that is difficult, in the further advancement of the Company, the simple recruiting stage has passed. The work is now taken up with the men as a body, and each drill day sees some added development. From this period on it is of the utmost importance, that even a single cadet should not be absent, on any drill day. The Company is very much like a machine in this respect, it needs all its parts working equally well, to make the whole effective.

Beyond a doubt the work of the Company up to the present is extremely creditable, but it is now entering upon that period of the year generally to be most feared by the officers. What I want to say is that unless a very careful watch is exercised a Company is sometimes in danger of falling into what is commonly known as a "slump." The term is an expressive one and conveys its meaning forcibly.

When such a condition happens to exist it is rightly to be feared. It is very often accredited to indoor drills, when a Company is forced to hold a number of them. As I have said in a previous writing, these are very hard on everyone, so that through their constant monotony, the lively interest necessary to maintain a high standard of drill, is likely to wane. Please do not misunderstand me, men, and think that I am trying to presage evil. It is simply that the Company is so extraordinarily large this year that any decided set-back would undoubtedly have a very serious effect.

But if this is a time of the year for such accidents, still more so is it THE time of the year when some one Company can get the "jump" on all the others. How? Why, it is really one of the simplest things in the world. The whole secret is, for each man to put a little extra effort into the work NOW, and that with a right good will. The other Companies for the most part will be "loafing" along and abiding their time, not realizing how short nor how valuable that time is, until the near approach of a certain day in spring. Make up your minds to do this. You could make no better New Year resolution. Be alive and always wide awake when you are drilling, besides, as I have tried to emphasize again and again, do not make it so necessary for your officers to correct the same mistake every few minutes. Above all do not be a "day-dreamer" in the ranks, intently admiring your feet, or most of the time gazing at some passing apparition, but be sure to keep your mind on the drill and your ears open for the Captain's commands. Satisfy yourselves and your officers that it is a "cinch," the Flag *will* come back to old Western this year.

We are sincerely glad to note that the social life of the Company is rapidly improving and is becoming decidedly more wide spread. A very large part of the credit is due to those girls of the school who have of late manifested so much personal interest towards the Company's welfare in this respect. On Thursday the twelfth of January, they gave the Company one of the greatest "spreads" in its whole history. The dance that followed in the gymnasium also reflected much credit upon the young ladies and offered an admirable opportunity for the Dancing Corps pupils to sustain the reputation of their fair instructors. That the opportunity was made the most of any one who was fortunate enough to be there can testify.

The Saturday following this event Company H gave its second dance of the year at Mrs. Dyer's. Here again many new faces were added to its social whirl, and it was truly a Company H dance. There were about fifty couples present and Miss Cushing and Miss Wallace very kindly consented to chaperone.

To conclude. This is the last chance that we have had to offer here our congratulations to "Froggie" upon his appointment. Quartermaster, we salute you!

In German

First Student: "Damit."

Second Fem Ditto: "What!"

First: "That."

Rolly, poly, Tubby Gray,
He is taller through his bay
Than he is from top to toe.
What a funny way to grow!



Track

A call for candidates for track was issued immediately after the holidays and those who reported may be heard through the building doing their training stunts on the upper corridor, under the coaching of "Curly" Byrd.

In track, as in everything else, the *best* men willingly respond to a call for anything in which they can be of benefit to the school. But there are those who are not willing to sacrifice a small part of their afternoon's ease to the furtherment of the school's interests.

It has often been said that "Western" conducted itself successfully in competition with larger schools through its fine spirit. There seems this year to be a sad slump in this famous "school spirit" and it is an appeal to every member, to do his share in its revival, by responding to every call possible, which is made upon him.

There seems to be a very attractive programme before the track squad this season. There will be several interclass meets, dual meets with Cathedral School, Georgetown Preps, Annapolis High School, Baltimore City College and Baltimore Country School. In the larger indoor meets the school will also be well represented. In the Georgetown meet we will endeavor to hold the Prep School Championship of the District, which we won last year, against Georgetown Preps, Central and the other high schools.

It is essential that more men should report for practice, even those who have never taken any part in athletics can make their maiden attempt now with an assurance of some success, if not in the larger meets, surely in the class and dual meets which have been arranged.

TALMA TANNER.

Basketball

The basketball team had a victory fairly snatched from its hands Friday, the 13th, in the game with Eastern, when, with the score 26 to 9 in our favor, the game had to be stopped, three or four minutes before time.

Western showed an improvement of fifty per cent over the form shown in the preliminary games. After being defeated several times, including once by the Friends' School to the score of

29 to 20, the team took a decided brace and inflicted revenge upon the Quakers in a game which clearly showed our superiority, by the count of 30 to 13.

The practical defeat of Eastern though perhaps a surprise to some, is hailed as quite a feather in our caps, and, if we can lick them again in our next game, we have a fine chance for championship honors. Eastern defeated Business, the only other competitor, easily.

Captain McCandlish will soon be back in the game to enjoy his share in what we hope will be a successful season.

The football elections were held before the holidays and Leopold Krentzlin was elected to succeed Capt. Garner. Capt. Krentzlin's ability and experience make him eminently fitted for his new position. We feel that by his election a good team and an excellent record is assured.

The unfortunate withdrawal of the team from the field this year has not diminished the spirit in sports in Western and when the football team again renews its practice next fall, Capt. Krentzlin will find a good squad out and the whole school behind him.

In the last edition we carelessly omitted the name of La Scola from the list of "W" winners. We therefore wish to congratulate La Scola and apologize for the mistake made. The following is the list of "numeral" winners:

Larkin,	Taggert,	Burt,
Adams,	Bethel,	Brady,
Bradley,	Dowell,	Webb.

Baseball

The prospects of this year's baseball team are very bright. When Captain Myers issues his call near the first of March a promising squad will report. Myers, Fuller, McArdle, Gray, Scofield, Garner, and "Buck" Howard will be the men of a year's experience to report. Among the promising new men who said they would report are Shoemaker, Holden, Adams, Sheehy, Payto, Bronson Howard, and G. Cooper. "Curly" Byrd, who was with us last year, will again coach the squad. Byrd had the team working together last spring and would have won the flag last year, but unluckily he had to go west before the high school series started.

Besides the games with the "prep." schools around Washington games with two out of town schools are expected.

Pitchers are needed more than anything else and men who can pitch at all are requested to come out when the first call for battery work comes about the tenth of February.

The captain said the larger the squad the better the chances for a championship team. Many men have made the team on their first year out, so there is a chance for you.

MANAGER MCARDLE.



School Notes

Travelling Inspector (cross-questioning the terrified class)—
“And now, boys, who wrote ‘Hamlet?’ ”

Timid Boy—“P-p-please, sir, it wasn’t me.”

Travelling Inspector (the same evening to his host, the village squire)—“The most amusing thing happened to-day. I was questioning the class and asked a boy ‘who wrote Hamlet?’ and he answered tearfully, ‘Please, sir, it wasn’t me.’ ”

Squire (after loud and prolonged laughter)—“Ha, ha, that’s good, and I suppose the *little devil* had done it all the time.”

Sleep On

A section boss on one of our large lines of railroad has a keen Gaelic wit.

One warm afternoon while walking along the line he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The boss looked disgustedly at the delinquent a full minute and then remarked:

“Slape on ye lazy spalpeen, slape on; fur as long as ye slape you’ve got a job, but when ye wake up ye ain’t got none.”

Western Library

To Have and To Hold—Shoemaker.

Lady of the Lake—T. Dawson.

Dream of Fair Women—Krentzlin.

The Heavenly Twins—Dowell Brothers (Cohen twins).

That First Affair—Frederick.

Reveries of a Bachelor—Cahill.

The Jungle—Biological Lab.

The Spectator—Barclay.

Idylls of the King—Garner.

The Tempest—Carleton Smith.

The Abbott—Gray.

Our Mutual Friend—Mrs. Muntz.

Combination Dictionary, Encyclopedia, and Atlas—McCartney.

The Youth’s Companion—Mr. Priest.

Last of the Mohicans—“Yellow” Myers.

Les Miserables—The flunkers.
 The Practical Farmer—Coville.
 Little Men—Micou Brothers.
 Carlyle's Essays on Burns—Legg.
 The Art of Good Manners—Edwin Burt.
 Bleak House—W. H. S. after holidays.
 On How to be Graceful—Friday afternoon gym. class.
 Longfellow—Bantz.
 The Newcomers—The Freshmen.
 Sandy—McArdle.
 Good Eating (Mrs. Knott)—Parris.
 Dante's Inferno—4th Year Latin.
 Il Penseroso—Frederick.
 L'Allegro—Parris.
 The Firing Line—Lunch Counter at noon.
 The Danger Mark—A "D."
 The Fighting Chance—A "P."
 Why Girls Leave Home—Shoemaker.
 How to Be Happy Tho Married—R. Dodge.
 The Inner Shrine—The Office.
 Seats of the Mighty—Rooms 1 and 3.
 The Younger Set—The Freshmen.
 The Stars—Combes, Parris, Peary.
 Pigs is Pigs—McCandlish.
 Little Women—Combes, Campbell, Corson.
 The Deerslayer (dear)—Fuller.
 Three Men in a Boat—Barclay, Shoemaker and Garner.
 The Light That Failed—Tanner.
 The Rivals—Scofield and Blanton.
 Around the World in 80 Days—Keefe.

Never let your feet go to sleep. "For the soul is dead that slumbers and things are not what they seem."

Five dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of anyone wearing a tie redder than Billy Herbst's.

On the other hand did you see the one Carleton Smith had on the other day?

They say that poets oft are kind,
 And let me not this thought debase,
 But one there was who loved a girl
 Yet wrote a poem on her face.

—Ex.

All inquiries as to the Lost Chord should be referred to McArdle, Shoemaker, Carlton Smith, or Cahill. The other day they were doing their best with the Barber Shop Chord, and something was missing.

The Seniors have a play each year
To please their friends and give good cheer.
For Xmas is the season glad,
And everybody goes play mad.
In speaking of the plot and story,
Miss Merrill led to Thespian glory
For we could not have had a play
If there had been no one to write it.
There was a king upon a throne,
Who reigned o'er what was not his own;
The real prince, hid in obscurity,
And with his money in security,
Was in love with the usurper's daughter
And nearly every day, he sought her,
In the garden of his home.
One day there came into this yard
A girl, Rosalbo, whom the guard
Did pass; and, by the princess seen,
Was adopted—this poor unknown queen.
Thus begins a story old
Of love and deeds, as will be told.
Our hero prince, one afternoon,
Gives Angelisa a ring
But she throws away the thing
And calls "dear" Giglio "buffoon."
Betsinda gains the ring by chance,
Which makes the wearer seem e'en sweeter;
Each man who gets a single glance
With an amorous speech doth greet her.
Princess Angelica hears that the prince
Of Crim Tartary is soon to come.
She is captured by his facial tints
And calls Giglio "stupid," "dumb."
But fate so guides the story old
Of love-lorn lads and maidens bold
That each at last reaches a bright end.
Prince Giglio is restored unto his throne,
Rosalbo comes again into her own.
They are soon to wedded be—
Wishing luck and prosperity
To them, we bid a fond adieu
And, closing bid the same to you.

—Anonymous



TRACK



NOW THAT THE MARKS WILL SOON
GO IN, WE BEGIN TO TAKE
HOME BOOKS!



THE VOLUNTEER

C. P. McDONALD IN THE *Detroit News*

The Bugville team was surely up against a rocky game;
The chances were they'd win defeat and not undying fame;
Three men were hurt, and two were benched, the score stood 6 to 4,
They had to make three hard earned runs in just two innings more.

"It can't be done," the captain said, a pallor on his face,
"I've got two pitchers in the field, a mut on second base.
And should another man get spiked or crippled in some way,
The team would surely be down and out with eight men left to play.

"We're up against it, anyhow, as far as I can see;
My boys ain't hitting like they should, and that's what worries me.
The luck is with the other side; no pennant will we win,
It's mighty tough, but we must take our medicine and grin."

The eighth round opened—one, two, three—the enemy went down,
The Bugville boys went out the same—the captain wore a frown.
The first half of the ninth came round, two men had been put out,
When Bugville's catcher broke a thumb, and could not go the route.

A deathly silence settled o'er the crowd assembled there,
Defeat would be allotted them, they felt it in the air;
With only eight men in the field 'twould be a gruesome fray,
Small wonder that the captain cursed the day he learned to play.

"Lend me a man to finish with," he begged the other team.
"Lend you a man?" the foe replied; "my boy you're in a dream;
We came to win the pennant, too, that's what we're doing here;
There's only one thing you can do; call for a volunteer."

The captain stood and pondered in a listless sort of way,
He never was a quitter and he would not be to-day;
"Is there within the grandstand here," his voice rang loud and clear,
"A man who has the sporting blood to be a volunteer?"

And again that awful silence settled o'er the multitude;
Was there a man among them with such recklessness imbued?
The captain stood with cap in hand, while hopeless was his glance;
And then a short and stocky man cried out, "I'll take a chance."

Into the field he bounded with a step both firm and light,
And calmly took his station in readiness for fight.
"The game is now beyond recall, I'll last at least a round;
Although I'm ancient, you will find me muscular and sound."

His hair was sprinkled here and there with little streaks of gray;
 Around his eyes and on his brow a bunch of wrinkles lay.
 The captain smiled despairingly, and slowly turned away,
 When "He's all right," one rooter yelled; another, "Let him play!"

"All right, go on," the captain sighed, the stranger turned around,
 Took off his coat and collar, too, and threw them on the ground.
 The humor of the situation seemed to hit them all,
 As he donned the mask and mit, the umpire yelled, "Play Ball!"

Three balls the pitcher at him heaved, three balls of lightening speed,
 The stranger caught them all with ease and did not seem to heed;
 Each ball had been pronounced a strike, the side had been put out,
 And as he sauntered to the bench, he heard the rooters shout.

One Bugville boy went out on strikes, and one was killed at first;
 The captain saw them fail to hit, and gnashed his teeth and cursed.
 The third man smashed a double, and the fourth one swatted clear,
 Then, in a thunder of applause, up came the volunteer.

His feet were planted in the earth, he swung a warlike club;
 The captain saw his awkward pose, and softly whispered "Dub."
 The pitcher looked at him and grinned, then heaved a mighty ball—
 The echo of that fearful swat still lingers with us all.

High, fast and far the spheroid flew, it sailed and sailed away;
 It n'er was found, so it's supposed it still floats on to-day.
 Three runs came in, the pennant would be Bugville's for a year.
 The fans and players gathered round to cheer the volunteer.

"What is your name?" the captain asked, "What is your name," cries
 all,
 As down his cheeks great tears of joy were seen to run and fall,
 For one brief moment he was still, then murmured soft and low;
 "I'm the mighty Casey who struck out some twenty years ago!"

Chemistry

Our Willie boy is dead and gone,
 We ne'er shall see him more.
 What Willie thought was H_2O ,
 Was H_2SO_4 .

—Ex.

Proposition: He loved her, so she loved him.
 To Prove: That she loved him.
 Proof: All the world loves a lover.
 She was all the world to him.
 Therefore, she loved him.

(Q. E. D.)—Ex.

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SHOW PLACES

At this time of the year, when so many good things are bought and consumed, there sometimes comes to the mind the question as to how these things are made, and perhaps we stop and are content to leave well enough alone. But Washington is already noted as one of the most healthful cities of the country, and this is due to the almost autocratic supervision of the food supply of the city and to the willingness with which the manufacturers of her products comply with the laws. Among these none rank higher in sanitary conditions than the **Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Company**, the makers of the famous, and justly so-called, "*Velvet Kind*" Ice Cream. From the receipt of the Cream till the finished product, its progress is safeguarded by all the methods known to science to insure the healthful, as well as palatable article, which is every day served to Washington's most dainty palates. It is most interesting, as well as educational and instructive, to go through the magnificently equipped and tile-lined factory. Everything from the cream to the containers are pasteurized, killing any injurious bacteria that might otherwise be contained therein. The bright, shiny mixing vats, the freezers and refrigerating rooms are all shown and their uses thoroughly explained by a competent guide, which it is the Company's pleasure to furnish visitors, who, by the way, are always welcome; the Company being indeed anxious of critical inspection and comment which might in any way enable them to add to the excellence of their famous product.

THE **Chapin-Sacks Company**

Cordially extend to our readers their wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

OUR NEW LIGHTS

Hence, poor and dull gas lights,
That from the time that we first came this way
Until the present day
The only means of brightening up the nights.
Find out some poorer place
Where brooding Darkness seems to reign as king,
And only candles bring
The Daylight, after Day itself is dead
And children gone to bed.
Go there, and cheer the people by Thy grace.

But come, thou Lights both bright and clear,
You make it seem like noon was here.
Our school is now as bright as day
Since electricity came this way.
Assembly Hall will now be bright
When Senior Plays are giv'n at night,
And now the programs can be read.
" 'Twas nigh impossible before," 'tis said.
Electric lights have come to stay,
Our school is up-to-date. Hurray!

FREDERICK H. KNIGHT

Hence vain deluding joys,
Of care-free days of boisterous Christmas time.
How soon we waste our prime
In stuffing sweets, our stomachs we annoy.
Avaunt ye nightmare grim,
Ye slacking steps with demons on the trail.
If we perchance should fail
To reach the longed for haven of our dreams;
Oh! dire to us 'twould seem
To feel the tortures of a demon's whim.
But hail thou classroom, wise and hoary;
Hail thou science laboratory.
Where fourth year students, all too bright,
Still pine to work both day and night,
And studiously o'er text books pore
Until they are swept out at four.

RANDALL HOLDEN

In Physics

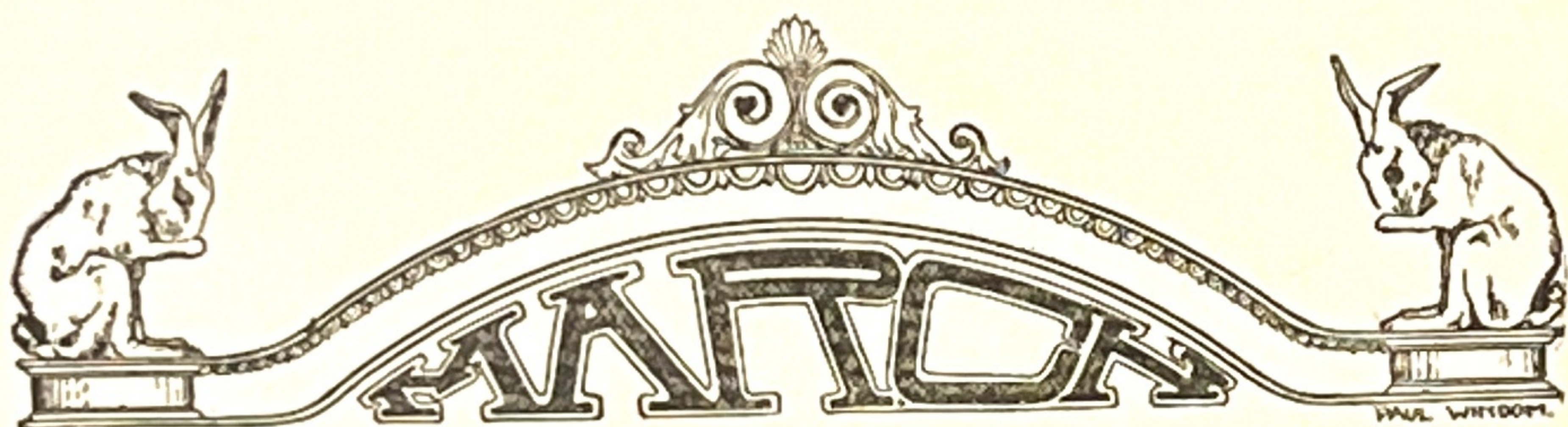
What is fog made of?
Its—er—dry rain—.

THE WESTERN

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No. 5



His Record—A Tale of the Sea

By "777"

It was Sunday afternoon and the wharf was deserted except for a warehouse watchman here and there and an occasional swaying-strided seaman, off a vessel just in, making his way up town.

The warm Autumn sun beamed down upon the many crafts moored along the wharf and was reflected in manifold brilliance from the shining metal work of the immaculate vessels that, free from cargoes, swayed lightly back and forth in cadence with the moving tide.

At the end of the long line of ships that pushed their noses gently against the pier and rested serenely in the still waters of the harbor after perhaps weeks of relentless battling against the angry waters of the stormy Atlantic lay a trim white vessel of cleaner cut than all the rest. She was the good ship "Admiral," training ship of a school whose purpose it was to turn out officers of the modern ocean liners; for the days have passed when an old skipper, versed in all the arts of managing a sailor, can govern the fate of a present day ocean greyhound. For this reason the large steamship companies support schools and training ships from which their officers are recruited.

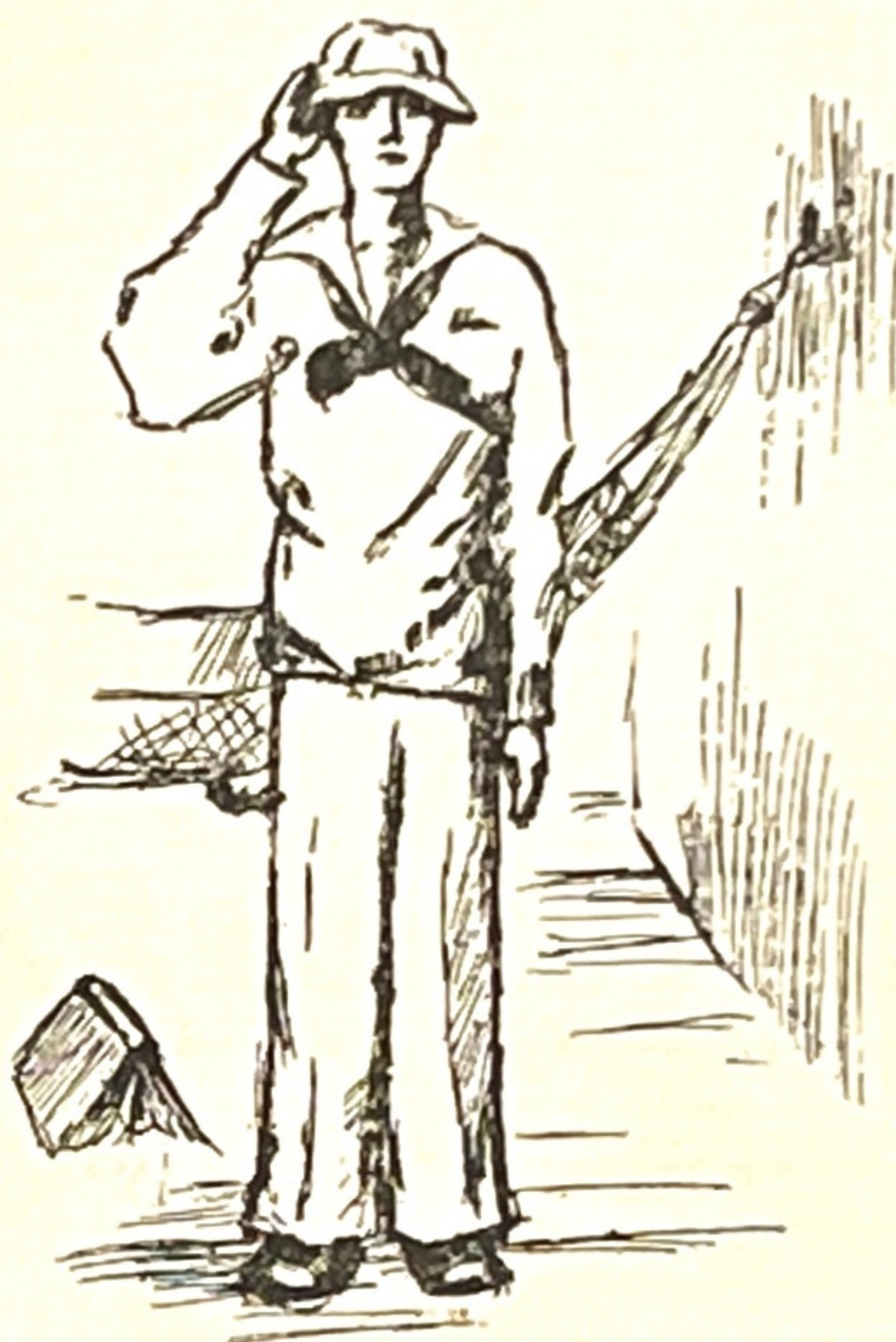
The only person in sight on the "Admiral" was a cadet, who had brought his hammock from below and swung it in the shade of the awning on the lower deck, and was swinging himself slowly to and fro by pushing his canvas-shoed foot against the side of the cabin as he pondered over the contents of a large book that he had brought out with him.

The boy was a well-built young fellow, not quite six feet tall, with a broad, thick chest, and shoulders that tapered down symmetrically to his ankles. His face, neck and hands were of a dark tan

color, easily betraying the fact that his duties kept him in the open most of the time. With all, I shall say that he was a pleasing character to look upon, a true type of the young American. His countenance was regular featured and somewhat grave, the gravity of which was caused by his half dreamy grey eyes, which, once fastened upon you were hard to turn away from or forget.

It seemed as if the boy in the hammock was alone on the ship until the door of the hatchway slammed and a slender, medium-sized man came up along the deck. The cadet in the hammock had stopped swinging, and was pouring over a set of diagrams in the book, and was not aroused by the sound of the approaching footsteps.

"Kentner," the man called.



The hammock moved slightly, and, without a perceptible sign of effort, the cadet dropped from it and stood at attention and saluted, for the man was the second officer of the ship.

"I did not hear you approach, sir," he answered.

"If you haven't anything to do but loaf you might be finishing that chart," added the officer.

"I am not loafing, in the first place, sir, and the chart you refer to, is finished, sir," snapped Kentner. The officer's remark was evidently not very soothing to his mind.

Beach stepped back a couple of paces and draped his white-clad figure upon the polished rail, and continued to eye the cadet.

"That just reminds me of a fact about you, Kentner, that I have been thinking of for some time," he reflected; "you always have so much spare time, and yet when one inquires, you seem always to have your work already done."

"I think, sir, you could very well leave out that 'seems'; my work is always done before I stop," interrupted the boy.

"Yes, yes, that's right," continued the officer, "but you puzzle me at times; here you are the honor man of the school, and yet you have never done anything exceptional since you have been here. Every honor man leaves a record of some kind behind him when he finishes; it is true none of the other cadets seem to surpass you, and yet you have done nothing very noteworthy, nothing exceptional."

The officer could see that the boy was not pleased at this review of his school career. Kentner started to reply, but gritted his teeth and remained silent. Beach said goodbye, and left the boat for a trip uptown, and Kentner was left alone.

The words of the officer went home. It was true he had never received any praise for doing anything exceptional, as Beach had said. Yes, the school's baseball and football teams, which he had captained, had been champions that year, but he had received no special credit for doing anything out of the ordinary. But, for all this, he could not have been accused of not doing things; for he did,—but he was a natural leader,—the boys and the instructors recognized it the first day he arrived at school. All his deeds were performed with that subtle grace and ease that made the most difficult feat seem the most simple. He could do anything, and everything was expected of him; and, as time wore on, it appeared as though Kentner never did anything exceptional because in all his actions he was more or less exceptional, and they became quite commonplace with him.

* * * * *

It was getting late in the evening, the fire-red sun was just beginning to dip its rim in the distant horizon; the warm, gentle breezes of the southern seas had died down completely. Light clouds drifted slowly on in the paling sky, left grey by the waning light of the sun, except in the far west, where, as the glowing sphere gradually disappeared, a myriad of fiery tints colored the horizon.

The "Admiral" pushed her sharp prow swiftly through the still blue-green waters, whose present calmness little betrayed their terrible power when lashed by the furious winds of the sea. On the bridge, walking slowly back and forth, was Kentner. He stopped once and leaned against the canvas-covered railing, surveyed the horizon ahead for an approaching vessel; his eyes wandered to the deck below, where he saw Beach reclined against the rail, talking to a sailor, who was preparing to ascend to the look-out's "roost." The sight of the officer caused a grim look to overshadow his face and turn his head in another direction.

"Something exceptional," he muttered to himself; "yes, something that the rest could not do!"

Many weeks had passed since the conversation that Sunday with Beach, but yet it all was clear in the boy's mind as though it had been that very day. He wondered if others looked upon him as Beach did.

Yes, yes; he wondered if she——

"Officer!" called the man in the wheel-house. He was called

"officer" now, for in a few weeks he would leave the "Admiral" for duty on a big ship. He was taking his turn on the bridge, as did the regulars, now; his time yet as a cadet was short.

Kentner turned and walked to the wheel-house.

"The compass has a peculiar twitching, sir," the sailor said to him; "kind o' signs of a storm, I think; big electric wave somewhere near."

"Yes, I notice it," Kentner replied, looking through the open window at the large compass stationed before the wheelman, who was a "salt" of many years' service under sail and steam.

"The only time I ever recollect a compass doing those stunts was once over in the China Sea, and we had an awful storm; one of those that come quick and raise thunder while they are here, and don't go so quick!"

The cadet turned from the wheel-house and surveyed the sky; the sun had just set, and now was supposed to be one of the most charming times of the day in those southern waters, but what was a few minutes before an almost unsurpassed scene of beauty, had given way to a gloomy grey and black panorama of sky, clouds and sea. Kentner looked over the side of the ship; the ocean had taken on an inky hue, and in its placid stillness looked far more like oil than water. A breeze was beginning to spring up from the south-east, and far to the south enormous black clouds were rapidly making their way northward.

* * * * *

Now enveloped in sou'wester, Kentner, in a forward corner of the bridge, was peering steadily ahead. It was getting necessary to hold to the rail now; the wind had already sprung a light gale, and the angry, oily waters were beginning to sweep the deck in mighty waves. Suddenly, all was bright as day again, a monster flash of lightning to the south flared up, and in broken dashes through the black clouds, which now enveloped all—then all was dark again; a rumbling roar of thunder interrupted the moment of silence which followed the lightning. The wind burst forth with renewed vigor, large drops of rain splashed on the clean scrubbed decks—the storm was on. One of those that come quick, as the wheelman had said, and it did.

* * * * *

Have you ever seen a storm at sea? Now, I do not mean an ordinary little blow, such as the seaman feels lost without, but a real storm, when the wind blows a terrible fury, hurls the waves with mighty force against the ships and seems almost able to lift a craft from off the very water. Such is what I mean by a storm; one that makes man feel his feebleness and his true inability to chain or overcome the strength of nature. Yes, such is the storm that will bring men to their knees, and in such a storm have I seen hardened seamen, men heretofore immuned to prayer, fall down upon their knees and lift up their voices to the Lord. No, no man who has gone through a real storm at sea can doubt that there is a God. Again, I will say, that time and time again, have I seen law-defying men, who scorned the belief of a Superior Being, lift up their voices

and pray forgiveness for their sins, and promise to mend their ways if God would only deliver them from the furious grip of the storm. And those men mean what they say when they say it, for such is the awe-inspiring ability of a storm that one who has experienced it can never erase the thought of it from his mind. And, yea, such a storm had gripped the sea through which the "Admiral" made her way.

Time and again it seemed as though the wind would life her from the water and hurl her on and on; but still the little vessel held her own, and battled along before the gale, and on the bridge Kentner, the captain and another officer clung to the railing, scanning the darkness for a nearing light.

At intervals the whole lower deck was under water, drenched by the monster waves that shook the little vessel from stem to stern, rushing on in their seeming eagerness to catch the wave ahead. And now the lightning flashed again, lighting up the ghastly scene of threatening black sky; now the wind burst forth again and wafted on the rumbling of the thunder, until the splashing rain overcame the sound as it mingled with the other menacing noises that accompanied the storm.

Unnoticed, Beach was struggling up the narrow iron stairway to the bridge; for, as an officer, there was his place in such a storm, and the slender second officer was no shirker, and, though his utmost efforts seemed unavailing, he clambered on up the almost perpendicular ladder-like stairs.

You who have never seen such a storm as I have tried to describe, will laugh or wonder at one's having difficulty in getting to the bridge; but such a task, with the stairs running almost straight up, is a thing of no mean accomplishment under such conditions. With a last straining effort Beach planted his right foot on the bridge. A monstrous wave, with more than all the fury of its predecessors, struck the "Admiral," as though to wreck her at the blow.

A sickening shriek rang out, only to be cut short by the rushing wind; a flash of lightning split the dense clouds asunder, and, as that shivering mournful cry: "Man overboard!" called faintly from the deck, Kentner saw the struggling form of Beach washed into the ocean over the side at which he clutched the railing.

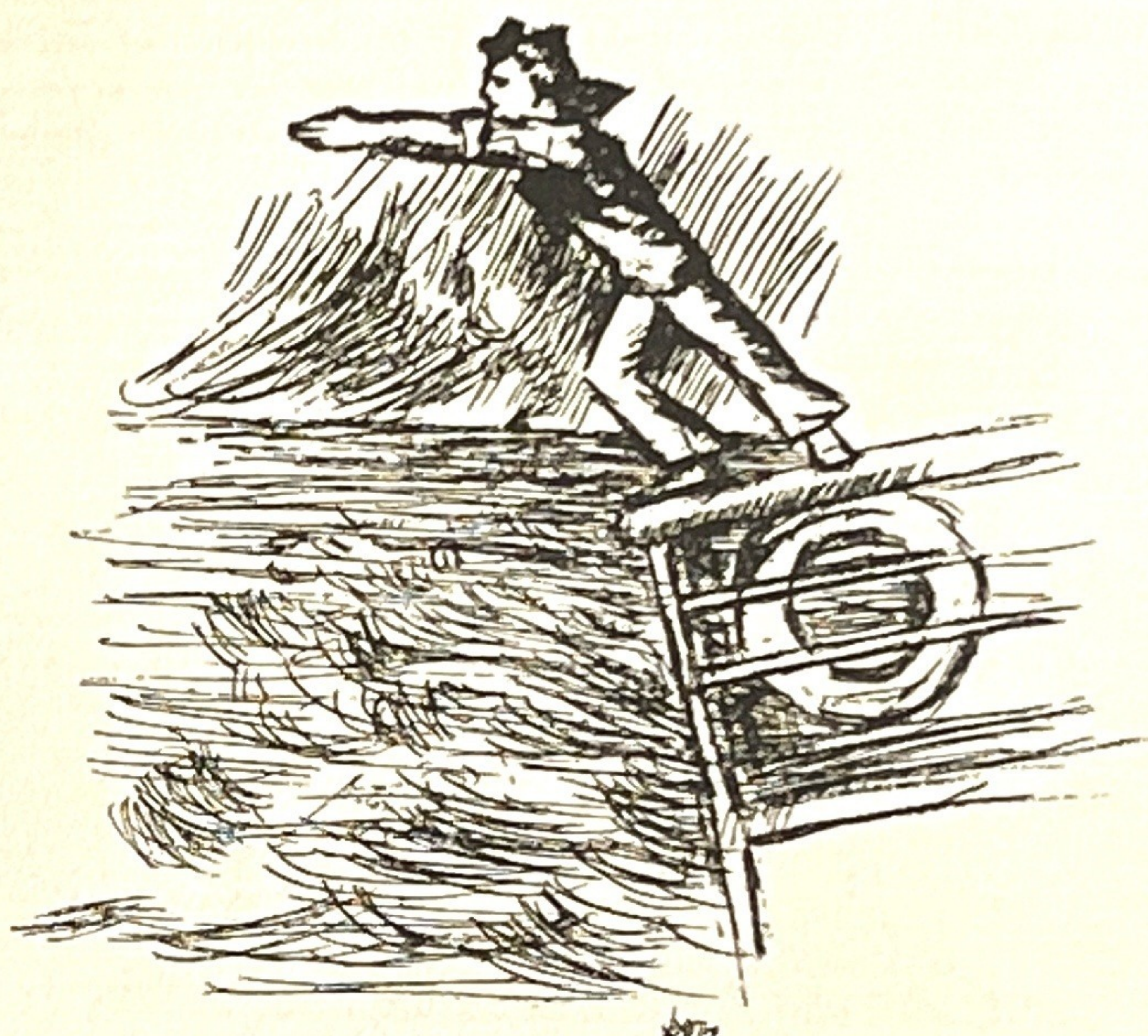
With a seaman's ready instinct, with one motion he grabbed the life-preserver off the rail and hurled it after the officer. As he brought his arm down from the throw his sou'wester was ripped off, and then his coat; and, as the helmsman brought her round with a clever turn, he poised an instant, and in a splendid stiff-limbed dive, shot down into the sea, to glory or to death—one of the two—for surely, to save a man in a sea like dashed around the "Admiral," was glory—yes, but could he do it; his chances were too slim to bet on; there was hardly a likelihood of the boy surviving two minutes in such a tempest; in storms of lesser fury stout ships had gone to Davy Jones' Locker.

The Captain crawled to the wheel-house and took the helm. If e'er a man who roved the seas could keep the ship round in such a storm, he was the one. The searchlight was flashed on and played

upon the water where Kentner had gone under; and all eyes were turned from the watch to view the heroic struggle in the water below. Those who hardly were able to hold their places a minute before, with their thoughts bound on one man's mighty efforts to save another, held on with ease now that one of their number had defied the very terror of the deep. No boat could live in such a sea; and so they watched, helpless, two with coils of rope poised to throw where one of the two was brought to the surface.

* * * * *

The steady chug-chug of the engines had roused him from his sleep. Where was he at? Kentner tried to think; was this a dream? He wriggled his fingers, and they rubbed against the soft sheet. He surely must be dreaming; the last he could remember was being on



the bridge in the storm—no, there was no storm now; as he got his senses back the motion of the ship told him that. He moved his head; yes it was still on; he carefully moved his aching legs with a sickly fear that one might be missing; no, both were there, and his arms, also—strange, wasn't it. How on earth—or on sea, I should say,—could his being in bed be accounted for! He tried to move his limbs again; how they did ache. Oh, yes; now he could make connections. He had been in the water, trying to swim against an awful sea, and then the whole thing slowly passed before his vision. He saw Beach swept over, when the lightning flashed, and he saw himself dive after him—and the rest again was not so clear. He could remember going down several times; yes, he did reach the officer; that part he could see clearly, for they had an awful struggle. He could feel Beach gripping him by the ankle, and dragging him down and down; yes, and the rest, too; he remembered he had hit

the officer on the head to make him turn loose, and then by the collar he had brought him to the top again.

He rubbed his hand over his chest, to see or feel if he really was there; yes, he was surely all there. Well, Beach must surely have been brought up, too; for he knew he had had his hand on the officer's collar, and that was all there was to it; he sure had not turned loose once he had him.

A drowsy, tired sensation was taking hold of him again, but he ventured for the first time to open his eyes and look around. Over him leaned the doctor, and as Kentner slowly opened his eyes, with unrestrained joy the doctor cried:

"Captain, he's coming round again!"

And, as if delivering a benediction, he heard that grizzly seaman's voice, in tones that sounded like the angels' voices:

"Thank God! Thank God! Such men were not intended to die young. That was the most exceptional case of bravery——"

Kentner did not hear the end; with a contented smile on his face, he closed his eyes and slept again.

An old negro was brought up before a county judge. "Jethro," said the judge, "you are accused of stealing General Johnson's chickens. Have you any witnesses?"

"No, sah," old Jethro answered haughtily, "I have not, sah. I don't steal chickens before witnesses, sah."

Peach Baskets

But hail thou lid, thou lid of old,
Made on the old peach basket mold,
For you I'll always cast my vote,
Although, alas, you're made the goat
Of jokists and of cartoon men
Who earn their bread with fountain pen.
Beneath thy cool, wide-spreading shade,
Full many a fair and unfair maid
Hath from the gaze of all been hid
By you, far-reaching, shading lid.
And to your praise it may be said
That no hat fashioned for the head,
Of Fad's fair followers has been
So popular among the men.
The reason why, you'll grant is true,
Because there's room enough for two.

—T. R., '11

Just Fancy

"Why is an aeroplane?" asked the callous youth.

"I don't know," explained the dude, "but I suppose otherwise they would be too expensive, you know, for they go very high now, and if the bally things were fancy instead of plane, you know, why there's no telling how high the blooming things would go, eh, what?"—*Purple Cow*.

The Winner of the Meet

PHILIP E. SIGGERS

My little story deals with three High Schools in the thriving manufacturing town—Eton by name—in southern Pennsylvania. It was my fortune to play a rather important part in the High School events there some eight years ago, and, incidentally, to win the friendship of the present junior partner of a very successful law firm. Perhaps a plain recital of some of those events would not be uninteresting.

For twenty years Clinton High School was invincible in track; for twenty years Clinton swept almost every meet, captured cup after cup, and banner after banner. Championships were a matter of course—nothing else was known at Clinton. Possibly it was their great good luck, but the large and well-coached teams had much more to do with it. The other schools, Wesley and Urbanna, fought it out regularly for second and third places, and the chief interest in the meets was centered in their rivalry.

Wesley always had a good squad, and never lacked spirit, but somehow, when the time came, the Red and Black runners were always just beaten out. Wesley once, about ten years back, had had a really good coach, and the students still talked of him. In that spring, Wesley came within two points of capturing the meets. Wesley still lived on, and based her hopes upon that memorable year.

Urbanna was not lacking in school spirit, either, but, as at Wesley, the squad, inferiorly coached, never came up to expectations. Some bright individual stars had graduated from Urbanna, but even these were not annual products. Urbanna, therefore, was generally thrust into last place in the three annual meets.

It was in 1902, I believe, that the "Renaissance," as late Urbanna students have delighted to call it, came about. In that year, an indefinable, mysterious feeling of confidence, brought about more by blind faith than anything else, spread through Wesley and Urbanna. Each school had procured a new coach, and in response to calls, two large and enthusiastic squads reported, and at each school it was an open secret that Clinton would at last have to hustle.

As time wore on, this contagious confidence was caught by the public, and for once in history general opinion granted a fighting chance to both Wesley and Urbanna. Even Clinton's track team was affected; a respect and a fear for their rivals, an unknown condition, grew apparent. The newspapers, greedy for space-filling, snatched at every bit of gossip, and two weeks before the first meet announced the sunset of old Clinton's glory.

Now, on just what grounds this ultra-confident agitation was made, I cannot tell. Certainly, it was not justified. In all three meets that year, Clinton was triumphant. Wesley was a poor second. Urbanna, though third, proved a surprise, however. Seven of the nine relays were captured by the West End school, and had it won but five more events, Clinton would have been tied. So the agitation,

though not justified, was at least not totally unfounded. The smaller schools had at last awakened, and rightly enough the cry: "Wait until next year!" was ominous.

It was the "next year" that found me engaged as the Urbanna trainer. I was but a few months out of college, in a strange town, and jumped at the offer. I was to get \$350 for my services, and if I turned out a championship team, the contract called for \$500, with the assurance of a three-year position. Such terms may seem munificent, and they did it to me; but when it is remembered that the interests of the high schools there in Eton were centered in track, and that the three spring meets were red-letter days to the Etonians, the sum will not appear disproportionately large.

I was a husky buck in those days, fresh from the hands of Mike Shannon, one of the greatest of college trainers. I had run for three years under his watchful eye, and I would have been an unworthy pupil, indeed, had I not profited by old Shannon's methods. This was my first job; I determined to do my best; apply all of the knowledge I had gained at college, and at least to make so favorable an impression that re-engagement would be granted.

So I made arrangements, and on the first Monday in December, 1903, arrived at the school, and was given a cordial welcome. My rather youthful appearance disappointed the four hundred boys, I think, but I gave them a hot line of talk, and soon one of them was wanting to know what was the matter with me. All doubts were settled by the thundering "He's all right!" After that I felt better.

I ordered the track men to report at once, and was much pleased to note the size of the squad. Fully ninety boys were out the first day. I was told this was the largest squad that had ever been known at Urbanna. As I sized up the material, I noticed particularly one tall, well-built fellow, who, from his deep chest to his muscled calves, was a born runner.

"That's our captain, Will Turner," someone informed me. "He is the one who ran last in three relays in the spring, and won all three for Urbanna."

Evidently, this young fellow had more to him than a fine build. "Unless I am much mistaken, this same one will win three more for Urbanna," was my mental prediction then. Even at that, I did not give him full credit. He was to do greater things.

In a week I had a squad of above six score, all chuck full of enthusiasm, ambition and determination. No coach could have wanted more. And how those boys would work! I was kept on the jump trying to prevent them from taking an extra lap or so when I had ordered "eight at a jog." With such a spirit we soon rounded into shape three relay teams, that would make the distance in great time. It was a pleasure to me to train that bunch, and if I had my wish I would hike back to Urbanna right now, and take up my old job. Those were good days.

I taught the captain all I knew, and worked with him for hours, until the time came when he knew all I had ever learned, and some things that I never could learn. What a superb runner he was!—as fine for his age as ever I laid eyes on. I got so interested in his

development that finally I started running with him. The hard pace set all but daunted him at first, but one day I had the satisfaction of seeing him as fit after "eight fast" as I was. It was then but two weeks, I remember, before the first of the meets, which came on the 29th of January that year.

During those two weeks many of the boys whom I had seen nothing to at first, improved marvelously. It must have been their determination that did it—no coach could have. The team, to a unit, was in fine condition by the day of the meet.

The school surely did cut loose that day. Of course, there were the usual speeches and songs at the send-off, but the tremendous enthusiasm was most unusual. The boys formed an escort some three hundred strong, and marched through the streets, cheering wildly. So there was but one thing left for us to do—to win—and we won!

Urbana swept the map that day. At night the points, 81—60—59, were painted in red and white letters on every billboard in town, and the defeated track teams were roundly serenaded. Will Turner was the hero. He won the mile relay, got first in one of the 50-yard dashes, and was second in the shot-put. He was the enlivenment of his team-mates, clapping one on the back, scolding another, advising another. Truly, Turner was an ideal, a born leader—and yet, as unassuming as a bookworm.

Naturally, with such a start, the Urbanna track team just about represented the whole masculine part of the school after the meet. I had to get an assistant. By rushing the work somewhat, and doing less individualizing, I was able to keep the ball rolling though, and by the end of another four weeks felt confident that the points would come our way again.

The meet was held on March 2, and a great and bitter disappointment awaited me. Clinton won, 77—69—54, Wesley being third again. We had been caught napping, and they got the jump on us.

Our boys, over-confident, had run too hard at first in most of the races. Again Turner proved his worth. This time he won not only the relay, but gained first place in the shot-put. In spite of this almost personal triumph, I was gloomy over it all. Clinton had worked the game of tiring our runners at the start, then other racers would beat out ours. It was an old game, but like all old tricks, it was good, and I have no doubt, won the meet. Clinton captured the 440, the 600, and the 880 this way.

So it was up to us to capture the third meet in order to win the championship, and with this goal in view, Urbanna settled down for a three weeks' grind. It was vastly difficult now to keep the boys from getting stale. All were greatly in earnest about their work, but this alone could not keep up their speed. I had to lay them off by dozens for severals days at a time. Through all the grind Will was hard at work, always as helpful and encouraging as one could be. I grew to love, in a rough sort of way, that boy.

The other schools, reports came in, were having the same trouble, too; so I felt no cause for worry, until one time, eight or nine days before the final meet, when Will came to me with a much-soiled paper in his hand.

"I have been working this thing out, Peachy," he said—the boys always called me 'Peachy'—and I've figured that we are going to have a hard time to shove past the winning mark."

This was news. "How do you make it?" I asked.

"Well, Randle has flunked, and so has Picard. On our junior relay Ashley has failed in three. Now, taking our form to be just as good as on the 29th, and granting we lose these two relays, we lose the meet, and if we lose, the series goes to Clinton."

I laughed. "Good headwork, but poor reasoning, Will."

"No" (seriously), "and I tell you what, it's up to *me!* and I'm going to start right now to prepare for it. I *know* it's up to me."

He was thoughtful all during training that day. I tried to jolly him out of it, and only succeeded when I taunted him to race me. He accepted quickly. I gave him a handicap, and off we started. Soon I took the lead, and glancing back, laughed at him. I was startled. His face was set with a look of fiercely grim determination, such as I had never seen before. His whole expression was transformed. After the race, which I came near losing, I couldn't help thinking of what I had seen in his face. Anyone who feels that strongly is bound to win, I thought.

* * * * *

It was forty-eight hours before the final test. I was going through some light exercises with Will in the gym. He was putting on the finishing touches.

"Come on, Peachy," he called, "beat me in two laps," and off he went, I running strongly after him. All at once I saw his leg give way, and he all but fell.

"What's it, Will, your ankle?" I cried, anxiously, as I ran up, and seeing him rubbing his foot; "Will, you aren't hurt, are you boy?"

"Whoever said so is a liar!" he answered rudely, and walked to the dressing-room. I was mightily relieved to see him unhurt. As he had said, our hopes and chances lay largely in him. Urbanna had to win; so Turner had to win. The two were synonymous.

What a young fool I was! I did not know it then, but two days before I had run Will too hard, or rather—what was the same thing—I had let Will run himself. I made a mistake. Had it been Shannon, no mistake would have been made; but you see I was not Shannon. I made mistakes; I never knew old Mike to be guilty of one.

Long after, Will told me he had lamed himself in turning, and, fearing I would prevent his running at the meet, had kept quiet about it. Only at odd moments did his foot trouble him, but one of those odd moments came up in the gym, and Will was really badly hurt.

Yes, it was many months before I got the truth from the boy, long after the meet—the only name it has ever been known by up at Urbanna. It appears that Will thought he would be all right by the 23rd, and kept his condition to himself. By easing up he had no doubt but that the gameness would be rested out. Besides, even though a little sore, he was needed just as badly; his school *must* win, and he had to do his part. He was determined that the

school should win; he felt it a coward's part to heed a lameness. So Turner appeared at school as usual, made the customary speech, received the habitual cheers, and prepared himself for the crucial test.

* * * * *

The great Hall of Conventions was one jostling, seething mass of humanity by the time I brought my charges out and started pacing them up and down the track. At the far end was a big red W in a setting of black. Wesley was represented by a living letter. To the right the great blue C, standing out sharply against bare stands, rocked with the rhythm of the school song. On the left, most striking of all, a compact red and white U cheered our team and its captain. And in between, often threatening to disturb the uniformity of the letters, a great crowd of Etonians surged, impartially bellowing, and eager for the start of the meet. The biggest event of the year was soon to come off, with the promise of being more hotly contested than ever. No wonder the excitement ran high.

I looked calmly over the squad, and was glad to see all were present, in good spirits, and eager for the chance of "getting back at those other fellows." All seemingly, save one, and he the captain! Will looked decidedly badly; what the matter was, I could not tell. So I moved over by him and pulled off a few of my choice witticisms, which he always appeared to enjoy.

"Cut it, Peachy," he said, wearily.

"No I won't; not until you tell me what is the matter," I retorted.

"Nothing's wrong," said he, forcing a rather sickly smile. "I'm just feeling a bit scared."

This was hard to believe. Of all the runners I have ever seen, Turner was perhaps the least concerned at the tape. It was only when the pistol had cracked that Will put his mind to his work. However, there remained but ten minutes before the first heat, and I could waste no more time gassing.

The last ten minutes was spent in giving some earnest advice. I told each boy what I thought he could do, and what was before him to do. I laid emphasis on the importance of the work of the individual.

"This meet is going to be won or lost by one or two points; you may be the means of winning the meet if you win your point; you will surely be the means of losing the meet if you don't win what I expect you to, and *know you can do*. For your sake, for my sake, for the school's sake, *do your part*, and the meet will come our way. It's up to you to do what no other Urbanna track team has ever done before; it is up to you to beat the best squad Clinton ever turned out. I ask you to prove yourselves the best set of runners in the history of Eton High School. Go in now, and win, for Urbanna."

I had scarcely ceased giving final directions before the band struck up an air, the Mayor fired the shot, and the meet was on!

Urbanna started off with a rush. Before the crowd had settled itself we had counted three firsts in the 50-yard dashes. This was far better than I had ever hoped for. I looked over at Will,

expecting to see him revealing his joy; but the same look stuck on his face. And when, ten minutes or so later, all the hurdle events went to Wesley, pretty much the same look overspread mine. I had taken great pains to perfect the boys in the hurdles, and took their defeat to heart.

It was a peculiarity of this meet that first one school, then another, shot into the lead in point gaining. Urbanna and Wesley had both had their turn; now Clinton piled up her share—and piled it good and plenty.

Foremost was the junior relay. Clinton beat Wesley by two yards, and trailed us by five. Next it was the 220. Urbanna got second place this time, but as before, Clinton triumphed. Finally the midget relay went to Clinton, with my boys second.

The broad jump was the following event. Our best man, while he did not do especially well, beat his Wesley rival by inches. Urbanna got third place, too. The running broad jump went to Clinton, but we got second. I felt a good deal better after this. Five minutes later, Will having copped the shot-put by seven feet, I felt even better.

In spite of this, as event succeeded event, I began to grow worried. All our calculations were upset. Urbanna won many points which I had never looked for, and lost two races which had been practically conceded to us. I was decidedly anxious. Clinton was running us neck and neck, never dropping back much, never gaining appreciably. What if we should lose a few more races of which we were so confident? As Clinton won the high jump and got a place besides, I began to figure.

It took but a minute's penciling to see just about how the land lay. Barring a complete reversal of form, I soon realized that Clinton and Urbanna would tie, and that the inter-scholastic relay, the final event, which counted five points, would decide the winner. This was close work, but when I thought of Will I breathed freer. There was no one in all that vast hall in whom I would more unhesitatingly place my trust than Will. Once more I felt calm and confident.

"It's the relay, isn't it?" I thought, and half chuckled; "then the meet's as good as ours."

But five feet away was the boy in whom I so fondly trusted, quieter than usual, with far greater trouble than I dreamed of. Long after, he told me of his inner struggle.

He thought of the coming race despairingly, for his weakened ankle, as bad as ever, he was certain could never win for him. He thought of the great responsibility that rested on him, who was so little fit for it. He knew that Urbanna had no substitute, that there was no one to run in his place who had the slightest chance of winning. He pictured the loss of the meet being accounted to the substitute, and as he did so, felt that his duty was to go in, even though every step was a step of pain, and though he lost the race and was forever blamed for it. And yet—he rebelled at the injustice of it. Was it right for him to run, disabled as he was, and not only not win, but be censured for the loss he could not help? "But four words

to Peachy will do it," he thought; "four words and I'll be free from it all."

Will arose unsteadily, came over by me and touched my arm.

"What is it, Will?" I asked, quietly.

"I can't—I *can't* Peachy," he faltered, then very quickly: "I can't tell what time it is."

* * * * *

With the whistle blowing for the relay, I gave out my last instructions, and settled down to watch Urbanna win. Clinton had tied us, but it wouldn't last long! I gleefully felt. I suppose I was at that moment the most cock-sure person in all that hall.

As the pistol banged, the three runners shot down the track. Hallam, the Urbanna runner, I watched closely. Wesley took the lead and Clinton pounded about two yards behind. Hallam, in long, easy, yet hurried strides, was three or four yards more to the rear. With the beginning of the second lap, Wesley increased the lead, Clinton maintained the same place, and Urbanna, if anything, slowed up. The third lap brought its surprises. Wesley tired, Clinton took the lead, and Hallam, increasing his stride, soon passed Wesley. Slowly he shortened the distance between him and the leader until he was but a yard or so behind. Then, with a sprint of surprising speed, the boy flew across the tape with a ten-yard lead.

Our second runner, Mann, made the others work hard to make up his lead, and then dropped into the old swing, trailing the race as Hallam had done. Again the Red and White runner, sprinting in the last hundred yards, gave Urbanna a good lead, as I had coached him to do.

Urbanna's third racer was, next to Will, the best we had, but he was opposed to the very cream of the other schools, and their boast was not idle. Hildreth's final sprint was equalled by his rivals', and he crossed the tape without so much as a scant lead.

And now the eyes of all were fixed on the track. For was not mighty Turner, five times winner of the relay, running? I noted with huge satisfaction, that his old tremendous burst of speed at the start, which fairly devoured distance, netted him a twenty-yard lead. The hall almost shook with the roars of the great crowd.

As Will passed me, near the end of the first lap, I suddenly sickened and groaned. He began limping, scarcely perceptibly at first, but gradually it grew worse and worse. I looked up again, and saw those thousands of watching people, now as deathly still as birds in a storm. Thousands of people, deathly still, a track, and a silent, white-faced, limping figure, pitifully hobbling, leaping on its way! I shall never forget the sight.

The other runners, seeing his condition, confidently quickened their pace, and soon were but a yard or so to the rear. Then hope came, like sun-light into a dark chamber. What if Will could maintain his pace? Ah, but if he would!

They continued the second lap at the same rate. Will, wonderfully enough, did not fall materially behind. As he passed me again, he was breathing easily; but his limp—it was worse than before. "He can never win!" I groaned. I saw the meet lost; all

my work gone to nothing, and no one to blame but my cursed self. I turned my head away, and when I looked up they were on the home-stretch!

And now I seize a megaphone and cheer the dauntless boy, and all around me are thousands of people, silent no longer. They, too, cheer my boy, and a great wave of pride passes over me. A rumbling roar sweeps through the hall, swelling powerfully, as Will bounds to the lead. The Clinton runner desperately makes up the lost ground. They are abreast . . . abreast . . . no . . . Will falters . . . he goes on . . . he leads! he leads! . . . for a brief moment . . . again they are abreast . . . the tape is ahead, just ahead—"Hold it, Will!" I shrieked in frenzy. "For Urbanna, Will!"—and then I join in the wild, insane enthusiasm—for Will, with a final, splendid plunge, beats his man by six inches!

What did I do then? The unexpected—I played the baby. I blubbered, and great tears of mingled joy, pride and enthusiasm welled up in my eyes. It was several seconds before I could trust myself to go over and grip the hand of my captain, my winner of the meet.

That Nine-Year Old

"Ma" (thus far unoriginal).
 Mere malignant mutiness.
 "Ma, would you?"
 A glare; in fact two of them.
 "Ma, would you like to, even for just a minute?"
 Silence broken into a thousand pieces.
 "Would I like what?" (Acidly.)
 "Like to be a little girl again?"
 "No! (just like that, crossly), no!"
 "Then how do you expect me to like it, huh?"
 The wind wails, or is it something else?

—*Yale Record*.

The cost of living is astounding, especially when college Algebra pupils find the cost of butter to be two plus or minus the square root of minus seventy-nine divided by four and when lemons cost 50 cents apiece.

Mrs. Young—"The conclusion is evident. By this theorem one fact is true, by that corollary another is proved. Put two and two together and what is your deduction?"

Dewey (after deliberation)—"Four."

His Best Bet

WALTER P. UPMAN

The year, the day and the time has little to do with the story. Only the year was one of prosperity, and the day a Summer one, while the time was morning. The place was the Ridwell Hotel, famous for its guests of national importance and wealth. It was a hostelry famous on both continents for its cuisine and elegance.

Gathered in its lobby this Summer morning was a group of wealthy men, whose names were familiar to most club servants and head-waiters. They were the younger generation of the much-maligned rich. Let it be said to their credit, though, that some of them were carrying on the enterprises of their fathers, as well as those noble benefactors could themselves.

It was Wilkinson, who first spoke of anything but the Stock Exchange and Board of Trade. Wilkinson had come into a larger fortune when his father, the late Joshua Wilkinson, Sr., had expired. Joshua Wilkinson had made soap, or, as some vulgarly expressed it, had washed the faces of the nation. Wilkinson, Jr., was known about town as a hustler, and added to the already large pile of money which he had inherited. He talked soap and its users to everyone, always recommending his brand for all uses. He was a large, athletic chap, dressed in a natty tweed, and looked in the pink of condition for such a hot day as it was.

"I believe more women pass along in front of this hotel who think they are neatly dressed—but are shabby in some particular—than in front of any place in the world," said Wilkinson, absently looking out at the throng passing in front of the hotel.

I do not know what could have prompted the remark, unless it was that he had happened to gaze out of the window just at that moment, and had seen a rather pretty young lady dressed in white, and in the height of fashion, but whose right glove bore a smear of grease on it. Several others passed by, each with some defect in their make-up, which classed them as untidy.

The conversation of the group was listless and unanimated until Wilkinson had made his statement. They all began looking out of the window then to see if his statement was true. They saw a slim, trim figure in navy blue, stoop in front of the window, pick something up, and resume her way. She was one that would attract attention anywhere and of everyone. So it is little wonder that these several young men gazed after her with admiration.

"There's my style," said Wilkinson. "She would suit me fine. In fact, I think I have met her once before."

Here he was interrupted by the laughter of his comrades, who had heard his remark.

"All right; wait and see," was all Wilkinson said.

They told him it was utterly out of the question, for he had seen her twice and only twice in a city of over four million people.

He was undaunted in his resolution of finding her, and sat down to muse over the best means of going about his search. She had

put new life in him; had changed his ideas of celibacy, all in a moment.

Little Van Chiller, from out of a corner, expressed the idea of good and bad luck in picking up pins. He said he believed in picking up a pin whenever he saw one on the street. He also said he had found two or three for every block in the downtown district. From ordinary pins to hair-pins, is not a very far step, and it was to hair-pins the talk next turned.

True, it was a rather trivial subject for a gathering of six or seven young men to talk of, but there was little else for conversation.

"I bet I could find a hairpin for every block from here to Kirwone's," said Wilkinson.

"I don't think you could," said a young chap, whose father had left him money enough to buy several hotels like the Ridwell.

"I believe I could, and am willing to bank on it. I'll bet a good banquet for the crowd at the "States" that for every block I'll find a hairpin, over the route I said," rendered back Wilkinson.

"All right, I'll take you up. I think you'll be the one who treats, though. As much chance for you to find one for every block, as it will be to find the girl in navy blue," spoke Wells.

Interest in the group had now settled upon a hairpin for every block. Some reached lazily for their straw hats and sticks, others called for theirs, and in a few minutes they were all out in the street.

Wilkinson led the group, and stopped in front of a large millinery shop and picked up his first pin. A little later on, in front of one of his clubs he came upon his second. Scanning the white, hot pavement with eager eyes, he kept looking for hairpins. He found one for every block until he reached Kirwone's. He was destitute of a hairpin for that block. His search had availed him nothing on this square, and he was almost about to give up, for the sun was unmercifully hot, beating down upon their heads, and most of the men were sympathizing with him for his failure, when, all of a sudden, Wilkinson lunged forward, thinking he saw a pin, and accidentally bumped against a figure ahead of him. Straightening up, he looked into the sweetest little face, under a neatly trimmed summer bonnet, and beheld two twinkling eyes, which seemed to smile at him,—and yet rebuke him. It was his girl,—or, in lieu of a better name,—his Girl in Navy Blue.

All zest for further hunt of hairpins was lost, as he stood, bare-headed, trying to tell the girl of his extreme sorrow and regret for having so rudely knocked against her.

"I think this is Mr. Wilkinson, whom I met at Yale last year, is it not?" she asked smilingly.

"He it is, Miss Wilson," said Wilkinson, immediately recognizing her, "and may I call?" The request she granted him and departed.

I never saw anyone so happy as he now was. He danced out there in front of Kirwone's in the hot sun, and we had to drag him into a cooler spot and quiet his foolish actions.

The rest of this I will give to you as Wilkinson told the group as they were later assembled at the dinner which Wells had to stand for, as Wilkinson had found a hairpin when he went out the door again, and thus won his bet:

"Fellows, this dinner is to commemorate two things: I found a dozen hairpins, and I found a wife; for last night she accepted Yours Truly, and we marry to-morrow!"

The Old Guard

By "777"

I will tell you a tale of the boys who wore
The Red and White in the days of yore;
Long ago they came and went,
And oh, the years of work they spent,
Leaving fame and history behind—
Tales of mighty heroes of their kind.

Their names we hardly now remember,
Forgotten as the wan November.
Here to-day, to-morrow gone, wending on their way;
Toiling ever on and upward with the coming day.
That old spirit got at Western, lingers with them still,
That same fight and manly virtues help them o'er the hill.

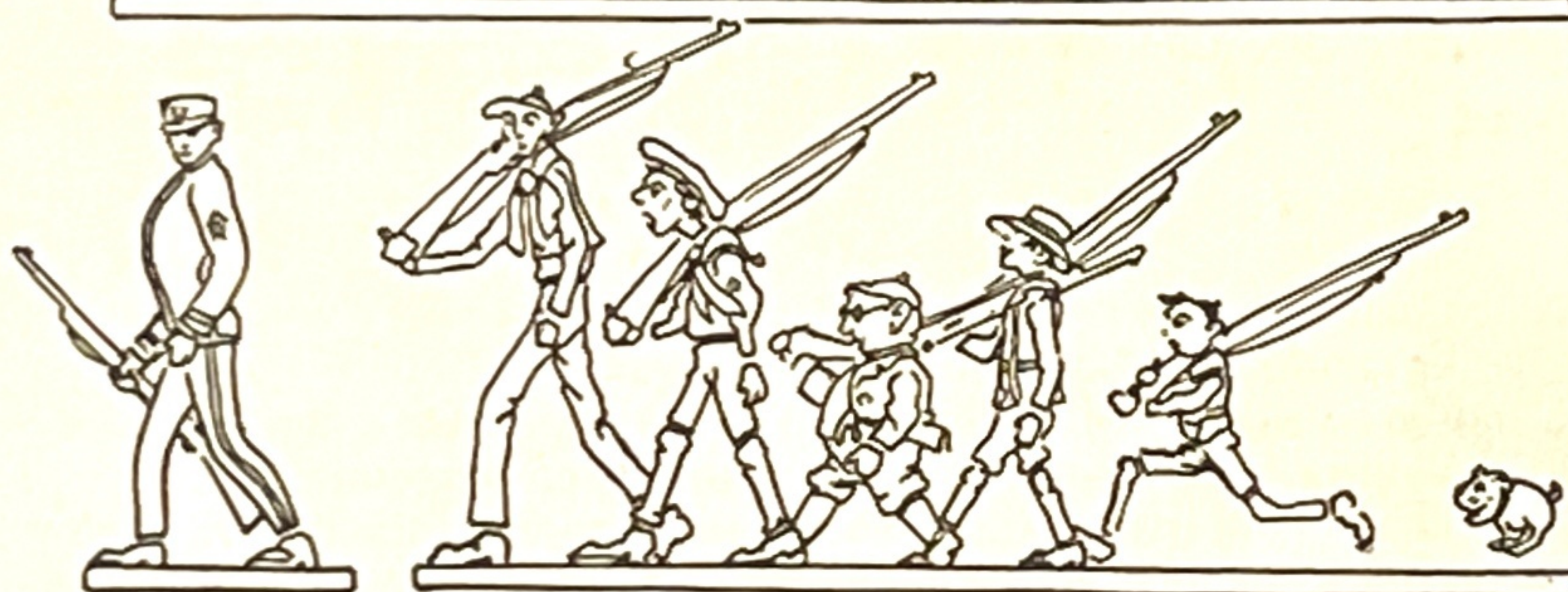
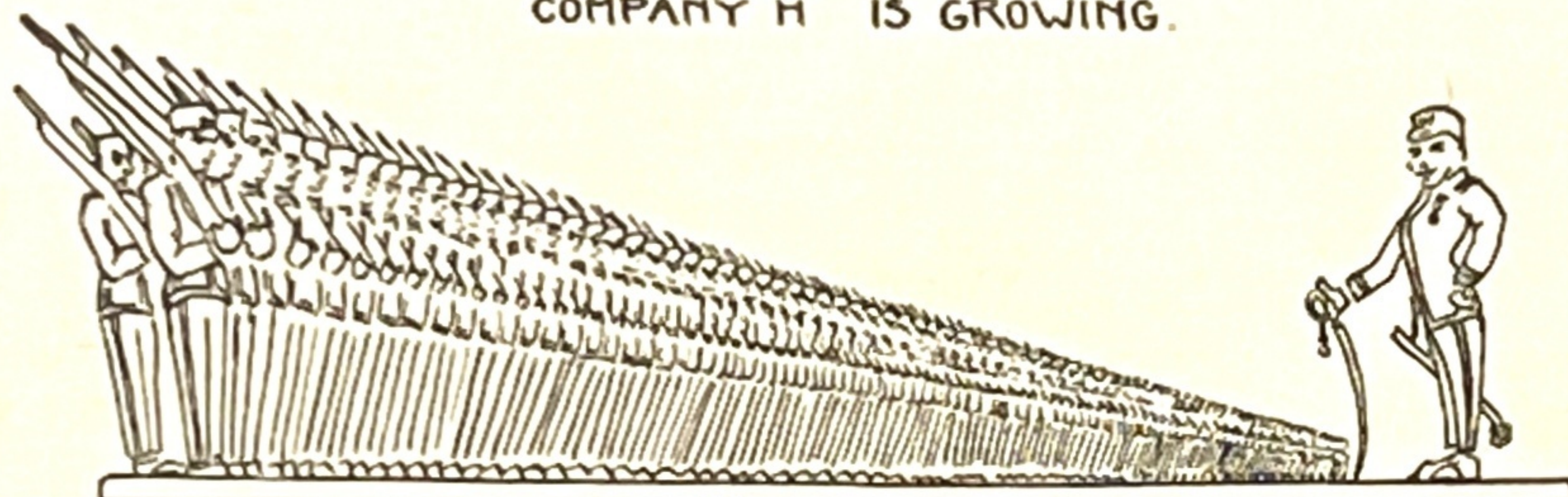
Their faces, too, we have forgotten,
Or, perhaps, we ne'er have seen,
As in our midst they once have trodden.
But their wondrous deeds and virtues clean
Ever and anon are told
Of our heroes in the days of old.

Gathered round the hearth they gladly tell
Of the wonderful tales we like so well.
How they struggled as Western's pride,
And seldom played on the losing side;
When they smashed the line, and carried the ball,
And wrote their names on fame's high wall.

As you think of the deeds they did,
How they ran the bases, and how they slid,
A grander thought does fill your soul:
For the dear old school you'd give your whole.
For every one can do his part
By helping along with an early start.

So we honor the memory of our past great,
And wish them luck in every state;
For we know they all have not passed away,
For right up in front they fight to-day
With that same old spirit they fought so hard—
Our heroes, our team-mates, the famous old guard.

COMPANY 'H' IS GROWING.



OUR NEW AWKWARD SQUAD
(FEBRUARY RECRUITS)



GROUP OF FEBRUARY ARRIVALS



WE HAVE FAST ONES AT TRACK



AN
IMPROMPTU
SOLO BY
ONE OF THE
FRESHIES.



EDITORIALS

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription, 60 cents per school year; by mail, 75 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

A New Project

New ideas and new projects always tend toward progressiveness. They oftentimes fail, they sometimes succeed. With this idea in view the Staff has published this number. It is a departure from the old forms, and we hope will meet with the approval of the school. Through the zeal of the management our advertisements have increased to such a degree that the old stereotyped periodical of twenty-four pages looked overbalanced. The new issue has forty-eight pages, or is the equivalent of two of the former numbers.

**The Flowers
That Bloom
In the Spring
Tra La**

There has never, we believe, been a school year that has passed without some mention of the traditional crocuses (crocii). Following the precedent of our predecessors, we are taking this opportunity to speak of them. Wonderful to relate, these crocuses annually appear, we know not whence, in spite of "roughing" on the lawn, and even in spite of the Muntz quartet, which rivals them in "croaking." And as to the other flowers, outside of the fair feminine ones in the school, the tulips and hyacinths—they appear in May. At least they may—or they may not. It depends upon the treatment they received at our hands,—not to mention the state of the soil and the effectiveness of the sun. So let us be careful of them, if for no other reason than that their blooming is one of the traditions of the school. And remember, there is some consolation in this fact: Their appearance mark the beginning of the end of the school year.

**A Year
Book**

One of the features of high school and college life is the associations it brings with it to each individual. In after years we look back on our school days as probably the happiest of our life. We constantly revert to the incidents of pleasure and trial in our school career and the reminiscences and memories of those days spent together in the classroom and in the common interests of the school, are dear to every one of us. We are, to a great degree, affected by these years in school. Our environment, our associates, our studies, all leave their mark on us. And it is well to keep the recollections of these years in mind. It can be done in various ways. Ofttimes by means of the continuance of long friendships, the occasional meeting between old classmates. But another way, a more stable way, is through the publication by each class of a Year Book. The plan is not a new one, but is practically new for Western. If the Senior class and the school wish a Year Book, one will be published. The success or failure of the idea (for it is in reality a mere idea, at present), lies with the student body.

On March 7 the school listened to a very interesting and instructive talk by Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary of New York Peace Association, on the subject of "Peace." The question is rapidly growing international and is one of vital importance to the rising generation. Mrs. Andrews reviewed the history of the peace movement in a general way up to the time of the establishment of the Hague court, and then took up in detail the work of that body. The position which the United States has taken in this movement, and the results of its effort in the furtherance of peace, should make us, as Americans, very proud. It is another page in the wonderful history of the United States. Mrs. Andrews concluded her remarks with some prophecies on the extension of the world peace idea, and expressed the hope that some day there will be established, besides the distinct legislative branches of the several nations, a legislature of all nations—a world congress.

On Washington's Birthday the school held its usual patriotic exercises in memory of the first President. The speech of the occasion was delivered by Dr. Small, of Eastern, in place of Representative Gardiner, who was detained on account of illness. In spite of Dr. Small's statement that he was poorly prepared, he gave a most interesting speech, dealing with that part of Washington's career which is least known, the period between the close of the war and his election to the presidency. He concluded with an excellent comparison of Washington's character to the Washington monument in this city.

"La Juna Internacia Klubo"

On Thursday, March 2, a preliminary meeting for the purpose of organizing an Esperanto Club was held at the Esperanto office, 816 Fifteenth street N. W. At this meeting it was decided to form the club, and work on the constitution was begun. Western was not as well represented as she should have been, girls, especially, being scarce. There was not a single girl there from Western! Don't be bashful! Come and make us a visit and see what we are doing even if you don't join us. You are always welcome. And don't let the other schools run away from us in the matter of attendance and membership. For the benefit of those who would like to join, but are afraid of the cost, we wish to say that a text-book will cost 25 cents and the monthly dues amount to about 10 cents. Meetings every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. at the Esperanto office. Please come!

Miss K. (botany student)—"We have been down to see some pitcher plants in the green house."

Miss M.—"Well, did you see it pitch any balls?"

Miss K.—"No, but it caught some flies."

Here's to Siggers, whose humor was such,
I scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
So lost for a subject of this nature was he
That at last he decided to write upon me.
If there's aught of humor in my physique,
I'll face all the "Rhymos" and bear them full meek.
I'd rather be thick, a subject for prank,
Than long and lean and skinny and lank.

"TUBBY" GRAY.

As the train neared the city the porter approached the jovial-faced gentlemen, saying with a smile, "Shall Ah brush yo' off sah?"
"No," he replied, "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

The fact that Mrs. Muntz presides over a "promising business" is one too evident to be disputed.

First Mid-Year Graduation

The first mid-year graduation exercises of Western classes were held on February 2 in the assembly hall of the school. Although the class when it first appeared at Western numbered twenty-five students when the day arrived for their "exodus" only four made their departure. This falling off was not due however to failures. Every one of the twenty-five made successful records in the school, several preferring to drop back a half year and graduate with the usual 1910-11 class, while two made up a half year of work and graduated a half year earlier. Of the rest several left school to attend "prep" schools and some moved away from the city.

The four graduates were Miss Ethel Person, Miss Mildred Koonce, Miss Marguerite Nailor, and Miss Louise Frey. The program for the occasion was as follows:

PIANO SOLO—Witches' Dance.....*MacDowell*
MISS KATE ALDERMAN, 1913

INVOCATION.....THE REV. JOHN VANSCHAICK, JR.
Pastor of the Church of Our Father, Universalist

LARGHETTO—Arranged from the Second Symphony of Beethoven.
THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR CHORUS

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.....MISS EDITH C. WESTCOTT
Principal of the Western High School

The Rose Complained.....*Franz*

The Maiden's Wish.....*Chopin*

The Primrose.....*Grieg*

GIRLS OF THE THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR MUSIC CLASSES

VIOLIN SOLOS—

Hejre Kiti*Jeno Hubay*

Humoresque*Onton Dvorak*

MR. OTTO RADL, 1913

Miss Sallie T. Mason at the piano

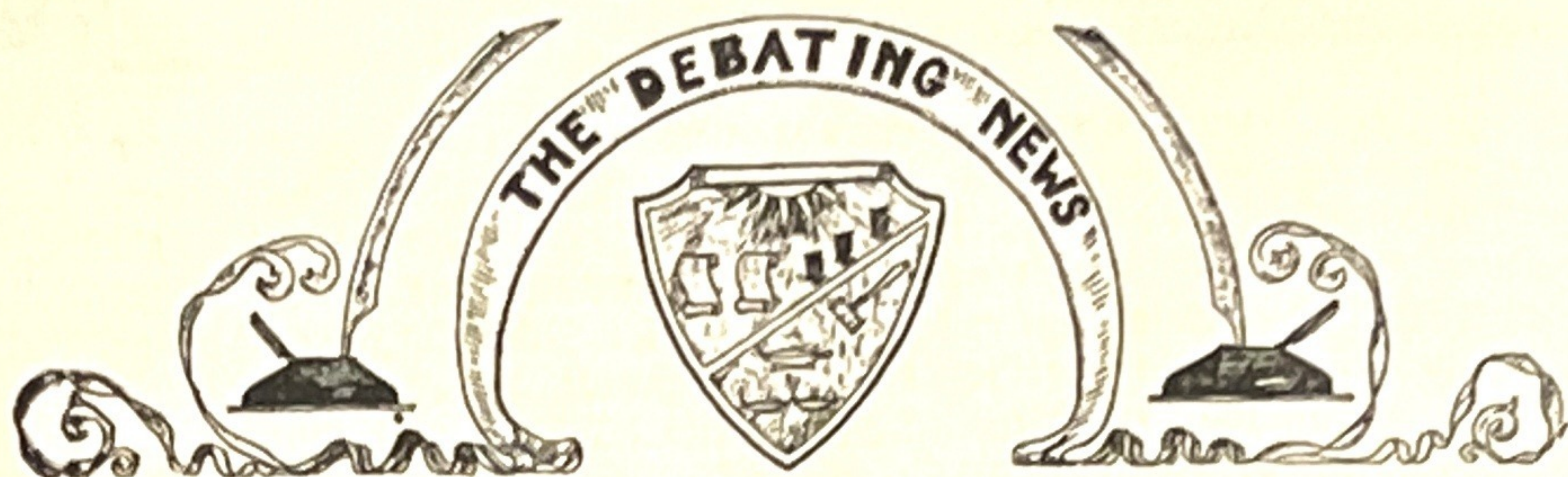
He Watching Over Israel ("Elijah").....*Mendelssohn*
THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR CHORUS

ADDRESS.....CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND, LL. D.
President Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Pilgrims' Chorus ("Tannhauser").....*Wagner*
THE SCHOOL

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.....CAPT. JAMES F. OYSTER
President of the Board of Education

Dr. Richmond's talk was very informal, but very interesting. His humor kept the school in laughter most of the time. He concluded his remarks with a little history of one of the few great American composers of music—Howard Paine, the author of *Home, Sweet Home*.



Senate Reports

We have had two closed debates since the last issue of *THE WESTERN* went to press. In one debate Mr. Siggers received first honors and Mr. Roberts second. The question was that of free trade with the Philippines and the other speakers were Messrs. De Witt, Bradley, Kimball, and Burrows.

The second closed debate was held on March 1 on the question, "Resolved, that Congress should at once appropriate funds for the fortification of the Panama Canal." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Covell and Messrs. Mendelsohn and Chew, and the negative by Miss M. Clark and Messrs. Kelly and Schneider. Although the decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of the affirmative the decision was close and both sides deserve a great deal of credit for their good showing, although the delivery showed that there was a lack of team work and a nervousness on the part of the speakers.

First honors went to Mr. Kelly, who has just entered the school from Tech, and besides taking an active interest in the Senate is in the company. Mr. Mendelsohn received second honors.

We now have a second-year team which is composed of Messrs. Roberts, Richards, and Lewis. Mr. Bell and Mr. Bradley also came out for the team. The question was about the present high cost of living. Luck to the team.

The second inter-high debate, in which Western will participate, is scheduled to occur March 29 at Technical on the question, "Resolved that the armament of the United States should be increased beyond that provided for by the present congressional policy." Western will uphold the negative and will be represented by Harry C. Blanton, Maurice Cohen, James Lockwood, all of the class of '11, and Colin Campbell, '12, as alternate. We hope to see a large Western crowd turn out.

On the 8th of February occurred the annual election to succeed the old officers whose terms of office expired. Leopold Krentzlin was chosen over Colin Campbell by a vote of 37 to 30 to succeed Harry Blanton as president, Miss Mildred Leavell was chosen over Miss Dorothy Schaaff by a vote of 39 to 18 to succeed Miss Zenaida Merriam as vice-president, Colin Campbell was elected over Philip Siggers by a vote of 36 to 24 to succeed Paul Bushnell as secretary-treasurer, Siggers was elected over Ralph Ward by a vote of 34 to 16 to succeed Colin Campbell as chairman. The executive committee will consist of the president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, Miss Katherine Krug, and Mr. Bethel. Miss Krug was

elected over Miss Mildred Needham by the close vote of 23 to 22. It is to be regretted that the society will not be honored by having both serve as officers. Mr. Bethel was elected over Mr. Ward by the vote of 30 to 15. The committee on committees will consist of the following: Chairman, the president ex-officio; Miss Louise Maher, who received 31 votes; Miss Dorothy Schaaff, 39 votes; Mr. Garner, 27 votes, and Mr. Blanton, 43 votes.

The school offers its congratulations to the new officers and condolence to the defeated candidates.

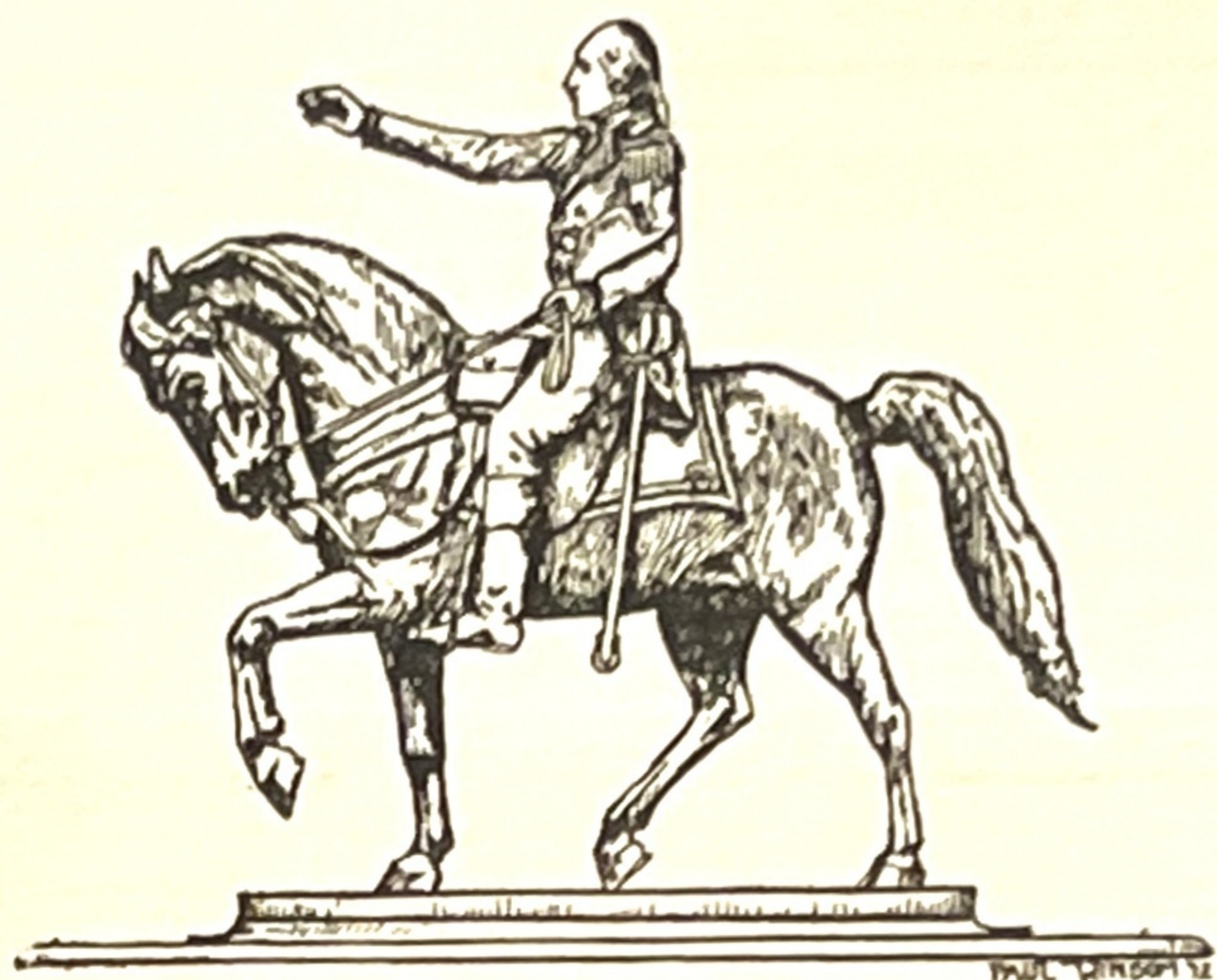
After the elections we find ourselves in a place which seems strangely familiar on account of our previous occupancy a few years previous. It is very gratifying to note that our Debating Society now the Senate is overcoming that fault which it had for a time, that of not getting in the older and more experienced members of the school. It is but natural that the older members, especially Juniors and Seniors, have more of a following than those of the lower classes and by getting the upper Classmen in the Senate we therefore strengthen it greatly. This does not mean that the Freshman and others are not welcome because they are and extremely so, because by getting into the Society now they will have learned enough about its benefits to make them stay in when they become Seniors.

The great trouble with most of the students of the school is that they consider the Senate a place for those only who can debate. There is the error of your way, my friend. It is for you who know nothing or little about this affair.

This institution is run for the purpose of teaching you something very beneficial in a pleasant way. How many times have you laughed at others or groaned within your soul when you have heard the remark "Well I know that thing but when I get up to recite I can't think of it for the world." There is little need to discourse on this sentence; it is all too well known and true, and it is here in the Senate that we offer you the opportunity to remedy your fault in a place where a failure is not at all embarrassing because we have been in the Society long enough to have seen the star debaters of the present make as bad if not worse breaks than you will make.

Come in neophyte and show your nerve and will-power. Who likes a weakling, one who is afraid to do a thing for fear of failing? It is the man who rises despite the obstacles whom we look up to and respect and not the one whose path is strewn with roses. The poet has said "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," but let me remind you also that the paths of hardships and struggle lead First to glory before the grave and that by overcoming your faults in public speaking, for every one has some, you accomplish something worth while and that which will be a credit and a pleasure to you in after years.

L. KRENTZLIN, *President Senate.*



MILITARY NOTES

Company Notes

Scarcely twenty more drill days! Old Father Time is most assuredly hurrying things along to the utmost of his ability. The officers of the company have felt this before now, and they have endeavored to profit by the warning. But alone they can not do everything. It is more than ever "up to" each man in the ranks to appreciate this pressing necessity for time and to heed it immediately.

By the time this issue is out of the printers' hands the work of the company will be well on towards the last lap of the year. Think what this means. It means that that "fatal day in May" will soon be a matter of present moment. Now, do not get the mistaken idea, men, that you can jump in and work for all you are worth at the last moment and win that pennant. The winning company was never made in a day, but as experience has proved so many times, it is more often the one which has developed gradually and steadily from the very beginning.

"Cut out that kidding," "Stop laughing"—these are a few of the "admonitions" which have been in very popular use through many recent drill days. Why? What cause has arisen requiring the constant repetition of such phrases as these? Well, we have come back to one of the time-honored first principles of a company's welfare. In a word, "discipline." I suppose that every man in the ranks is more than tired of having this subject continually referred to on all occasions. Whenever an ex-officer or some well-wisher of the company has any little word of encouragement to say to the company after drill he almost invariably modifies it by saying something about the condition of the company in this respect. It all goes to show how they realize the tremendous importance to be attached to the subject. The sum and substance of their talk is that

this "discipline" must be the first and essential lesson any military organization has to learn. And this is every bit absolutely true, as the majority of the men who have served in Company H can testify. If you desire to do something for the school help us teach those men who have not as yet understood this, and show them how to stand by their captain with the right spirit and for a common cause.

The program for the competitive drill has just recently been given to the respective companies in the regiment. It will have to be gone over a great many times before we can feel sure of giving entire satisfaction to those rather hard-to-please gentlemen with



COMPANY OFFICERS

whom we will have more to do in the spring. The movements to be executed are far from being easy ones. They are, in fact, quite the reverse. There are a great many double time numbers involved, and these are undoubtedly the hardest sort to perfect. Now, this all means that greater consideration will have to be put into the work. Furthermore, a much greater physical effort exerted at first will detract from the labored appearance of these double time movements and will give them a smoothness which soon becomes perfectly natural.

The company has improved somewhat in its general appearance, but there still remains many little details which must be improved upon. The rather irregular arm-swing while on the march and a certain tendency towards unsteadiness when at a halt are a few of the most important errors to be rectified. It is very hard to understand why some men constantly persist in repeating the same mistake five minutes after being corrected. I have had to speak of this before. Don't let me have to call your attention to it again, but simply take the interest of the company a little more to heart. Truly you will be repaid for your trouble many times over.

On one of the rainy days when the company held an indoor drill the steady routine of the work was again broken by a platoon competitive. For lack of space the competition between the platoons was restricted to the manual of arms. The affair was quite an interesting one. The second platoon won very handily, making a splendid showing. For shame, you big men, letting the little fellers lick yuh! The following are the names of a few individuals who made the best standing: Inexperienced, Adams, Roberts, Ireland; experienced, Lochridge, Huff, Lewis, Corporals Campbell and Olmstead. Corporal Olmstead was the final winner.

What could the company do without the young ladies of the school? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The life in the company would be but a sad drudge at the best if it were not for their cheering influences. Besides, is it not to them that we owe so much enjoyment on those days when the company is giving one of its social hours? It is fine to come in from a long tiresome drill and full of anticipations and partake of a generous "spread." The latest instance of this sort was February 27. To say that we all appreciated it sounds extremely inadequate. Girls, it was great! We beg, however, that you will have patience for a couple of months longer. Then we shall endeavor to show our true appreciation in a more fitting and more substantial way.

[This letter was received by a former Western boy now at the University of Michigan and pursuing studies in forestry.]

DEAR SIR: I have just come into possession of your name and I hear that you are much interested in trees. We live in the country, me and my sister. The other day sister asked me to write to you concerning a funny tree which is in our orchard. A florist once told us that the name of it was alborghisms. It has leaves like a catalpa tree. In May it blossoms forth in May blossoms, in June in orange blossoms, in July at its roots may be found young onions, and in August at the very top may be found hugh watermelons, and here and there a kant elope. Kindly let us know as soon as possible as we are hard up. Yours truly,

MIRANDY SAWYERS.

Teacher—"Are there any colors discernable to the touch?"
Pupil—"I have often felt blue."



To "Curly" Byrd can be given all the credit which is due to this year's track team. With practically no material to start with he rounded out one of the most efficient and successful track teams that Western has had for several years. Though not very efficient in individual events, yet the relay teams were a great success. Every man on the team worked hard for the school, and this is one of the reasons why the team was so successful.

In the George Washington meet the Senior Relay Team easily defeated the team from Technical High School. Unfortunately the other relays were disqualified through a mistake of size due to a fault in the entry blanks. In Baltimore, at the Johns Hopkins meet, the Senior team was defeated by Episcopal High School. However, this is no discredit to the team, since the Western team ran it in 3 minutes 50 seconds, which is exceptionally good time.

In the Georgetown meet, the most important meet of this season, the Senior Relay, the Senior Relay Second and the Junior teams all won their races in handy style. The victory obtained by the Senior Relay gives Western the undisputed inter-scholastic championship of the District in this branch of track. This is the third successive year in which this title has been won by the Western four. Much more is to be expected from the team during the spring season. Though the loss of the Villegas brothers will be keenly felt, yet it is thought that such a quartet as Capt. Tanner, Holden, Shoemaker, and Upman should be able to uphold the high standard which has already been set by the team this year. A trip to Philadelphia has been contemplated for the Senior Relay. The Penn. Relay games which are held annually at about Easter time always prove a source of great interest, and it is expected that the team will participate in these games this year. Of course there will be the annual spring meet held here, in which Western will participate and in which we hope to keep up the good work. It is never too late to come out for track, and so when the spring call is made let us have a larger bunch of candidates than were out during the winter season. And, lastly, every man on the team, as well as the faculty, wishes to thank Mr. Byrd for the interest which he has taken in this branch of sport this year, and wish to congratulate him on the way in which he made it a great success.

7

Basketball

The basketball season is now closed and the championship of the High Schools went to Eastern. Western won second place with Business last. This year's team put up many good and hard-fought games. It defeated Business, something that has not been done for three years, and held the Cathedral team to a lower score in its own

gym than any other team of the District. Cathedral refused to play us a return game in our gym. After the Business game, in which Western showed up so well, the team was weakened by the departure of Adams, and this may explain the loss of some of the later games. The scores during the last half of the season were: Western 35, Business 17; Army and Navy Prep. 29, Western 25; Eastern 38, Western 28; Cathedral 30, Western 12; Western 15, Army and Navy Prep. 10; Eastern 39, Western 17. The following was the lineup of the team during the season:

Right forward—McCandlish.

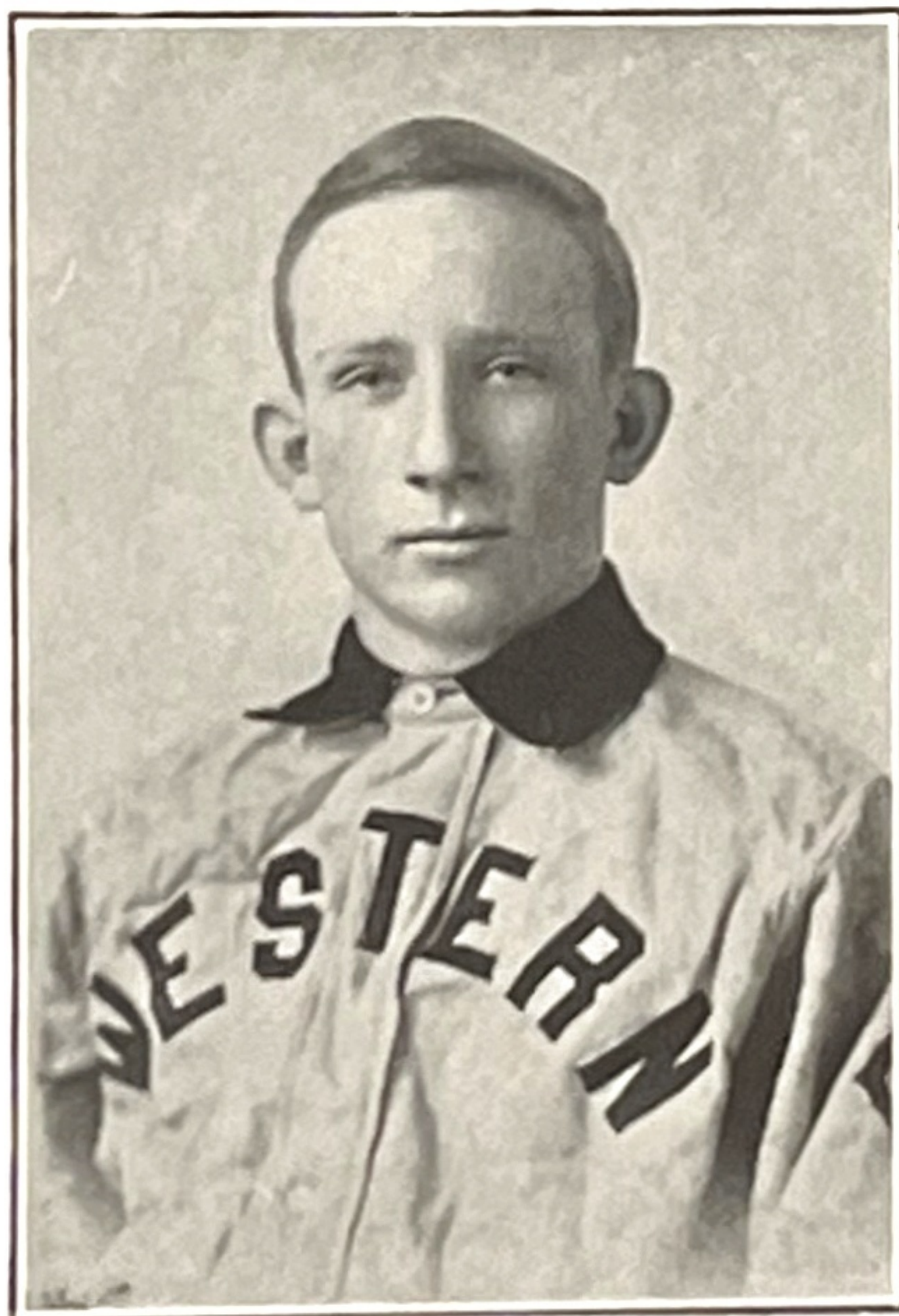
Left forward—Bradley, Adams.

Center—Lansburgh.

Right guard—A. Fuller.

Left guard—D. Fuller.

A lot of credit should be given to the fellows who came up day after day to give the first team practice; especially since they knew that there was no chance of their making the team themselves. Running through signals is very tiresome, and it shows a lot of school-



McARDLE

spirit to work hard without even the reward of a practice game. No meeting has been held as this WESTERN goes to press for the election of next year's captain, but there will be one soon, and we know that the school will support him and his team with as much loyalty as they did the team of this year.

Football Notes

All the followers of football in the school and outside are wondering if the team can "come back" next year after the past disastrous season. Definitely, of course, nothing can be foretold for the future. What will happen next is never known, but it is certain that if we do not try to better our position we will never improve and Western is going to try and better her position on the football map.

This year for the first time in the High Schools we will institute spring practice for the football squad and if the old Western spirit, the roots of which we think have not died out, responds we will have nothing in our showing next year to be ashamed of. This practice is necessary and it is important that all who hope to make the team next year should come out and do something to show that they are in earnest. The short life of our football team this past season makes this spring all the more important because even those who made the team for our only high school game are none too sure to be regulars next year. This game was our only chance to get a good line on the squad and none are so perfect that more experience and practice will harm them. Do not think this practice will be just for the fun of the thing, but it will be an effort to develop and get a line on our material and the showing in the spring practice will have no little bearing on the personnel of the team next year.

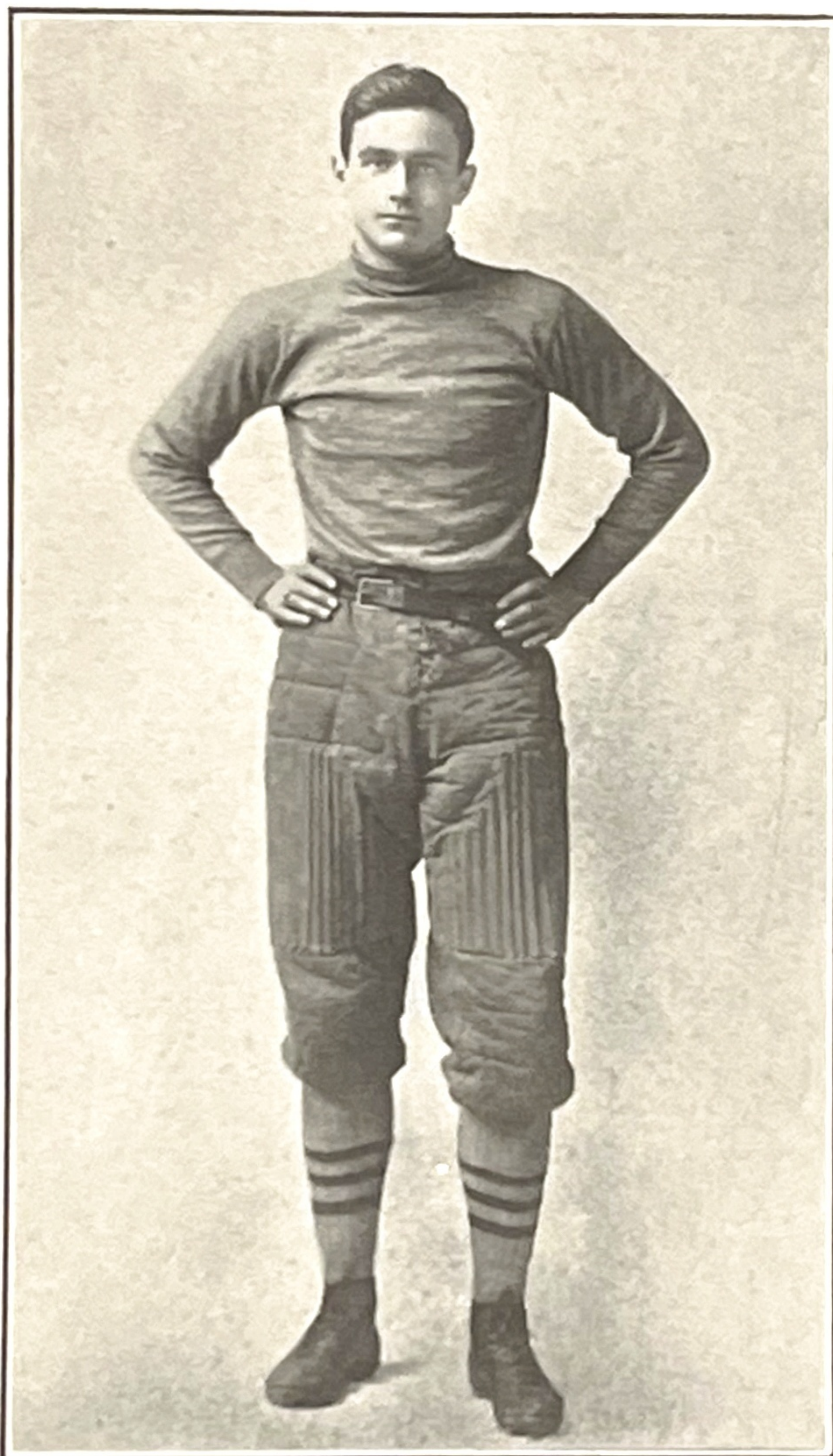
L. KRENTZLIN, *Capt. F. B. Team.*

Captain Myers issued his call for candidates for the baseball team last Monday. Among those who answered the call for outdoor work are Myers, McArdle, Pate, R. Adams, J. Adams, Bethel, B. Howard, I. Howard, S. Cohen, Rector, Leighman, Shoemaker, Cahill, A. Fuller, D. Fuller, Gray, and about twenty others.

The prospects were considerably brightened when the old veteran, "Buck" Howard, came back to school. Howard has played on the Western nine for the past two years and has earned quite a reputation around town. Gray and Fuller will again try for the outer gardens this year. R. Adams, Myers, I. Howard, B. Howard, and McArdle, of last year's squad, will try for the infield. The catching department will be taken care of by Pate, Leighman, and Rector, while the slabmen are Scofield, Brooks, A. Fuller, Garner, and Holden.

As soon as the weather permits Head Coach Byrd will take his charges out for hard practice. The men will have to hustle this year to get in condition for the game with our old rivals, the Georgetown "Preps," on the 22d of March. The boys are very anxious to win the series from the "Preps" this year and make up for last year's defeat.

MANGUIEN MCARDLE, *Manager.*



SHOEMAKER

Schedule of Baseball Team, 1911

March 18—Cairo Athletic Club.
22—Georgetown Preps.
5—Cathedral School.
29—Strayer's Business College.

- April 3—Senate Baseball Team.
 5—Cathedral School.
 7—American Security & Trust Co.
 11—Rockville High School.
 13—Senate Baseball Team.
 15—Georgetown Preps.
 19—Army and Navy Preps.
 22—TOME GAME.

Reserves—

- May 3—Episcopal High School.
 6—BALTIMORE COUNTRY SCHOOL.
 13—Woodland Athletic Club.

The dates of the high school series have not been decided on, but they will not conflict with any of these dates.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The out-of-town games have been put in large type to attract the special attention of the reader. If it is possible we want a larger crowd at the two games. Besides the service you render the team by supporting it with your presence you show to the other schools that we have not only a fine team but that we have spirit back of it. You will have a great time in the bargain. Consider!

Girls' Athletics

E. Steuart

The girls' basketball team has undergone several changes. The team lost its captain and one of its best players when Miss Bitzer resigned her post. Miss Hope Graff has been elected to succeed Miss Bitzer.

An exciting game between Western and Central was played on February 21 in the Western gym. in which Central, after a hard fight, carried off the victory with a score of 16 to 21. The teams were evenly matched throughout the entire game. The first half ended in favor of Western. Near the end of the second half Western's goal slipped into a slanting position and so cut off all hopes of more points.

Another game is being arranged with Central in which Western hopes to come off victorious.

The Western line up was Miss Bridges, center; Miss Holcomb, Miss Maher, and Miss E. Steuart, forward; Miss Graff, Miss Miley, and Miss Needham, side center; Miss Dyer and Miss Newell, guard.

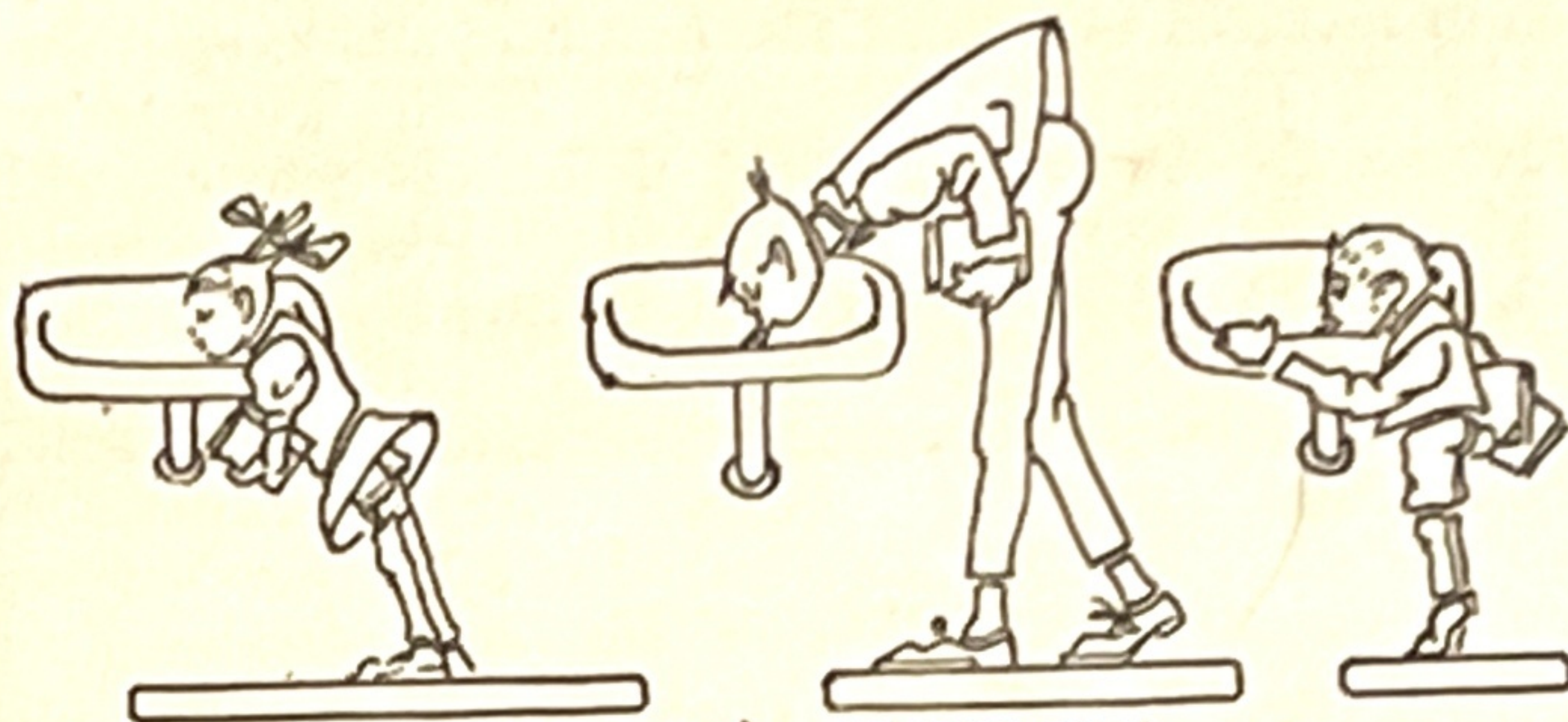
Girls' Basketball—Central vs. Western

A thrilling basketball game was played between Central and Western, Tuesday, February 21, 1911, ending dismally with a score of 21 to 16 in favor of Central. The first half ended with the score of 10 to 7 in our favor and at the end of the third quarter we still had the advantage. At the beginning of the last quarter, with only a few breathless minutes left, the basket of Western's goal broke, thus putting a stop to what must have been an easy victory, as Western was very much in the lead with a score of 16 to 11. Although Central had a very unfair advantage they continued the game, and much to the disappointment of every Western person there they rolled up their score to 21. The guards of Western's team were absent, but in spite of this drawback, with the splendid playing of Miss Emily Steuart as forward, our score was brought up to 16. Miss Louise Bridges and Miss Hope Graff also played with much success. Another game with Central is being arranged and it is thought that there is hardly any doubt as to our coming out in the lead.

The summary:

Central	Position	Western
Miss Brill } Miss Siebold }	forward.....	{ Miss Holcomb { Miss Maher
Miss Moody	forward	Miss Steuart
Miss Humphries	side center	Miss Needham
Miss Johnson	center	Miss Wiley
Miss Stine } Miss Brill }	side center.....	Miss Bridges
Miss Colton	guard	Miss Dyer
Miss Seibold } Miss Stein }	guard... ..	Miss Newell

Goals for Central—Miss Moody, 8; Miss Seibold, 2. For Western—Miss Steuart, 7. Free tosses for Central—Miss Moody, 1. For Western—Miss Steuart, 2. Referees—Miss Weber, of Central, and Miss Thomas, of Western. Time of halves—20 minutes.



FOUNTAIN SNAPSHOTS



OUR YOUNG VOCALIST



ASH-WEDNESDAY CHURCH GOERS



THE MALLAM-SMITH IDEAL



EARLY BALL PRACTICE WITH ITS ADMIRING THROG



OUR CROCUSES ARE 'MAY' FLOWERS
(THEY 'MAY' OR MAY NOT COME UP)



School Notes

"No," said Mr. Huntsburger to a student who had made a desperate attempt at a geometrical proposition, "I don't believe that you quite proved the proposition, but you have at least rendered it highly probable."

A Few Side Lights

Variety is the spice of life—Ruth Dodge.
Practice makes perfect—Frederick.
Alas, what noise—Muntz.

Miss Wheat (in history)—Speaking of Richard Henry Lee—
After marrying six times he moved to Alexandria.

I never understood why George, who was a clever lad,
Insisted on confessing to his good, but strict old dad,
That he'd cut down that cherry tree with all his might and main,
When he might have seized that hatchet and cut it up again.

Important Notice—To the Faculty and to the School

Since the last issue of our worthy (more or less) paper there has been formed in our midst a new society of rare importance—"The Western Research Association." Included in the membership are several members of the faculty and some of the best minds in the school (of less faculty). The object of this association is to inquire into the origin and foundation of any perplexing matters which arise in the school life and the expounding of the truths thereof. Already the society has started to work, and with the assistance of the teachers, which has been promised, we hope to enlighten the student body and all others who care for such things. The question which will be discussed by the W. R. A. at the next meeting is one which has caused many sleepless nights for its members, and the proposition as introduced by our friend Krentzlin is, "Where does a fire go when it goes out?" or "Why do some trees leave us in the spring?"

Medusa's Locks

Between the walks of Western High
The passing style in hair
That we can see around us all
They sometimes make us stare.

The fourth-year class you see,
Like a lofty hill in size,
A mighty mound of lustrious puffs,
How early must she rise!

On turning to the second year,
There's one almost as high;
But very curly is her hair
As you, on looking, spy.

For ringlets twine around her face
In curving, little curls,
And all around her little head
Are fuzzy, downy swirls.

The newest trick that E——'s got
Is fetching, "some" do think,
For with a little silver bar
She holds the proper kink.

But what has captured many eyes
Is our most childish style,
For D—— and K—— now do their hair
In a way that makes us smile.

But grief has come to some of us,
Tho' perhaps it's for the best,
For D. L got too near the gas
And the flame it did the rest.

We have the scale of dressing hair
From A to Z complete,
And from none to too much pinned on
The assortment can't be beat.

—1913

To the Tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp."
Blank, blank, blank my thoughts are roving,
I flunk with consummate ease,
And I think of girls and dogs,
When the lesson is on "logs,"
And my brain resembles closely Schweitzer cheese.

Miss Stutz (in German)—"Don't say 'gink,' say 'zing.'"

February Freshman

Oh, who is this sawed-off, diminutive gink,
Who looks like a gollywob stuck in the dink,
Or else he resembles, as some people think,
The modern idea of the famed missing link?
No, don't be alarmed, he'll not bite you, you bet,
For the Sophs have him tamed just as tame as he'll get;
'Twas a terrible struggle when Soph and Fresh met
And the yells that were yelled may be echoing yet;
When the squirming young Freshman on breadbox was stood
And smeared with a pie on his bean, solid wood.
If he remained bumptious and failed to be good
He was shoved up a tree for to sing, if he could;
 And the songs that were sung
 Through the alleys they rung
Like the howl of a pup by a bumble bee stung.
This part of his high school course having been finished,
And the starch from his Buster Brown somewhat diminished,
He was hauled to a horse fountain nearby
And baptised in the faith of far-famed Western High.

Mary had a little watch,
 The price she paid was low,
And everywhere that Mary went
 The watch refused to go.

—*Purple Cow.*

Sweet young thing—"You see, the only trouble with coasting
is that you have to be pulled up the hill again."

Simple student—"Yes; that is quite a drawback, isn't it?"

—*Tiger.*

I rose up in a car one day
 To give a girl my seat,
It was a question whether she or I
 Should stand upon my feet.

The *Exponent* for February is neat and pleasing, but very small and without either alumni or exchange notes. The debating news is written in an interesting style.

The November *Papyrus* is an improvement over the first issue. In putting the stories before the editorials the editors have done wisely. The December, January, and February numbers are up to the usual standard. The paper has no remarkable features; it is the average school magazine. Nothing is poorly written, and careful editorship is apparent.

Freshman Notes

The class of '14, namely the "Freshies," is still grinding with high expectations of landing in the class of the "Sophs" this coming June. Some of those who entered Western in September are manfully bearing the burdens of life, while others are "loafing on the job." Some passed the first semester; some did not. We all sincerely hope that those who received the letter "D," which may be interpreted "Delightful," "Dreadful," "Dandy," "Deuced, Don't cherknow," "Detention," "Development," "Did," or "Didn't," will deserve a mark that will pass them along at last with some of the newer Freshmen.

Oh, yes! a new importation of "Freshies" arrived the first of February, among which is a male individual with a soprano voice that makes the voices of Melba and Eames sound like an ice wagon on frozen snow. They are, in fact, quite manly little fellows and four of them enlisted in Company H, being placed under the able direction of Sergeant Krentzlin.

Again referring to the second semester "Freshies," it may be said that if all goes well in June they will depart the life of Freshmen and become Sophs. Then if their good work continues in February next each one will be a Soph-more. Again, if they are successful by the following June each one will be a Soph-no-more, but will become a June-or and so on until the present insignificant "Freshies" will invade the Sanctum Sanctorium of the mighty and powerful Seniors.

Oh, how can we stand the new lids that have sprung up,
 When fashion demanded a change of venue?
 We think their inventors should quickly be strung up
 To bring such monstrosities out into view.
 Girls with brown hair,
 Girls with red hair,
 Girls with excelsior tacked on their dome;
 Their tresses are covered
 With lately discovered
 Creations which bring back our thoughts of dear home.
 The old half-peck measure,
 Which gave us much pleasure,
 To fill up with bran for the long-suffering cow,
 Has been covered with muskrat
 And fur from the house cat,
 And called by our sisters a "ding-a-ling" now.
 —T. R., '11.

The *Bulletin* for January still lacks headings. The Exchange criticisms are a little severe in their tone.

The commencement *High School News* is, unqualifiedly, the best issue of a school paper we have yet seen.

A Junior's English

Are she went,
Am she gone,
Have she left I all alone;
Can me never go to she,
Or she never went to me,
Ah, it cannot was.

Miss Kingsley—"I call my dog Locksmith because every time I raise my hand he makes a bolt for the door."

Jean—"Haven't you any common sense?"

Jeans—"No, my dear, nothing but Lincoln pennies."

—*Lampoon.*

Cicero said "Give me your ears." Shakespeare said "Lend me your ears." It appears as though as time goes on men grow more considerate.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest of all are—
He flunked me last time
And I've got him again.

Mr. Bristow (slowly and impressively turning the handle of an automatic pencil sharpener and explaining its use to the class)—
"As you see, this machine may be operated by a crank."

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere;
And now the magneto he deftly tried,
Or examined the chassis and running gear.

The *Polyprep* for February has a good cover. The alumni notes are still good and the stories, though very short, are acceptable. The quotations in the exchange column could be cut out without great loss.

The *Morgan Record* for February is another paper so small as to be unsatisfactory. What there is presents a creditable appearance. The headings continue to be pleasing and appropriate. The editors should work to increase the size of the paper.

Ad Instar Vitae

The rain in solid sheets poured down,
The east gale howled with swelling might;
Great banks of clouds rolled all around,
The day was dark as early night.
A blessed moment came when all
The storm, exhausted, lulled its shriek.
The clouds removed their somber pall
From off the west, and dull and bleak,
Went sullenly away; I saw
A sight that 'roused a rev'rent awe.

The sun, a bloody orange, lay
Low hanging in the gorgeous west,
Surmounted by a canopy
Of clouds of purple amethyst;
Enthroned in eternal fire,
And cushioned by the russet mist,
And soothed by an Aeolian choir
And by the cloud puffs lightly kissed.
About it all things ruddy gleamed
Reflecting sun-born flame, and soon
With radiant glow the whole world seemed
Engulfed in its rays maroon.

Insidious as the star-dust thick
The dust of patient Mother Earth,
The bright red tints merged into pinks
Too tender to survive their birth.
The higher looked mine eager eyes,
The paler grew the rosy skies,
Until a faintly yellow guise
Was mixed with the heaven's dyes.
And deep'ning in its maizy hue,
Increasing in its saffron dye,
Lent new enchantment to the view—
Half made a rainbow of the sky.

A bank of clouds, a lowering fringe,
Stretched athwart the sky of gold;
A menace to the ochrean tinge,
A frown on glories manifold.
This dusky bank was rent in twain,
And through, I glimpsed the sky again.

Ah! now a sight I saw that drew
Deep admiration; for the blue
So far above, was flecked with fleece,
Which, colorated without cease,
A myriad of shades comprised—
A wonderland it realized.

Two dainty greens, a happy pair,
Were rollicking away up there.
A garnet cloud, a ruby, too,
Competed, racing, in the blue.
A crimson cloud, a little tired,
Was resting by the way, sun-fired;
And just to keep him company,
Two salmons sat beside his knee.
A citrine cloud, perhaps too old
To join in sports, went far astray,
Until a gust of wind, o'er bold
Thrust him amongst the rest, in play.

Ah! picture once the splendid scene!
Venetian blue, the heav'nly screen,
And countless clouds, as actors, on
A stage bewildering in tone.
The dull bank was the curtain, brown,
Which, even as I gazed, closed down.

I cast my eyes far overhead,
And saw a rainbow shining there;
Enframed in the clouds of lead,
Whose threatenings it seemed to dare.
How bold the Sign of Promise shone!
So bold, that, not to be outdone,
Another rainbow shone anon,
Reflecting glories of the one.

And now the rested storm once more
Resumed the rhythm of its song.
The gale blew harder than before.
Its shriek, Antaeus-like, grew strong,
With each succeeding, slumb'ring spell,
Until the flying scud was blown,
Like the damned souls in Dante's hell.
A heavy cloud rolled slow, alone,
Shut out the sun and all its light,
And all the colors, all the tints,
That bless the day above the night
And glorify the firmament.

Now night closed in; the sky, so grand
Before, grew darker and more drear;
I saw no more the Promised Land,
But only clouds, devoid of cheer.

So life, I think, is; at the birth
The sun of hope envelops all—
And for an interval reigns mirth,
And joy and gladness have their call.

But just as surely comes the blight
That rolls on uncontrollable—
And turns the day into a night
Of mystery, insolvable.

And yet, I like to think that dawn—
Majestic, promising, sublime—
Soon follows when the sun is gone
As it has done from morn of time.

—PHILIP E. SIGGERS.

Word come to us at this time of the brilliant success of a Western man of last year's class—Frank J. Gorman—after successfully passing the entrance examinations with a ranking of seventh out of 150 candidates, entered the Revenue Cutter School in June and has since stood at the head of his class. We congratulate him on his record and wish him every success.

Out! out! damned spot!
Thou telltale bit of grease!
Soon would I slough thee had I gasoline.

MACBETH, ACT IV.

Fuller remarked the other day that he had had a "close call" the preceding night. Yes, we know Ashmead to be quite the "fussah" in respect to the feminine contingent of the institution.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through a Kansas village passed
An auto with a fading glim,
The gas was burning low and dim,
Acetylene.

Definitions

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear,
That's transformation.
And then upon a car to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside,
That's transportation.
And then before the door to smile,
And think you'll stay a good, long while,
That's expectation.
And then to find her not at home—
That's —————.

—JOSEPHINE SAUNDERS, CI

Occupations of Present W. H. S. Men in 1923

- McCandlish—Travelling salesman for peroxide.
Bushnell—Editor "Backwoods Blazer."
Myers—First baseman New York Nationals.
Shoemaker—Champion "cross-country walker." Record—Time:
Chevy Chase to Lamont street, 5 minutes 35 seconds.
McArdle—Principal W. H. S.
Cahill—First classman W. H. S.
Reade—Ribbon counter clerk.
Garner—Artists' model.
Frederick—Sergeant in the Salvation Army.
Carlton Smith—Salesman for "Cutey" ties.
McCarteney—Dancing instructor at young ladies' seminary.
Roderick Mallan—Barker for dime museum.
Aspinwall—Still married.
Upman—Resident of the White House. (If you want to see
him ask for the butler.)
Campbell—Congressman from Squeedunk.
Peck—President of the W. C. T. U.
Brooks—Master of oratory.
Ashmead Fuller—Assistant librarian W. H. S.
Blaine Mallan—Lecturer on "How to Be Beautiful."
Bantz and Gray—Advertisement for a "Before and After"
cure.
-

Western is quite angelical now. Note the full grown wings.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse,
From my garage my motor has been taken.

RICHARD III, ACT V.

Miss Merrill—What was so sad about the end of Burn's life?
Miss Crittenden—He died.

Spring's Here !

I ain't agoin' to write no Spring Poem
Like all them poets does,
How the air is full o' sunshine,
And the busy bees do buzz.

I ain't agoin' to make no poetry,
About the balmy air,
Of the beauty of the meadows,
And the fragrance ev'rywhere.

I ain't agoin' to write no nonsense
About the welcome rain,
But I only want to tell you
That I'm glad Spring's here again!

—THEODORE KELLY, H5.

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SHOW PLACES

At this time of the year, when so many good things are bought and consumed, there sometimes comes to the mind the question as to how these things are made, and perhaps we stop and are content to leave well enough alone. But Washington is already noted as one of the most healthful cities of the country, and this is due to the almost autocratic supervision of the food supply of the city and to the willingness with which the manufacturers of her products comply with the laws. Among these none rank higher in sanitary conditions than the **Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Company**, the makers of the famous, and justly so-called, "*Velvet Kind*" Ice Cream. From the receipt of the Cream till the finished product, its progress is safeguarded by all the methods known to science to insure the healthful, as well as palatable article, which is every day served to Washington's most dainty palates. It is most interesting, as well as educational and instructive, to go through the magnificently equipped and tile-lined factory. Everything from the cream to the containers are pasteurized, killing any injurious bacteria that might otherwise be contained therein. The bright, shiny mixing vats, the freezers and refrigerating rooms are all shown and their uses thoroughly explained by a competent guide, which it is the Company's pleasure to furnish visitors, who, by the way, are always welcome; the Company being indeed anxious of critical inspection and comment which might in any way enable them to add to the excellence of their famous product.

THE **Chapin-Sacks Company**

Cordially extend to our readers their wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

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THE W. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM, 1911

THE WESTERN

VOL. XV

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY, 1911

No. 7

The Turn of Fate

By "777"

"Shoot it over, kid! Come on, that's the one." The catcher motioned to the pitcher and beat into his mitt nervously. In the box Stuart swung his right arm easily and eyed the batter with that supreme attitude of indifference which had made him a character in the school. "Alright, Ed, let's have it," the catcher called again, and the pitcher's arm drew back and let fly. The ball hit the backstop's glove with a smack, and the game was on.

The varsity with some of its stars out was at its usual afternoon struggle with the scrubs. The regular hangers-on had, as was their wont, arranged themselves along the side lines to watch the proceedings. Chester Academy had made a clear sweep so far that year in athletics, and it was only left to the baseball team to make the year end with one grand procession of victories. They had done well the whole season, but their hardest game with their old rivals was yet to come and with several players on the bench from injuries.

A tall, slim fellow got up from the bench and sauntered down to the first base coaching line. There was nothing distinguishing about the boy except his slimness; you would never pick him out of a crowd. He was not the kind to call your special attention as he moved along. He didn't even have red hair, as such characters in stories generally have. He was just an ordinary mortal, mild and possessed of an unassuming air.

On the grass back of first base, three boys in their street clothes sat close together, talked and watched the game at intervals. The slim fellow approached the then spectators, and when in a few yards he drew back his arm and let fly his glove at one of the trio.

"Hello, Ken," he called as the soft glove hit the aforesaid on the side of the head. "Dog gone you," his victim answered the ball player; "come here, Spike, I think I'll knock your block off for that."

Spike dropped down on the ground beside Kenneth and there you saw together the two leaders of the school, and a striking contrast they were. Kenneth was his friend's direct opposite in manner and in physique. His large head with close cropped black hair was joined to powerful body by an equally muscular neck. He was shorter than Spike but well developed and possessed of a marvelous store of energy. Captain of the football team, catcher on the base-

ball team, and the leader in every branch of school interest, he was looked on as a genius even by his enemies, those whom he had crushed in his upward career, because in many ways he was one. Nothing had he tried for in school that he had not achieved and many times he seemed to go the most difficult route delighting to show his ability and utter scorn for obstacles. But once at the top he was perfectly willing to give way to another; popularity and power did not affect him in the least though he had been called "swell head" by his rivals.

The contrast between the two was great; one unfathomable in his versatility at times; the other, a simple man—or boy, I should say—who was at all times a known quantity, unassuming and direct. And so it was that the two had become close friends instead of enemies, as one would suppose the leaders of a school to be. Spike was the only style of leader who could have been at Chester and be at peace with Kenneth, for had the football captain's like been there, the two would have been in one continuous struggle for leadership; interesting for an outsider to look upon but disastrous for the interests of the school. Spike had been made popular by the school, he was the kind who depended solely on public opinion for his leadership. Kenneth held sway because he was the master mind among them, their superior in every line in which he chose to exert his wonderful latent ability and this they all knew and looked up to him for it. Therefore his leadership (and it was the stronger of the two, for he did the controlling) molded public opinion which affected the others.

As the days roll by and the school years draw to a close Seniors seem to be drawn to one another with a closer bond of friendship, and you will often see groups of them sitting in solemn conversation over events of their former years. And so it was to the little group down by the coaching line. A long hit by one of the players brought back to them the memory of Spike's first appearance as a ball player when, three years back, then an insignificant, skinny sub, he was called on as a last resort to bat for the pitcher and he had slammed a long drive to left field and the ball had gone through a crack in the fence, enabling Spike to get a home run and thereby win the game.

How different it was with Kenneth. He came to Chester with a record as an athlete and had confirmed it from the first and raised it higher still when he ran from the shadow of Chester's goal posts through the entire Lawrence Military School team for a touchdown and would have duplicated the feat later on, in the same game had not one of his own team accidentally tripped him. The stories of such deeds are the traditions that make the spirit of the school—the greatness of the past, their wonderful deeds of strength and show of nerve and spirit in times of adversity. Nothing, yes, nothing has so much moral effect, or acts as a stronger incentive to a team to win a game, than to recall the deeds of some former team which had, despite overwhelming odds, won out by fighting to the last ditch.

"That guy down on third is some punk. For goodness sake,

Spike, what have you got him there for?" The speaker was noticeably disgusted.

"Well, Dave," Spike started in slowly, "since Joe Howard got shipped that fellow is the only man we have for the place. I have tried out every sub on the squad and none of them seems able to fill Joe's shoes. We sure will miss him in that Lawrence game." When Howard had been expelled from school for hitting "Slippery" Baldwin, assistant instructor, with a wet sponge no one doubted but that it would be a hard task to fill his place, because he was another of that almost invincible infield which had played together for Chester for two years, and some of them longer. They knew one another's ways so well that signals were unnecessary, because each knew instinctively the thoughts of the other when on the ball field. Harland, the best of the available ones, was trying to hold down third base now, but he was far from a success; in the first place because he was somewhat green and nervous, and then because the other players were mad on account of the dismissal of Howard for what they considered a fine joke. For was not Baldwin a slippery guy who spied on the fellows? And it was when he was in the act of poking his head into Joe's room that the ball players, not noticing that it was "Slippery," slammed the sponge at him when the head popped into his door.

Chester's one vulnerable spot was at third base, for in a couple of days Kenneth's bad finger would be well and with him behind the bat the infield would be lined up in its strength except at third. And it was known every where that Chester had a green man on third and Lawrence was sure to launch her attack on that position in the coming game for the championship of the state.

The watchers remained silent for a while waiting for Harland to get another play in order to give vent to their disgust as to his ability as a third baseman. And Harland got a play soon. The base runner on second made an unexpected start for third, the pitcher threw to Harland, who instead of standing in front of the bag in order to make the runner slide around him, stood to one side and the runner slid into the base from the other side out of his reach.

After a silence which had been profusely shaded with grunts of dissatisfaction for the third baseman, Kenneth spoke: "Are you sure, Spike, that you have tried every possible one in school? It seems that there ought to be somebody sticking around who is better than that kid."

"Yep, I've looked 'em all over," was the answer. Ken dropped back on the grass and gazed up at the pale blue sky; he was thinking. "Aw say," he cried, "I know a fellow whom you have not tried who came here about a month ago. His people are going to send him here next year, and as he has been out of school some time he was sent here this spring to get into the run of things. I know he's mighty quiet, but anyway he's worth a try." When Kenneth ventured an opinion on a fellow it was generally worth considering seriously, and so Spike's dejected smile changed to one of expect-

tancy as he inquired where this new fellow could be found at the time.

"There he goes now," answered Ken as he happened to look over his shoulder and see the boy in question making his way toward the barracks. Dave whistled through his teeth with that blood curdling shriek of his, and the new boy looked around. Kenneth got up, grabbed Spike by the belt and pulled him to his feet and together they went over to meet the waiting boy. When they had caught up with him Kenneth said to the new boy.

"Black, I want you to know Spike Stephens, our baseball captain."

The two boys shook hands and eyed each other. Black was a medium size boy and very quiet looking, too. His dreamy brown eyes wandered from one thing to another all the time, but it was quite evident that he noticed very few of the things which his gaze seemed to fall on. Spike was not one for mincing matters and he started right in in his direct way to find out from Black what he wanted to know.

"The fact is," he began, "we are short of a third baseman and Ken seems to think you might be a ball player and we want you to come out tomorrow and try out for the place. Every fellow should be willing to help the school along that much, and we are in a bad fix at present since Howard left. How 'bout it?"

Black was quiet for a moment, then he began slowly. "I had hoped," he said, "that in coming to a large school I would be left alone. I have had dealings with various school interests and have come to the conclusion that the people who deal in them are not those who have a very high sense of honesty." He stopped for this to soak in.

Spike's eyes snapped. "Look here, young fellow, for a new man that was about as nervy a remark as I ever heard."

"I meant nothing personal by that," Black answered, "but what I want to get at was, do you all play exactly honest? I don't mean honest so long as it does not hurt your chances as you think, but absolutely honest all of the time."

Kenneth looked at the new comer and wondered. He thought he had handled all types of boys in his school career, but here was a new one on him. Black was one of those boys who perhaps had been beaten out for something after making a hard fight and then he had begun to be out of sorts with every one thinking that the world in general had leagued against him to overcome him. And so he had lost the spirit of the boys not looking at things in their light but from the view of an older man, and naturally their code seemed warped and wrong.

"Black," he said, "I kind of see your point and can guarantee you that we play the game honestly all right with a fair show for all."

"I'll come out then," was the quiet answer.

As Spike and Kenneth walked away the latter looked up at the baseball captain and smiled. "One of the poor downtrodden ones

again. Those poor fellows amuse me greatly. They cannot mix with the bunch and they always feel that every body is trying to slip something over on them, but in truth, they are not a bad lot when they get on to the fact that the world is not trying to do them."

Two weeks had passed. Black had made good on the team. He was not a sensational player nor could he fill Howard's shoes as well as that young man could have done, but he held his own, was steady and used his head at all times and filled the place well enough. The day of the big Lawrence game was at hand. Already the stands were packed with a happy multitude waiting for a chance to cheer their heroes. Lawrence, too, was there in force. In the stand opposite to the Chester section the blue uniforms of the cadets amply dotted with girls in bright colors among them gave a fitting color scheme for the occasion. The Lawrence team had already had their practice on the field and were duly cheered at every little show of skill. And now Chester took the field. First the subs went out. A person interested in human nature would have found abundant material for consideration on the ball field. It was fun to watch the younger players exerting themselves to the limit, wasting their energy and strength at every play, desiring to make a good impression on the coach, captain, and spectators. But now Chester's veterans came out, greeted by a thundering cheer, and took their places. What a difference there was in their movements! They did not strive to startle anybody with a sensation play, they had been there before and knew the fickle fan too well. There was Kenneth at the plate, and as he moved about and threw the ball around the bases it was a pleasure to watch him. Unconcerned about the crowd or anyone who was watching him he moved about with that easy grace of one who is sure of himself and his every action.

At last the game began with Lawrence first at the bat. Black was at his best at third. He really seemed to have taken on some of the enthusiasm of the crowd and was holding down his place in good style. Both teams were about equal in the field, and while the pitchers held out, the game was always at white heat. The ninth inning passed and the tenth was started with the score still 0 to 0, and the pace beginning to tell. Nervousness was evident among the players; you could see it the way they scratched the ground with their spikes and kept patting their gloves when idle otherwise.

In the first half of the tenth Lawrence got a man on second after two were out. The next batter hit a hot liner down to short stop who gathered the ball up on the run and threw to Black to head the man off at third. The third baseman made a difficult catch with his bare hand and dived at the base runner as he slid into the bag, raising a dense cloud of dust which obscured the play. The base umpire came over to third at the play, he raised his hand and the first sound of the decision out had passed his lips.

"Stop," shouted Black, and the umpire halted his decision and dropped his hand. "That man is safe," the third baseman continued, "I never touched him." There was nought else to do—the

umpire gave the decision safe. But not so blase was "Spike." He rushed in from left field furious and a fight looked likely. He accused Black of being paid or bribed by Lawrence to give the game away and made other remarks that in a cooler frame of mind he would regret. Black waited for a chance to speak.

"Stephens," he said in his quiet voice, "when I came out I told you that I played the game honest and was assured that you did the same. That man was safe and I knew it, so I told. Do you want me to quit."

Before anyone had a chance to speak again Kenneth, who had listened in silence during the whole row, spoke up:

"Spike, go on back in your place and let's finish the game. The kid is right, all right, and you know it, too."

That settled it. The players took their places again and the game went on. The next batter drove a single into center field, for Stuart was visibly upwrought by the accident and was unsteady. The runner scored from third amid the groans of Chester's players and rooters.

When Chester came to the bat in their half the score was 1 to 0 against them and Spike was first up. He was vicious now, because it was his team and he would get the disgrace if the game was lost. He was even angry with Kenneth for having said what he had. The first ball pitched he drove into right for two bases and brought forth thunders of applause thereby. The next man up was Black. In his eyes there was a different look from before and his teeth were clenched with his mouth drawn tight. He had changed since that fateful play. He could see the boy's side better now and he was almost sorry he had spoken to the umpire, but it was too late now. He must make good. The third baseman was playing back, so Black, to surprise him, rolled a bunt down the third base line. Spike got to third and Black was safe at first. Kenneth picked out his bat and sauntered to the plate. Chester's section rose up as one and gave vent to a mighty roaring cheer. Of all people whom they would rather see at the bat at this time Kenneth was the one. He always managed to do something equal to the occasion, and that this would be no exception they knew or hoped anyhow. He swung hard at the first one and fouled it. Two balls were called but the fourth ball pitched he met with all the compact strength of his mighty shoulders and drove the sphere on a line over second base. Down the base line Ken went like a deer, "Spike" crossed the plate with the tying run but all eyes were centered on Black, who, running like the wind, was rounding third. He was holding nothing back, every ounce of strength was in his every effort, he hardly seemed to touch the ground. The ball was coming in from center on a true throw. Black added more speed to his already flying body, and as a last effort left the ground and plunged forward in a splendid head-on dive. It in itself was magnificent, the very effort of the boy. He and the catcher were entirely enveloped in the cloud of dust when the ball thumped in the big mit. It was a hard decision to give. The umpire looked at Black's upturned eyes. "Are you safe," he said.

"Yes, I am," was the quiet reply.

"Runner's safe," called the official. Spike rushed forward to grasp Black's hand. Lawrence's catcher, their captain, turned away to the bench and mumbled as he went:

"He was safe all right, and I don't know but that I am glad."

Western Awakens

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
Somewhere the band is playing and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere crowds are laughing and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy at poor old Tech, their ball team was knocked out.

There was confidence in their manner when first they toed the plate,
And their hopes they rose with joy with two runs chalked on the
slate;

For then they thought they had us, for those blacksmiths did not
know

That our Big Chief Yellow Meyers could slam the horsehide so.
But when he'd made that awful hit they wondered in great surprise,
And when "Little Johnny" began to pitch like saucers grew their
eyes.

With a beaming smile of satisfaction Curley's visage shone,
And it spread into a cheerful grin as he saw the runs come home.
He'd coached our diamond warriors till lots of ball they knew;
And, man alive, when they cut loose they swamped Tech's worthy
crew.

Long years we all have waited to see a scene like this,
But take it from me, old humming-bird, when we saw it, it sure
was bliss,

When our "English, Latin" yell was heard 'cross that historic creek,
Tech's swarthy warriors cornered and sure did look some meek.

The dope man wondered at the score, he could not make it out,
He'd set us down as 'way-backs and we'd smiled but raised no shout.
But in our hard work plugging way that spells victory sure as sin,
We confirmed our famous saying, "Give us a show and we will win."

Down on the Texas border you might hear the Springfields crack;
But we don't care for all that truck for old Western has "come
back."

My worthy friend take on a smile, prepare to dance and hop,
For when Western starts a-going she is not wont to stop.

—By "777."



EDITORIALS

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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The Last Lap

The last heat is open and we are on the home stretch. The hurdles and sharp turns have proved fatal to some of us. The length of the course has weakened others. But as we near the finish let us put all that is in us in this last sprint. Success will crown each victor and each victor will reap his deserved benefits. Those who leave Western this year will go out into a bigger course to run—another race for greater gains. And it is for this other race which we are striving.

If we enter in good condition and with a good record we shall enter without a handicap. If poorly trained we shall go down in defeat. Napoleon could not find in the French dictionary such a word as fail. Let us not be able to find its synonym, "flunk!"

Speaking of baseball, Todd held Tech down pretty well last year, but someone is certainly "Holden 'em down" this season.

The Advisory Council

The greatest innovation inaugurated in Western this year is the establishment of a permanent advisory council to the faculty. The plan has many advantages and practically no disadvantages. Through this system the student body will have more influence with the faculty and at the same time the faculty will have the advantages of a closer communion with the school. When we look back over the past years of school we can easily find incidents where the student and faculty have clashed through the lack of a mutual understanding. Ofttimes the students' ideas have been misrepresented and misunderstood. Many times have the decisions of the faculty been unappreciated by the students. With the institution of the council these unfortunate conditions will, we hope, forever disappear.

This is not a new or untried experiment. It has worked with success in the other schools of the country. The University of Virginia has the most perfect working plan, and the school is virtually run by this board of student management. In this city the Central High School and the Technical have the same system.

The elections to this Council, held on Tuesday, May 2, in the various classes resulted in the following:

SENIOR CLASS		
Frank Scofield	Harry Blanton	Helen McCumber
Duncan Fuller	Loleta Dawson	Avonelle Crockett
JUNIOR CLASS		
Ashmead Fuller	Alfred Frederick	Florence Piper
Leopold Krentzlin	Dorothy Schaff	Ruth Updegraff
SOPHOMORE CLASS		
Stevens Bradley	Carleton Smith	Linda Stewart
John Bethel	Lucy Berry	Ada Fill
FRESHMAN CLASS		
Edmund Booth	Bromley Seeley	Ethel Connor
Janney Nichols	Lillian Hendrick	Marjorie Kinnan

The May Festival

out great expense is always puzzling, but when we The problem of giving a delightful program with- been a matter for discussion for several months. The annual spring entertainment for this year has find ourselves without the use of our own halls, now in process of

reconstruction, the problem becomes well nigh impossible. In the dilemma the faculty began a series of conferences which finally resulted in a plan highly feasible and interesting both to the patrons and pupils.

The pageant, the oldest form of dramatics, has of late had an awakening throughout the entire world. The colleges have used it on festival occasions. The countries of the world are using it for historical celebrations. It was therefore suggested that the scheme, somewhat classical in its design and highly entertaining, should be used as the basis of our own May festival. This suggestion was enthusiastically received and accepted, and plans were immediately set on foot to make the necessary arrangements.

It was finally decided to give the fete the evening of May 26 on the athletic field back of the school, using the top of the boiler house as a stage, with the schools as a background and sounding board. The stage will be decorated with greens, so as to suggest halting places along a country road. Figuratively speaking, the audience will in the course of the entertainment traverse this beautiful old road, stopping in each country as they go to enjoy some old characteristic songs and dances, executed by members of the school, dressed in the costumes of each nation represented.

The program will be as follows:

SPAIN—Chorus, "In Spain;" "Song of a Spanish Gypsy," Magnien McArdle and attendants; Spanish dance; pantomime, "Listening to the Serenade," Kate Alderman, Lael Rose, Harriet Fleisher.

ITALY—Choruses, "Santa Lucia" and "Tic-a-Tic-a-Toc;" duet, "Mother and Daughter," Frances Maher and Mildred Cornwall; "Song of Italian Shepherdess and Tarantelle," Mildred Needham; chorus, "Maria."

IRELAND—Chorus, "Killarney;" "Katie's Letter," Emmay King; Irish jig; "Wearing o' the Green," Julian Dowell; "Gap in the Hedge," Marguerite Marr; music at the fair, "Minstrel Boy;" "Come Back to Erin."

SCOTLAND—Choruses, "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled" and "O, Charlie Is My Darling;" "Annie Laurie," Robert Crocker; "A Mon's a Mon for a' That," Alan Garner; Highland fling; "Robin Adair," Ruth Stokes; "Comin' Thro' the Rye," Margaret Booth; "Caller Herrin," Mariamna Rucker; "Auld Lang Syne."

ENGLAND—Chorus, "Summer Is a-Comin' in the Spirit of May;" "O, Dear, What Can the Matter Be," Gertrude Vrooman; "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Gretchen Prescott; chorus, "Come, Bonnie Lassies," with English country dance.

Procession of 300 students in costume.

NOTE—In case of rain, the entertainment will be given the next clear evening.

Under the direction of Miss Alys E. Bentley, Director of Music, these choruses have been patiently rehearsing during the past month, costumes have been selected, and even an orchestra composed of students has been trained and will furnish the instrumental music for the occasion.

The committee in charge of the festival wishes to thank the parents of the 300 pupils for providing costumes for the songs and dances, and all patrons and friends of the school for their generous support. Especial thanks are due to Mrs. Carrie V. Byram and Miss Edith M. Athey for their assistance in rehearsals of the choruses. They wish also to make grateful acknowledgment of the courtesies received from Mr. Snowden Ashford, Municipal Architect; Mr. William Ericson Bleo, Assistant Electrician; Mr. Henry Storey, Department of Repairs; Col. Spencer Cosby, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds; E. F. Droop & Sons Company, W. B. Moses & Co., Gude Bros. Company, Messrs. Woodward & Lothrop, and Mrs. Henry F. Blount, "The Oaks," Georgetown.

The End

With the appearance and distribution of this number THE WESTERN practically closes its books. The final issue, the "class night number," can hardly be called a number of THE WESTERN. It is more a souvenir of class night, a number devoted exclusively to the fourth-year class.

In summing up we naturally ask ourselves many questions. Has the paper as a whole been a success? Has its numbers pleased the majority of the students? From what the staff can gather from the sentiment of the school both of these questions can be answered in the affirmative. We have been criticised and occasionally "knocked," but the criticisms have been few and the "knocks" very gentle.

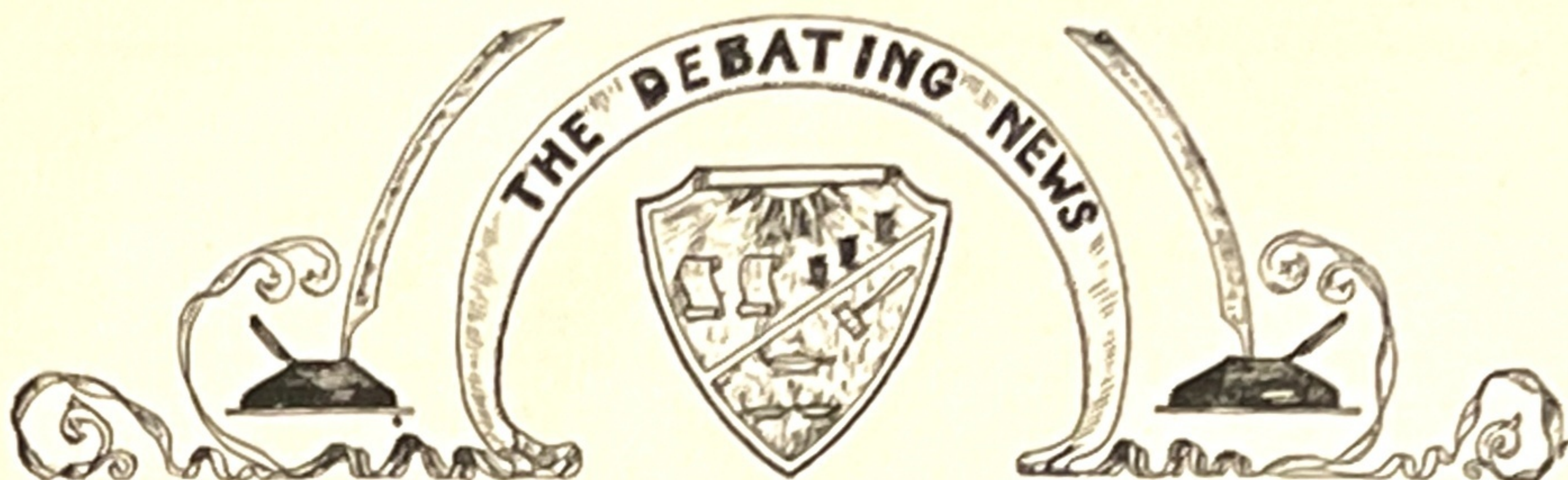
The editorial staff for next year has not yet been chosen, but whoever they may be we take this opportunity to wish them the support of the school and success.

Eine Lobensurudige Aufführung

Am siebzehnten Jannar dieses Jahres gaben Fraulein von Seyfrieds deutsche Klassen, mit der Hilfe von Fraulein Stutz, zwei Stucke, mamlich Theodore Ottos. Ein Pensioustreich und A. von Ketzernes Der Gefaugene. Alle deutsche Schuler sangen emige deutsche Lieder; Fraulein von Seyfried begleitete sie auf dem Klavier, und Fraulein Ruth Bronson, auf der Bratsche Die Schuler, die teil nahmen, waren Agnes Graff, Mildred Draper, Marguerite Marr, Mary Graff, James Cahill, Lucy Mackall, Joel Tilton, Fillmore Eiker, Fred Pimper, Francis Brown, Beulah Rosenberg, Herbert Kimball, und Robert Bruce, alle zeigten grosse Kunstfertigkeit. Es macht immer grosses Vergnugen, und zeigt den grossten Fortschritt, wenn die Schuler in einer fremden sprache so verstandig auffuhren können, wie in ihrer eignen sprache. Bensonders Lob verdienen amerikanische Schuler, fur ihren Unternehmungsgeist in einer fremden sprache, eine Aufführung auf der Buhne zu geben. Die Frende der zuhorerschaft war offenbar, und wie hoffen mehre deutsche spiele in der zukunft zu sehen.

THERESA MEYER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This notice of the German play should have been printed in the March issue and the staff wishes to apologize for its seemingly negligence. Our excuse, however, is the best that can be offered—the copy came too late.



Senate Reports

Since the last WESTERN went to print there has been little to report in the Senate. With the Technical-Western debate the work of the debating team was over for the season, and the coming of warm weather and baseball has had its effect upon the Senate.

There have been two or three short business meetings held in the Senate which has had to convene in room 4 on account of the repairs to the assembly hall. One debate has been held upon the question of increasing our army. The affirmative of this debate was upheld by Messrs. K. Smith, Scott, and Burt, who were known as all stars (they were all sons, also), and the negative was supported by the second-year team, consisting of Messrs. C. Roberts, Richards, and Lewis. The affirmative showed that our army was small in size; that we needed guns and experienced men to man these guns, and that there was grave danger of war with Japan. The negative maintained that our army was superior to though smaller than that of other nations; that we were already overburdened with taxation for this purpose, and that what we wanted was a good army rather than a large one. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the negative, and the first and second honors of the debate were awarded to Mr. Roberts and Mr. Smith.

Before this date there will also have been held a debate upon the woman's suffrage question. The affirmative will be upheld by Miss Mildred Needham, Miss Josephine Wolhaupter, and Miss Lucy Berry, and the negative by Messrs. Richards, Lewis, and Roberts. The debate is certain to be a close and very interesting one.

As captain of the debating team I want to take this opportunity of expressing to its many friends and supporters the thanks of the team. The season just closed has not been very successful, in so far as our winning debates are concerned, but it gives the team far greater pleasure to know that its own efforts and those of its coaches have been so appreciated. Words cannot express how much the team appreciates the magnificent support which it has received from the coaches, the faculty, and especially the school, and our greatest regret is that the school which has so well supported us was not better repaid.

H. C. BLANTON.

The Western--Technical Debate

The writer once heard of two brothers who looked so exactly alike that their best friends could not tell them apart. As a result

many ludicrous, and sometimes serious, mistakes occurred. For instance, at Brother John's wedding Brother James by mistake officiated as bridegroom. It seemed that Brother James was always the loser in case a mistake occurred. But one day Brother John got thorough and satisfactory revenge. He died, and by mistake they came and buried Brother James.

The relation of this story to the Tech-Western debate is as follows: On March 29 the Western High School debating team journeyed over to the Technical High School to debate the team representing the later school on the subject, "Resolved, That the armament of the United States should be increased beyond that provided for by the present congressional policy." And it was at the close of this mighty battle that the terrible mistake occurred, for Brother Technical having died, they came and buried Brother Western, which shows how exactly alike the two brothers looked.

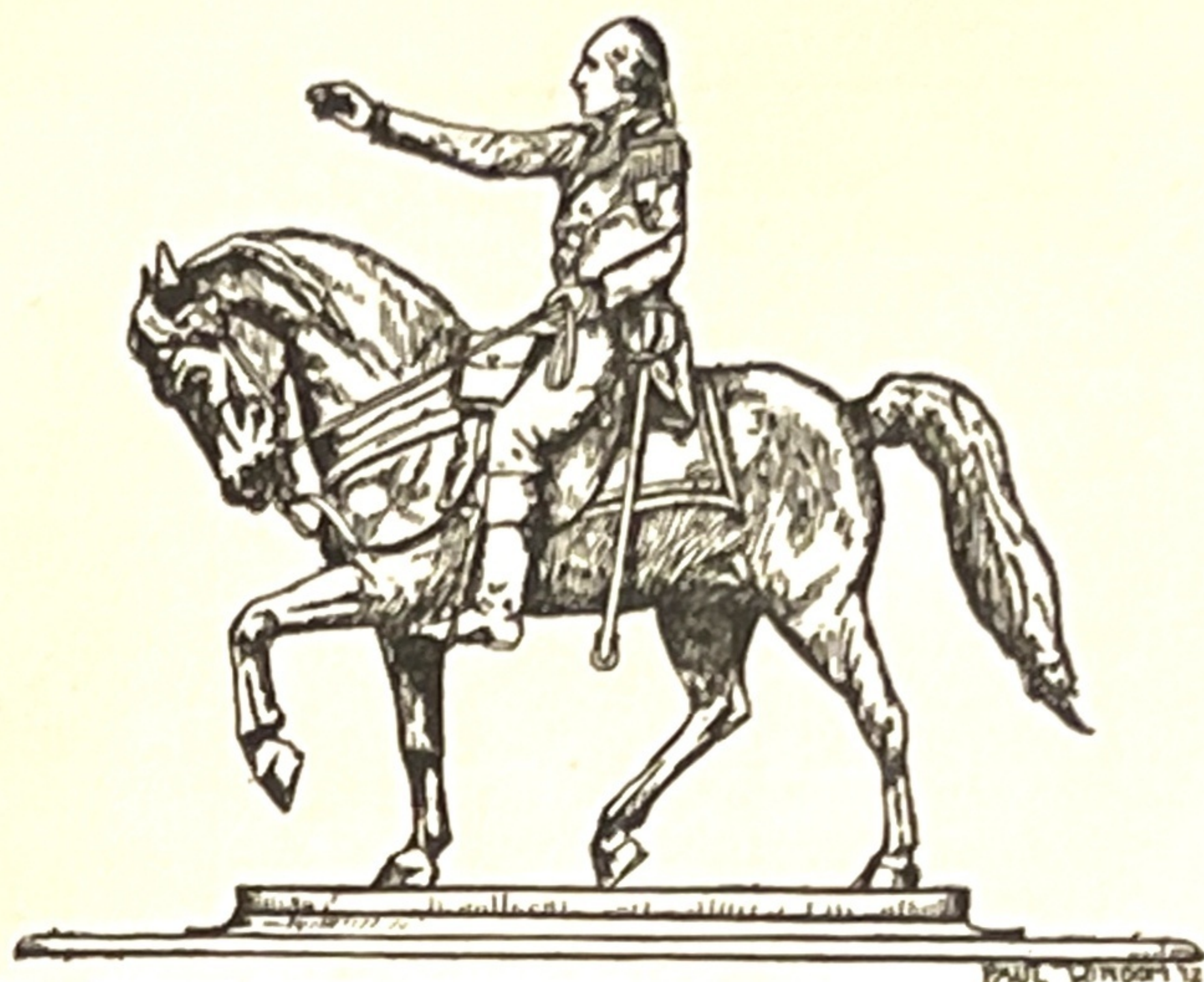
Possibly the point of the analogy is not so obvious as it might seem. We do not mean to "knock" our opponents, but to show the closeness of the debate.

Following are the details of the gruesome event:

The question has already been stated. So has the battleground. The combatants were as follows: Technical, supporting the affirmative, was represented by Francis F. Nesbit, '13; Andrew G. Bisset, '11, and Solomon Shappirio, '11, with W. L. Saunders for alternate. Western, supporting the negative, was represented by the handsome first lieutenant of Company H, James B. Lockwood, and Maurice Cohen, with Colin Campbell as alternate. The judges were Myron Jones (director of education at the Y. M. C. A.); Justice Wendell P. Stafford, of the District Supreme Court, and Alan O. Clephane, a prominent attorney. The presiding officer was Mr. Maurer, head of the history department of the District high schools.

Mr. Nesbit fired the first gun for Technical. After outlining the plan of the affirmative he proceeded to show the weakness of our coast defenses. His speech was polished and dignified. Mr. Blanton followed with a powerful and splendidly delivered speech, in which he outlined the plan of attack of the negative, and concluded by showing that, on account of the unlikelihood of war, and on account of our already enormous expenses for things military, it would be most inexpedient to increase our armament at the present time. Mr. Bisset, for the affirmative, then showed that on account of the lack of adequate navy yard facilities our Navy is practically useless. Mr. Lockwood, speaking second for the negative, showed that in number of battleships, in the number and size of guns, in the number and character of personnel, and in the efficiency of organization, we rank second only to Great Britain, even exceeding that empire in docking and repair facilities. Mr. Shappirio closed for the affirmative with a dignified speech, the exact purport of which the writer does not remember. Mr. Cohen, concluding for the negative, pointed out that, in consideration of our peculiar position in the world, our Army (supplemented with our large and efficient

(Continued on Page 26)



MILITARY NOTES

We are adding this final word at the last minute. It is all over. Company H, of '10 and '11, is now a thing of history. We lost again, but there is some satisfaction in knowing that the winning company fully deserved their laurels if they succeeded in putting up a more splendid showing than did H. Those of you who read this, and were so unlucky as not to be present on that memorable 19th of May last, can never be made to realize how much you really missed. There is no use eulogizing any longer. It was such a drill as Company H men can always be proud of, and likewise every Westernite, past, present, and future.

The faculty again repeated their old custom of the annual Company supper on the evening of the drill. This is an occasion when a man feels more and more that, after all, it is not the "whole thing" to be in the winning company, but rather that he should be an H man, win or lose. It was a time for "merry-making," and the opportunity was in no way lost. The real old "H" spirit is there, and those who have not felt its full power before awoke to a full realization of what it all means. Those suppers are something which will remain forever in the minds of those who were ever so fortunate as to partake of one as among the very happiest incident of their life. It is always an occasion for much oratory. All of the officers and ex-officers present, as well as the faculty, were called upon "to say a few words," and all responded in many degrees of fiery oration. They all voiced the sentiment which one speaker, a little more aspiring than the rest, said—"We are defeated, it is true, but conquered—never!"

Medal and Honorary Mention Winners

CONGRATULATIONS!

Corporal Julian Dowell (medal man); Corporal Burdett Olmstead (honorary mention).

SECOND YEAR OF SERVICE—Francis Byrne (medal man); Ravelle Lochridge (honorary mention).

FIRST YEAR OF SERVICE—Stuart Walcott (medal man); Bromley Sealey (honorary mention).

FIRST AWARD PRIZE WINNER—Henry Lutch (honorary mention).

6 to 3

The sun was shining brightly on
The Westernites so blue,
On joyful Tech the same sun shone—
The score was naught to two.

A man on third, on first a man,
The crowd all quiet sat,
While "Yellow" Myers walked to the pan
And tapped it with his bat.

The pitcher flung a mighty fling—
The next I'll ne'er forget—
For "Yellow" swung a mighty swing—
That ball is going yet!

From Western came a mighty cheer,
A thund'rous, joyful roar,
While fielders hunted for the sphere
On old Potomac's shore.

And little Johnny Holden, he,
I plainly wish to state,
Made Walter Johnson seem to be
A "bush" league candidate.

For fifteen men tried fifteen times
To hit his wicked ball;
These fifteen men tried fifteen times,
They tried—but that was all.

Due credit to each hero give
Who helped gain victory;
And let this score forever live:
Old Western six, Tech three.

BASEBALL



Not since the days of the great Michael have chances for bringing the baseball pennant back to the old Western looked so promising.

Out of a bunch of comparatively green material Coach Byrd has developed a team which is going to give every other aspirant for championship honors, not already met and defeated, the hardest rub imaginable.

Without doubt the team owes its success so far almost entirely to the services of its coach, together with the determined, dogged spirit with which it has fought through daily practice and reached its present position. Another fact, however, which will help the team very materially, and the news of which was received with much glee, happened along with a most unusual occurrence. With a mental shock that stunned many and left them faint, it was learned that not one of the team had flunked. Marvelous!

But there is still a very serious proposition confronting us—how to prevent an epidemic of that most dreaded of all maladies, the “swelled head.” Few of us are immune to it, and this the coach and team know as well as any one. We believe that the tenacious spirit being shown now is going to wipe out the disease before it is started and thus bring us safely past a most critical point. Certainly it was never fought more fiercely than now by the coach and the team to a man.

On April 10 the team indulged in a swat-fest upon the White Lot. The victims called themselves the Second National Bank Team, and it is to be feared that they derived little pleasure from their afternoon’s vacation from their account books. The figures still pursued them. If you don’t believe it, look at this score.

					R	H	E
W. H. S.....	4	9	6	4	1—24	15	2
2nd N. B.....	1	2	0	0	0—3	4	9

Batteries—For Western, Holden, Schofield, and Lehman. For 2nd N. B., Hall, E. Van, and S. Van.

On the 21st of April Western put up a good game against the strong team representing the American Security and Trust Co. The latter finally won out to the score of 8 to 7, but not before they were made to shiver in their boots several times. For instance, in the fourth inning, when Western sent five runners across the rubber, it was as if somebody had dashed cold water down the backs of our worthy opponents. Brother McArdle led with the stick, lacing out a triple and a two-bagger.

It is interesting to note the fact that this same team which beat us 8 to 7, defeated Georgetown University 6 to 2. Therefore, if any stock could be taken in comparative scores we should be able to trim Georgetown.

The line-up:

AMERICAN SECURITY AND TRUST CO.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McDonald, 2b	2	2	1	1	2	0
Hayes, ss	4	1	2	1	2	1
Ridle, 1b	4	1	1	8	0	0
S. Rawlings, p	4	1	2	1	3	0
Dyer, 3b	2	1	1	0	0	0
Gray, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Boykin, cf	3	1	0	1	0	0
R. Rawlings, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Brooks, c	0	1	0	8	0	1
Totals	25	8	8	21	7	2

WESTERN HIGH SCHOOL

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
A. Fuller, rf	1	1	0	1	0	0
McArdle, cf	3	0	2	3	0	0
Howard, ss	2	0	1	0	3	1
Myers, 1b	2	1	1	5	0	0
Loomis, lf	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bethel, 2b	3	1	1	0	1	1
D. Fuller, 3b	1	1	0	3	2	2
Lehman, c	2	1	0	6	1	0
Holden, p	2	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	16	7	5	18	7	4

W. H. S.....	0	0	1	5	0	1	0—
Am. Sec. and Trust.....	2	0	2	2	1	1	x—8

Two-base hits—S. Rawlings, McDonald, McArdle. Three-base hits—McArdle. Bases on balls—Off Holden, 3; off Rawlings, 10. Hit by pitched balls—By Rawlings, 2; by Holden, 2. Struck out—By Rawlings, 6; by Holden, 5. Double-play—Hays to McDonald to Ridle.

The Championship Series

STANDING OF TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Per.
Western.....	3	0	1.000
Central.....	2	1	.666
Tech.....	2	1	.666
Eastern.....	1	2	.333
Business.....	0	3	.000

Western Victor Over Technical

Western opened the interscholastic baseball season on the Georgetown field, April 25, by trouncing Tech to the tune of 6 to 3, outplaying the manual trainers in every department—batting, fielding, and base running.

As Tech was considered the strongest team in the league, and as we have not beaten them for five years, it is needlss to describe our feelings upon the subject.

Two sensations served to put some excitement in the game and set the W. H. S. rooters wild. The first came early in the game, when our illustrious captain and first-baseman, Mr. Myers, proceeded to slam the ball out of the lot with two on bases. And it was no scratch home run either, for never did anyone take a more healthy swat at a more opportune moment than did our aliant captain. When the ball was finally observed to settle far over the bank and into the graveyard, near the Ryan Gymnasium, "Yaller" could have been around the sacks twice and then some. (No exaggerating).

The other sensation was the performance of our young south-paw, Johnny Holden, who made the burly blacksmiths look like babies. The energy they wasted upon the empty air was enormous, as our pitcher was credited with fifteen strike-outs. Of the three hits made off him, two were of the scratch variety and the other a single, made by Colley in the eighth.

At the end of the game Western's gang of rooters, headed by the fog-horn-like Shoemaker, swarmed on the field and carried Johnny off on their shoulders.

The line-up was as follows:

						<i>Technical</i>					
<i>Western</i>						AB	H	O	A	E	
H. Fuller, rf1	0	2	1	0	Echendorf, rf	..3	0	1	0	0
McArdle, cf5	0	0	0	0	Schwegler, lf	...3	0	1	0	0
Howard, ss4	2	1	1	0	Lynch, cf3	1	2	0	0
Meyers, 1b3	1	7	0	0	Morris, c4	0	8	0	0
Gray, lf4	2	1	0	0	Hardie, 1b2	0	10	0	0
Bethel, 2b5	0	0	2	0	Colley, 2b3	1	0	2	0
Fuller, 3b2	0	1	1	2	Hall, 3b4	0	0	0	1
Lehman, c3	0	15	3	0	Simpson, ss2	0	0	0	1
Holden, p3	2	0	1	1	McLean, ss2	0	1	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Garland, p1	1	1	2	0
Totals30	7	27	9	3	Austin, p3	0	0	4	0
							—	—	—	—	—
						Totals30	3	24	9	2

Western	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	x—6
Technical	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—3

Runs—H. Fuller, Howard (2), Meyers, A. Fuller, Holden, Echendorf, Schwegler, Lynch. Left on bases—Western, 11; Technical, 6. First base on balls—Off Holden, 5; off Garland, 3; off Austin, 6. Innings pitched—By Garland, 2; by Austin, 6. Hits made—Off Garland, 3; off Austin, 4. Struck out—By Holden, 15; by Garland, 2; by Austin, 4. Home run—Meyers. Sacrifice hits—H. Fuller, Meyers, Lehman. Stolen bases—Lynch, Morris. Hardie, McLean.

Western Crushes Business

By defeating Business, 13 to 0, on April 3, in a very one-sided contest, Western eliminated the Stenographers from the championship race.

The game started out to be a real battle until the fifth inning, when Wood, who was in the box for the losers, developed a wild streak and walked four men in a row. He was taken out and McAleer was substituted. The latter was also wild and ineffective, as was Ford, who relieved him in the seventh.

Holden, for Western, pitched in his usual good form, allowing only five scattered hits, while the team behind him put up a beautiful exhibition. Not an error was made.

The Red and White gathered in most of their runs in the fifth and eighth innings, when, with the bases full, timely hits did the work.

The line-up:

<i>Western.</i>						<i>Business.</i>					
	AB	H	O	A	E		AB	H	O	A	E
A. Fuller, rf...	5	1	2	0	0	Flax, lf.....	4	0	1	1	0
McArdle, cf....	2	0	2	0	0	Boernstein, 3b..	4	0	3	0	1
Howard, ss.....	5	1	0	2	0	Hu't'n, cf., c....	4	1	9	1	0
Meyers, 1b.....	3	1	11	0	0	Wood, p., 1b...	4	1	2	1	0
Gray, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	Dodge, ss.....	4	2	2	1	0
Bethel, 2b.....	5	0	2	1	0	Schram, rf.....	3	0	1	0	0
D. Fuller, 3b...	3	1	1	3	0	Blundon, cf....	2	0	0	0	0
Lehman, c.....	3	0	9	1	0	McAleer, p.....	1	0	0	1	0
Holden, p.....	3	2	0	4	0	Ford, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Black, 2b.....	3	1	1	1	1
						Harr, 1b., cf., c.	2	0	5	1	0
Totals	31	6	27	11	0		—	—	—	—	—
						Totals	31	5	24	7	2

Western.....	1	0	0	1	4	1	1	5	0—13
Business.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs—A. Fuller, McArdle (2), Howard, Meyers (2), Gray (2), Bethel, D. Fuller (2), Lehman, Holden. Left on bases—Western, 12; Business, 5. First base on balls—Off Holden, 1; off Wood, 9; off McAleer, 5; off Ford, 4. Innings pitched—By Wood, 4½;

by McAleer, 1½; by Ford, 2. Hits made—Off Wood, 2; off McAleer, 2; off Ford, 2. Struck out—By Holden, 8; by Wood, 6; by McAleer, 1; by Ford, 1. Three-base hits—Hunterman, A. Fuller. Stolen bases—McArdle (3), Howard, Meyers, D. Fuller. Hit by pitcher—By McAleer, 1. Wild pitch—Wood. Passed balls—Lehman, Hunterman. Umpire—Mr. Hughes. Time of game—2 hours and 30 minutes.

Rally in the Ninth Saves Western

In one of the most exciting and closest games ever played in a District High School series, Western triumphed over Central, winning out in a beautiful batting rally in the ninth inning, when four runs crossed the plate.

Seldom, if ever, was a larger crowd seen at a high school competition of any sort, and the throng which lined the outfield and filled the bleachers must have received a supply of heart throbs that one does not often find in baseball.

To "Johnny" Holden we owe the credit of the victory, as usual. In the face of the most ragged support which the team has given him this year, he never faltered, allowing but five hits, all but one of which were of the scratch variety, and struck out fourteen. With the exception of Holden, Western seemed to have an off day, and when all things are considered, Central was lucky to give us as hard a rub as they did.

The one redeeming feature was the beautiful rally which won the game for us in the ninth inning. Scofield, batting for Lehman, rapped out a pretty single to center. Holden walked. A. Fuller was out on a pop fly to McCarthy. McArdle drew a base on balls, filling the bases. Then Howard lashed out a beautiful three-bagger, and three runs came home, tying the score. "Buck" tried to stretch it into a home run, but was caught at the plate.

We won't attempt to describe Western's cheering section at this stage of the game. Suffice it to say that the reason was plain why Garner was called "froggy" and that Shoemaker could hardly speak, either.

And then came the climax, when "Yaller" doubled to right. "Slender Little Willie" Gray tripped up to the plate, and, preserving the suspense for about five minutes by fouling everything in sight, finally landed upon the "elusive phill" and drove it over second for a single, scoring Meyers. Score, 7 to 6.

Central, having last raps, had one more chance to score, and put another scare into the Red and White when, with one out, King reached first on an error and stole second. In an attempt to steal third while Fuller was conversing with the umpire, he was caught red-handed, the latter waking up in time to take Holden's easy throw. "Johnny" wound up the game by striking out McCarthy, and Western took the taxicabs for across the creek.

The score:

<i>Western.</i>	AB	H	O	A	E	<i>Central.</i>	AB	H	O	A	E
A. Fuller, rf....	5	2	2	0	0	McDh., 2b., rf..	5	0	4	1	2
McArdle, cf....	4	1	1	0	1	Thompson, ss..	3	0	2	0	2
Howard, ss....	5	2	2	0	2	King, c.....	5	3	11	2	0
Meyers, 1b....	5	3	7	0	0	Warner, 2b., rf.	5	0	0	2	0
Gray, lf.....	4	1	0	0	0	McCarthy, 3b...	5	1	2	3	0
Fuller, 3b....	4	2	3	2	1	Adams, 1b.....	3	0	5	0	0
Bethel, 2b....	4	0	0	1	1	Van Dyne, cf...	4	0	1	0	0
Lehman, c....	3	0	10	0	1	Beach, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0
Schofield, lf....	1	1	0	0	0	Boteler, p.....	4	0	1	2	0
Pate, c.....	0	0	2	0	0	Armstrong, rf..	1	0	0	0	0
Holden, p.....	3	0	0	4	2		—	—	—	—	—
Totals	38	12	27	7	8	Totals	39	5	27	10	4

Western.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	4—7
Central.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0—6

Runs—A. Fuller, McArdle, Howard, Meyers, Schofield, Holden (2), Thompson (3), King, McCarthy, Beach. Left on bases—Western, 7; Central, 9. First base on balls—Off Holden, 3; off Boteler, 4. Struck out—By Holden, 14; by Boteler, 10. Home run—King. Three-base hits—Meyers, Howard. Two-base hit—Meyers. Stolen bases—A. Fuller, Thompson (2), King (2), Warner, Beach. Umpire—Mr. S. Hughes. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

On April 17 the team played the strong Senate aggregation, and won out in a good game by the score of 6 to 3. Schofield pitched well, allowing his opponents only four hits, while he was given fair support by the team behind him. The outcome of the game was in doubt until the seventh or eighth inning, when some timely hitting by Meyers and Howard brought in three runs.

The score:

Senate.....	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0—3
Western.....	0	0	2	1	0	3	0	0—6

Captain Tanner of the Track Team is arranging a very attractive program for the Inter-Class Meet, which will be held soon after the spring entertainment, on the rear lot.

The usual events will be on the list, with special events for the smaller boys.

Blue, red, and white badges will be given for first, second and third places, and points accredited 3, 2, 1, respectively. The greatest point-winner will be presented with a handsome banner.

Everyone is eligible, irrespective of scholarship, and it is expected that each class will send a large representation.

The cooperation and presence of the teachers and all pupils who do not enter is requested.

New Eligibility Rules in Athletics

The rules governing high school athletics were recently changed in a late meeting of the athletic advisors. The rules as they now stand are printed below:

To be eligible to compete in any inter-high school championship game the contestant,

1. Must be taking three major subjects, two of which must be included in the following list:

Eng.	Math.	Germ.	Com. Geog.
Phys.	Chem.	His.	Phys. Geog.
Lat.	Greek	S. Hand	Com. Law
Span.	French	B'k'p'ng	Biol.

2. Must be enrolled not later than October 15th for the first semester —not later than February 15th for the second semester.
3. Must have received at least two advisory and one semester reports prior to his participation, but nothing in the rule shall be construed as vitiating the eligibility of a boy who, having satisfied this residence rule, shall have been out of school for one or more semesters preceding his participation in sport, provided he shall not have been in attendance at any other school in the meanwhile.
4. Must not have received compensation for athletic services nor have received a cash prize in any contest, nor have competed under an assumed name.
5. Must be under 21 years of age.
6. Must not be a graduate of any high school in a four years' course.
7. May not have participated in the local championship games for more than four years. Any participation in one inter-high school contest in any branch of athletics shall count as competition for one year in all branches.
8. (a) May not represent his school during the next following advisory period if he receives a P or D on an advisory or semester report, except that a mark of D on a semester report removed not later than fourteen days after the beginning of the new semester shall not disqualify.
 (b) A withheld mark shall disqualify until entered.
 (c) A dropped study in which unsatisfactory work was being done shall be considered as having received the mark of D at the end of the advisory period unless a subject substituted for it shall receive a passing mark.



Dr. Newton—"If Hydrogen and Oxygen form water what will chloroform?"

Miss Wallace—How do you like magnetism?

Garner—Oh, it's a very attractive subject.

A Common Fate

"It is a terrible thing," said the prisoner, "to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police."

"But you will not be alone, my friend," replied the philanthropic visitor; "the same thing happens to people who own automobiles."—Ex.

Mr. Jenkins—"Ah, my little man, won't you give me a kiss?"
Louis (hiding bashfully in his mama's gown): "You do it, ma."

Modern Artfulness

"Shame on you. You come home last night actually tipsy."

"So I did, my dear. I just couldn't resist the pleasure of seeing two of you at once."—Ex.

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a button in this salad?"
"Dat am part ob de dressin', sah."—Ex.

I have seen many laughable things in my time,
And read funny stories in prose and in rhyme;
But none will amuse me quite as much as that
Of an elderly gentlemen chasing a hat.
When I sit by the fire while the wild March winds howl,
As sad as a monk in his cassock and cowl,
My spirits will rise from the depths of despair
As I think of a man with much tousled hair
And an embonpoint large, or in other words, fat,
Who is wildly pursuing his prodigal hat. —T. R.

If Ty Cobb is a great player, is Lake Superior? (Woofs, my dear.)

Adaptations From Earle

A pot poet—Fredrick.
 An idle galant—Krentzlen.
 An old college butler—Upman.
 A young man—Cutler Vickery.
 A mere formal man—Wallace.
 A bold, forward man—C. Smith.
 A younger brother—Ashmead.
 A simple country gentleman—Garner.
 A demure maid—Miss Campbell.
 A mere dancing man—Parris.

Miss Brewer: Learn the names of the presidents. When you once get them in your head, you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

"Give the first person, singular."
 Freshie: "Adam."

Pat, I thought I hired you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day.

Ye did, sor.

Well, I've been watching you, and you've only done it a half day to-day. The other half you spent coming down the ladder.

Oi'll thry to be doin' betther tomorry, sor.—Ex.

Fleas

"I always thought that fleas were black,
 But now I'm sure that isn't so,
 For Mary had a little lamb,
 Whose 'fleas' where white as snow."

A hateful error—"Julius Caesar."

He will steal, sir—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire—"Love's Labor Lost."

He has killed a fly—"Titus Andronicus."

What an arm he has—"Coriolanus."

They cannot sit at ease on the old bench—"Romeo and Juliet."

Many Play the Position

Mrs. Neighbor—"They tell me your son is in the college football eleven."

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Neighbor—"Can you tell me what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the draw-backs."

Flunked

(Tune of Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

In the library we sit,
Thinking father dear, of you,
And the epithets you'll use on our reports,
For we know you'll hate to see
That in Latin we got D,
And besides you may be feeling out of sorts.

Chorus

Flunked, flunked, flunked, the boys are saying,
No more base ball team for me,
And unless we quit our fooling and get down to honest schooling,
Ds in English and in Physics we will see.

When we ponder on our lot
And the marks we might have got
We are liable to feel a little mad,
For we know the stuff all right
But we couldn't say it quite,
And our memories had acted very bad.

Chorus.

We resolve to bone all night
Till we make it up all right,
And one night we really work an hour or two;
But alas for golden dreams,
On all other nights it seems,
That we really have some other things to do.

Chorus.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous and florid magistrate, "you are charged with stealing a hog, a very serious offense in this district. There has been a great deal of hog stealing, and I shall make an example of you or none of us will be safe."—Ex.

Mr. Ernest—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?
Freshman—For the same reason that the chicken crossed the road. You don't get me on any of them riddles.

Shakespeare on Baseball

I will go root—"Richard III."
Now you strike like the blind man—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Out, I say—"Macbeth."
I will be short—"Hamlet."
Thou canst not hit it; hit it, hit it—"Love's Labor Lost."
He knows the game—"Henry VI."

(Continued from Page 13)

militia) was as large as was required, and that in efficiency we were peerless. Mr. Cohen's speech was a superb piece of argument. He did not confine himself to his speech, but continually brought forward extemporaneous refutation. His speech was the only piece of genuine debating given in the high school debates this year.

After uniformly good refutation the judges handed down their decision, which was two to one in favor of the affirmative.

IF (with customary apologies)

If you can hold your tongue when all about you
Are wagging theirs and shouting things at you;
If you can trust your brief when others flout you,
Yet pay attention to their flouting, too;
If you can wait and not grow tired of waiting,
To get a word in edgewise, here and there,
If you can understand when seven voices
With seven punk suggestions pierce the air.

If you can read, and not get lost in reading;
If you can reconcile conflicting views;
If you can face stern logic, nothing heeding,
Nor knuckle under to a fit of blues;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Misrepresented by the other team,
And find your strongest points are smashed and broken,
Because some "gink" has babbled in a dream.

If you can work for weeks at this debating,
And lose the verdict by a "two to one,"
And sigh and start again, no zeal abating,
And spend your car fare as though it were fun;
If you can stand unanimous decision
When it's against you, and look just the same,
And feel opponents' ill concealed derision,
But try to show the world that you are game.

If you can fill four minutes refutation,
With forty minutes worth of learned "guff,"
And never give the slightest intimation
That most of what you say is really bluff;
If you can fire figures by the million,
Or other facts whose weight is just a ton,
Don't think you've caught the judges' vote, by jingo,
The other side is apt to win, my son.



HOWARD SHIELD McCANDLISH
President of Class

THE WESTERN

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No. 8

Salutatory

It is my pleasant duty this evening to welcome the parents, teachers, and friends of the Class of 1911. Your presence among us at the time when we are fast approaching the last of our happy Western days, gives us inspiration, comfort, and assurance—inspiration because the sight of your faces, lighted with an interest in our simple doings, could not fail to inspire; comfort and assurance because it always means so much for one to have the well-wishes and hearty sympathy of those near and dear to him when he is concluding what appears to him to be one of the important stages of his career and is entering upon a new stage whose pleasures and trials are still quite unknown. We are inclined to wonder whether your pleasure in being with us is as great as our pleasure in having you here. Of course, we take it for granted that our parents are cheerful sufferers in being with us this warm evening, but when it comes to our teachers it is a question in our minds whether these long-suffering friends of ours, who have borne with our stupidity, laziness and other traits common to the high school pupil, are relieved at the thought that their days of struggle with us are no more, or whether they are moved more greatly by the pleasure of the sight of us here as the products of their efforts. And last, but by no means least, when we think of the sedate alumni, haughty upper-classmen of our own insignificant early years at Western, we wonder whether they, in common with many others who have partially forgotten their own youthful days, look at us sadly and say, "Alas! is this the graduating class? How inferior to those of our time!" Or whether they gaze upon us, moved with admiration, and say, "How wonderful have the classes of dear old Western grown to be."

But whether their thoughts be favorable or unfavorable, whether they admire or censure us, we of the Class of 1911, individually and collectively, are grateful that it is our privilege to be members of this particular class. Perhaps you may not agree with us regarding this. However, after our historian has told you of the deeds, good, bad and otherwise, that have been done by us in the past four years, and after our prophet has confided to you the secret of the wonderful fate which lies in store for each of us, we confidently hope you will be prejudiced in our favor. But at any rate we, the members of this class, are glad to see you here, and extend to you, each and all, a most hearty welcome.

ISABEL M. LUCEY.

Class History

It has generally been the custom for the historians of the several graduating classes at Western, in relating the events of the class through its high school career, to put themselves into a dream and place their imagination three or four years in the future. Whether in omitting this far-fetched scene-setting it was because I was not able to dream, or whether it was because I wished to make an exception to the general custom, in order to be no exception to the general character of this class, I will leave to your own decision. In making my statement that this class is always an exception, it is not my least intention to lower that standard which has been so well sustained by our predecessors at this school. It might not become us to say how far the standard has been raised. However, history demands facts, and the general opinion is that this statement that our class is a marked exception to the general rule, is a fact.

You have all undoubtedly heard the expression that March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. For once, this class was obstinate, and chose rather to come in like a lamb and go out like a lion. And, ladies and gentlemen, we carried out our plan to perfection. To have seen this class four years ago, you would hardly have recognized any one of us—not even the “chewing-gum eaters,” of whom “Jack” Bushnell, that stern and business-like editor of this year’s paper, was the leader. Four years ago our friend Bushnell might have been seen, attired in knee pants, white blouse and Buster Brown collar, hurrying along the corridor for fear of being late to his next recitation. But four years has made quite a difference. Here comes our same friend, slowly strolling down the hall, attired in a new gray tweed, bowing this way and that to his feminine admirers and stopping now and then to have a word with one of his classmates, or to give good advice to his underclassmen. Finally, he reaches his destination and strolls into his class five minutes late. But what does he care? For now he is a Senior, with whom five minutes makes little difference. He is only one of eighty of us. We were all the same way four years ago; but, my, how time will change a person!

Well do I remember that first day at Western. Being a little early for the upper-classmen, we managed to get inside of the building without having our new, stiff collars soiled or the new shines on our shoes besmeared with mud by those awful Juniors and Seniors. We were immediately ushered to the Study Hall, where I had my first chance at seeing the class together. In one corner a few of the boys gathered together to admire a group of the girls who stood in the other far corner. Lansburgh and young Micou, otherwise known as “Mutt” and “Jeff,” for want of something better to talk about, were earnestly discussing the prospects of evading the hazing which is always administered the newcomers in the high school. In the meantime, quite a group of both boys and girls had gathered around Scofield, who was demonstrating the use of the desks with the hinged tops. Finally, we were called to order



MISS AVONNELLE
CROCKETT
Vice-President of
Class



FRANK SCOFIELD
Treasurer of Class

and told to fill out our entrance slips in our best handwriting. This was impossible, for our hands would tremble, no matter how hard we tried to steady them. Signatures finally accomplished to the best of our ability, we were divided into sections, according to our courses, and sent to our class rooms. A 1 went to Miss McKnight, in what was then Room 10; B 1 to Miss Brewer, in Room 9; C 1 to Miss Von Seyfried, in Room 13, and D 1 to Miss Turner in Room 3.

After a few instructions from our classroom teachers as to books, etc., we were dismissed for the day. In passing out, I noticed McCandlish, president of the class, gazing out of the window, his eyes directed toward a large group of boys who had assembled outside Mrs. Muntz's store. He wondered why they were there, and so did I. We both found out about ten minutes later. As far as singing "Hop along, dear old Western," was concerned, we did not mind that a bit, but when it came to climbing lamp-posts after one's shoes, and having pie smeared in your face, and bending over for the paddle, that did not come so easily. Our collars were soiled by the finger-marks of their hands after they had lifted us around by the neck a few times, and our shirts were torn by their rough treatment. But what could we expect? We were merely Freshmen, and these were the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, who, in their estimation, had a perfect right to do what they pleased with us. This continued off and on for the first week of school, and then things began to settle down and school resumed its serious aspect.

By the way, the only encouragement we received from the upper-classmen were beautiful quotations, such as "You're young, but you'll grow," and "Great minds in little bodies; so cheer up, Freshmen!" Everyone knows how difficult it is to become accustomed to high school life, and so it was fully a month before we began to feel the least bit at home. By degrees, however, we became more used to our surroundings, and before the middle of the year some of us really began to look intelligent.

Being so wrapped up in our study of Mathematics, English, Latin, German and History, as all good Freshmen should be, we had little time for any of the school interests; and so not until our Sophomore year did we begin to show that we were something else than students. Wickersham, however, did demonstrate his ability as a Marathoner by chasing a car almost to Dupont Circle one afternoon before he caught it. It is too bad we had to lose such a good track man before he could have a chance to show his ability in competition with something else than a street car.

Now let us turn over a page and proceed to our second year. Then things began to assume a brighter aspect for us. We then had some of those poor, dejected Freshmen upon whom we could look down, but we could not forget those Juniors and Seniors to whom we could look up; or should I say they would not let us forget. In athletics football was the first thing which drew our attention. We were represented on the team that year by Garner, Scofield and Stone. Stone has since left school to take up a course at the A. & N. Preparatory School. In the high school series, after

defeating Business, Eastern and Central, we were defeated by Tech, thereby obtaining second place in the championship race. The aforementioned Bushnell began his literary career, and was appointed an associate editor on the school paper. We were represented on the debating team by Krentzlin, who, because of absence, has since joined the third year class. In baseball Stone and Upton, both of this class, played on the team. To add to the excitement, Garner began to comb his hair a la "Teddy Bear," and joined that club known as the "fussing club," all in the same year. I must mention the fact that at this point we caught up and passed Eddie Donovan, a charter member of the school. Up to this time Gorman managed to get to school in time on an average of three times a week, but the third year brought down his average considerably. But one incident was there which cast a gloom over our happiness. In this year one of our classmates, Belle Cissel, after much suffering, died of brain fever.

Juniors, did you say? Yes; really we were in the third year, and, oh, how that special reduction brought out those long pants! Fully fifteen of the class made their appearance on the opening day in these pants of additional cloth. Why, even Knight, one of our smallest members, had to be in style and wear a pair. Up to this time the girls had had little to say, but now they began to loom up, especially in their hairdressing; for the way those 98-cents-a-dozen puffs at Kann's attracted them was something wonderful. Of course, they must keep up with those Senior girls, and so we cannot blame them in the least. Mrs. Muntz had sold out her shop, much to the sorrow of all the boys, and few frequented that old and never forgotten place of rendezvous. In athletics this year we starred. In fact, besides being well represented on all the teams, the captains of track and baseball, Tanner and Stone, were both of the Class of 1911. In debating we were equally as successful, the entire team, Cohen, Bethel, Blanton, Lockwood and Bushnell, manager, being of this class.

Up to this time we had claimed the smallest boy in school in our class, but then his brother entered school, Mr. Micou third, and as far as miniaturess is concerned he has his brother beat a mile.

And now to enter upon the last and most successful quarter of our high school career. Those of you who have never been Seniors in the public high schools do not know what you have missed. It is beyond a doubt one of the most pleasant years in a person's life. The Senior year of this class is one upon which it must and will be complimented. Greatly handicapped by the incessant noise of the workmen about the building in making our beautiful additions, we graduate as a class having one of the highest general averages in studies that a class at Western has ever had. Two of our members, Theresa Meyer and Harry Blanton, graduate with a uniform record of Excellent for their four years—a record upon which the class wishes to congratulate them, and a record of which the class is proud. In athletics this year we were equally successful. Much to the sorrow of the entire school, football had to be abandoned on

account of injuries and deficiencies in studies. In track, however, we won the inter-scholastic championship.

Then came the class elections, and after a long and tedious afternoon of arguing and balloting the following were selected to fill offices:

For President—H. Shield McCandlish.

For Vice-President—Miss Avonnelle Crockett.

For Secretary—Miss Margaret Scofield.

For Treasurer—Frank A. Scofield.

In this election the class seemed to show a particular liking for blondes, as all four of the officers are decided ones.

In baseball we tied with Tech for the inter-scholastic championship. It was largely due to the great pitching of Holden (needless to say of this class) that we were able to make such an excellent record. This year a novel plan of governing has been instituted—that of an advisory council. Six, three boys and three girls, from each class, are elected by their classes to act on the council, which is to advise Miss Westcott on matters of general school interest. To leave the school in a good financial condition, a spring festival was given, from which about \$700 was realized. Whether it was because this class was about to be graduated that we realized such a large sum, I am not in a position to say.

Far be it from me to say that we would rather make this class night a love feast all our own than listen to others wiser than ourselves, but, at any rate, we have, for the first time in the history of a class night at the school, omitted an outside speaker, rather preferring to give the entire evening to the members of the class.

Here endeth the reading of the history of that illustrious Class of 1911—a class which will never be forgotten by any of its members, and one which will long be remembered *as a class* in the annals of W. H. S.

I thank you.

Class Song

Tune—"Maryland, My Maryland."

I.

We sing thy praise with glad acclaim,
Western High, O Western High.
We are the boys who win the game,
Western High, O Western High.
We march ahead while others lag;
We proudly stand beneath the flag,
And never, never, do we brag.
Western High of Washington.

II.

The class of Nineteen-Seven stands,
Western High, O Western High.
The finest yet that ere clasped hands,
Western High, O Western High.
From North, from South, from East, from West,
All realize our school's the best,
And proud we are she bears the test.
Western High of Washington.

III.

So here's to all the boys and girls,
Western High, O Western High.
The manly boys and girls with curls,
Western High, O Western High.
And when we leave these dear old walls,
Remember well when duty calls
Your Alma Mater and her halls.
Western High of Washington.

HOWARD S. McCANDLISH.

The Prophecy

BY JAMES BOOTH LOCKWOOD

Mr. President, Classmates of '11, Ladies and Gentlemen;

You may little suspect that here in our midst this evening we have an unrevealed investigator into the unknown. The facts that I am about to disclose to you will cause one of the greatest stirs that the newspapers, and, indeed, the scientific world, has ever felt. Classmates of '11, I am about to discover to you the astounding circumstances in the investigations of Mr. Bushnell.

Tho it is not generally known, Mr. Bushnell has been engaged in research, scientific and otherwise, with particular inquiry into the nature and use of certain dream-producing powers, such as opium, hashish, and other narcotics. These investigations had been going on for some time, when, only a short while ago, I had occasion to spend an evening at the home of our friend. Bushnell, for some time after dinner, remained quietly contemplative. Something was evidently burdening his mind. He spoke little, and that in short snatches, and in this mood continued for about an hour. I was wondering what so kept his spirits down, when thus the sage addressed me:

"Say, Jimmie, how are you coming on with that class prophecy?"

"Rather slowly," said I. Then, seized by a sudden intuition, I anticipated him, and quickly said: "Why? Have you discovered anything by which you could help me?"

He started (I saw I had divined rightly), and again slowly removed the tip of the water-pipe from his lips. (Yes; he was smoking!)

"I have," he replied; "and it won't be long before I shall have the whole scientific world, that has so long denied me recognition, groveling at my feet, '*Manus supplex ad sidera tolleus*.'"

Here he quoted a few lines from Virgil. Bushnell, as is also not generally known, is a finished Latin scholar. I could see by this that he was thoroly warmed to his subject, and begged him to tell me what he knew.

"This scientific revelation," he finally announced, "has come only after months of patient experimenting after school in the Western laboratory. I will not confuse your unscientific mind with formulas known only to myself and the chemists of ancient Egypt, but shall simply state that after many fruitless experiments I finally produced a mixture of hashish and other ingredients which accomplished the desired effect—complete somnambulization, attended with the power of looking into the future."

Having thus spoken, the sage resumed his quiet manner, and, taking me by the arm, led me up several flights of stairs to a model laboratory, fitted out with reclining chairs and a study table. Here Bushnell bade me have a chair, filled a curious little steel-tipped pipe with a curious dark-green substance (somewhat the color of Aspinwall's suit), and lighted it.

"Now, Jimmy," said he, "you may satisfy to the full your desire for prophetic vision."

Then, drawing a few puffs from the sibyllic agent, he, without seeming to be visibly affected himself, gently exhaled the pungent fragrance in my direction. In an instant I was completely suffused in a veil of oblivion. The sensations of the subsequent transmutation I cannot express, except to say that I seemed to be passing thru a vast, nebulous waste, meeting with alternate flashes of color and noise, which caused me to think feverishly of Reed's socks, until finally I emerged upon a broad expanse, attended by an endless, dreamy sound, like Miss Wheat's recitations in history class.

Scattered here and there over the plain were huge cylindrical buildings, variously placarded. In an instant I realized that I was in the midst of a huge collection of panorama buildings, containing historic scenes from the Fall of Troy to the second Tech-Western game. But one, I recognized to my joy and relief, was none other than the panorama of the future of the Class of '11. On its side, in red and white letters as tall as the owner, was written: "Come and see this startling display. It is class from start to finish. Owned by Richard Lansburgh. Manager, Lansburgh." Passing within, I was met by the versatile owner, attired in the uniform of showman. Adopting his characteristic voice of diffident reserve, he begged that I would give audience to his show. The place was quite free of crowds, and with so accomplished a lecturer as Lansburgh I was scarcely able to contain myself for joy at this chance that a kind Providence had thrust in my way. Encompassing us on all sides were the cylindrical walls within which the destinies of my '11



HARRY CULLEN
BLANTON
Valedictorian



MISS ISABEL LUCEY
Salutatorian

classmates coursed in endless round. To the view of the audience, the walls were bare on all sides except for one square space, in front of which the lecture platform was located, where Lansburgh, armed with a pointer and an endless vocabulary, only part of which I shall attempt to quote, explained the pictures as they presented themselves. Lansburgh announced that the figures in the pictures that presented themselves in this frame were capable of action, and that a phonograph attachment would reproduce all possible conversation. With a graceful movement of his left foot, he set the mechanism in motion and introduced me to the first picture.

A Massachusetts landscape presented itself to my astonished vision. Beating it across somebody's handsome lawn was Dunc Fuller, striving with that subtle grace which characterized his daily gallop up to old Western, to catch the trolley car. He made it by a lively sprint, and with a winning smile toward the resisting conductress (none other than Miss Baker), climbed in the back window, utterly unconscious of having done anything extraordinary. Lansburgh informed me that he was the professor of physical culture at Harvard, and had settled in one of the suburbs around Boston, where he was raising his three sons, Thomas, James, and Duncan, by the strict tenets of the simple life.

The scene shifted to a court room, where the Cowen twins were stoutly supporting Miss Maher (!), captain of the National basketball team, as defendant in a damage suit instituted by Miss Stewart, captain of the Georgetown basketball team. Miss Stewart maintained that in the last game between the two teams she had entered with her well-known abundance of hair, and that when the game had ended, as she tearfully bore evidence, she had not only suffered an appreciable loss of her hirsute adornment, but had been rudely pushed and shoved. She demanded that Miss Maher should beg her pardon and restore the braid which had been cut off.

The next turn of the panorama disclosed Blanton, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, hearing testimony against the suits of Read and Courts. Lansburgh told me that they had just bought an outo from the firm of Benjamin Micou & Co., that was reputed to have two speeds, high and higher.

Another shift of the panorama, and there was Miss Wheat in front of a quaint old Southern mansion, dealing out tales of colonial Virginia to her friend, Miss Bitzer, who had become "gym" instructress at Vassar.

Tho the next scene might appear surprising to the casual observer, it needed no explanation for one who had ever been to Western. For there was Knight, wearing an admiral's uniform, conferring with Captain Richmond as to how best to punish Rector for sundry humorous verses aimed at said Ad. It seemed that Rector had received every kind of punishment for his verses that naval discipline allowed; they had even made him read his own poems, but it had been of no avail. While his superiors were thus deliberating, Rector ground out the following fragment:

"Admiral Knight did suck his thumb
And idly pulled his hair.
He even tapped upon his head,
But, alas, there was nothing there!"

Knight smiled hopelessly.

This picture faded into a view of Annapolis itself, where, on one of those broad highways that have made this town a rival of Alexandria, Miss McQuade and Miss Morris had set up their offices, with a sign reading "The Annapolitan Intelligence," where the uninitiated might learn, for a moderate fee, any detail of naval etiquette.

From Annapolis one's attention was turned to a quiet, sylvan scene, where the Misses Johnson, Kimball and Conry, "The Sisters of Silence," were holding prominent parts in a noiseless tableau. The phonograph had almost stopped running when I caught the following effusion: "I certainly do envy Miss Dortch. She has just received a position as chief librarian in Alexandria, where her gentle, restrained voice will be appreciated."

Following this was a life-sized representation of Burt, the Chesterfield of Room 3, in the ecstatic convolutions of his famous bow. Lansburgh informed me that when not engaged in his labors of etiquette Burt busied himself as pastor of a large congregation. His favorite sermon was on "The Religion of Manners."

Burt's appearance was quite a fitting introduction to the following scene, where, the center of attraction in the brilliantly lighted West Point ballroom, Miss Peary was exercising her conversational powers on a bevy of cadets, with Bethel in the foreground.

Lansburgh gave an impatient jerk to the lever to hasten the next picture, from which I judged it was a popular one with him. Indeed, it might be, for there, as pitcher for the Washington ball team, Johnny Holden was winding up for his well-known in-and-out drop. Gray, as captain of the Harper's Ferry Independents, was at the bat, unostentatiously balancing the willow for a hard hit. The ball sped on, only to have Gray put a hardwood finish to it for a two-bagger, letting in two men and tying the score. At this juncture Lansburgh forgot himself, and, frantically waving his arms, started a yell. He suddenly recovered himself, however, and with an embarrassed smile introduced the next picture.

Here, in a large and noisy hall, Miss Crockett, ably supported by the Misses McCumber, Nolan and Burkett, was heading the race for president of the D. A. R. Miss Dodge was dwelling in the "House that Jack Built," just opposite the D. A. R. hall. I asked Lansburgh why she hadn't settled in a less noisy place, such as Cleveland Park, where Miss Combes lived. He replied that she liked the excitement.

Again a huge building displayed itself. To a spellbound audience, Professor McCartney was elaborating on "The Whatness of the Where," concluding with the illuminating statement, "If so, why not?" Close inspection revealed the fact that what appeared to be rapt attention on the part of the audience was nothing less than deep and placid slumber. Farther down on the same side of the street could be seen the sign of the law firm of "Hale & Snow."

The next scene disclosed a fashionable highway, along which, in a taxi, sped Miss Hanvey and Miss Updegraff. That they were going to the opera I could plainly see, as Miss Hanvey had just

fastened a huge sign on the back of the machine, reading, "Miss Loud will appear in 'Carmen.' She has just returned from a season's tour in Europe." Miss Hanvey, Lansburgh informed me, had also been to Europe, where, in Switzerland, she had been cultivating her voice.

Here he called my attention to the next scene, where the opera was being held. A huge sign across the front explained itself. It read: "Chew Chew's Chewing Gum." Chew, after his graduation from Western, had entered upon a checkered career. In fact, he took up gambling; would match pennies by the hour, and sometimes took chances on nickels. But Providence had something better in store for him; he became convinced of the error of his way and started a chewing gum industry. Eventually he became rich and endowed several colleges and the Chew Opera House, all of which he insisted must be decorated with his well-known advertisement. Lansburgh told me that only two days before the Misses Rucker, Arnold and McDonnel had given their annual song festival at the White House.

The following scene depicted Miss Negley and Miss Payne as joint editresses of that column of *The Ladies' Home Jungle* entitled "The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman." Next to them were the offices of Miss Crittenden and Miss Dawson, who answered all inquiries relating to "good manners and good form." Miss Dawson was answering one query which read thus: "I am very much pleased with my Scotch costume, having been told that I look better in it than in anything else. I can't wear it outside, but I have had several offers to appear in dime museums in this costume. Would you accept?" (Signed) "Frank Clark."

Lansburgh now informed me that I would be shown a series of those who had distinguished themselves in their scholarly pursuits. As an introduction, he said that Miss Linkins had become principal of the same division of Washington schools as that in which Miss O'Brien was mistress of playgrounds. Gorman had just written his latest vindication, entitled "Why I Did It," or "Why I Didn't." Miss Wrightson and Miss Meyer, Lansburgh further informed me, had also published the ninth volume of their "Latin Encyclopedia." At Wellesley the Misses Brown, Rogers and Thrift had become distinguished for their writings on domestic economy.

Hastily releasing the lever, Lansburgh caused the panorama to proceed. The first scene was that of Parris at Yale, where he had gone, having heard that Yale possessed the highest social reputation. He was still struggling over a problem that had puzzled him at Western. It read something like this: "If two || lines are || to a third line, they are || to each other." Menzel was there also, and even as the scene shifted I heard him ask Parris why he was always behind in his lessons. "Why," replied he, "because there is no other way of pursuing them!" I started to demolish the phonograph for having transmitted such a bum joke, when Lansburgh checked me to show me the next picture.

It was a huge convention of the faculty and students of Wisconsin University, waiting, as Lansburgh informed me, to confer the

honor of Dean of Women upon Miss Forsythe. Finally, in despair of her ever coming, the ceremony was started and Miss Clark was made dean instead. The scene shifted, revealing the late Miss Forsythe as she rushed in, exclaiming that she had to wait on the corner for a car. I recognized Miss Newell, who occupied the Chair of Poetry at this college. She had just published her latest splash, entitled "The Night Fell Upon the Sea."

Another shift of the panorama and another vista of the future was opened up. Anyone could see it was Coville, despite the rustic costume. His disguise was complete except for the spreading straw hat, which he had removed to allow his Teddy Bear hair-cut to stand unrestricted. He seemed in evident distress, anxiously examining the leaves of a huge tomato plant for something that wasn't there. I asked Lansburgh what was wrong, and was told that Miss Scofield and Miss Schneider had discovered a new kind of tomato bug which flew by day and fed by night. They had transported thousands of these bugs to their laboratories, next to Coville's farm, with the result that the things had escaped and were playing havoc with Coville's prize-winning tomatoes. So Coville worried by day and sought by night, and in this sleepless existence had become a skeleton of his former self.

In the next scene I beheld Captain Bantz, of the Horse Marines, commanding his troops in the inaugural parade. His fine, clear voice could be heard for a mile as he shouted, "Attention, men! Keep your faces in front of you!"

Seeing Bantz reminded me of Company H, and I was about to ask Lansburgh what had become of Meany, when the next scene came on, and there was Meany planting the Stars and Stripes at the South Pole. With characteristic modesty, he had attached the following note: "None of the honor is due me. It was Micou's electric sledge that brot me here." There was also a P. S., which read: "Micou's sledge won't run, so I don't see how I'll get back."

"And now," announced Lansburgh, "we shall see the greatest triumph of modern times. It is class. Look!" Before my eyes floated a vast expanse of buildings, complete and incomplete. On one side of the corner lamp-post was marked "Thirty-fifth Street" and at right angles to it "Muntz Boulevard." The mass of buildings was Western High, and on the northeast corner stood "The Cahill Amusement House." Western, as Lansburgh explained to me, was now run by Miss Merriam, as principal, whose administration had become so universally popular as to cause a wholesale exodus from the other high schools to Western. Matinee day had been restored, company dances were given every two weeks, and all study hours were now termed free periods, to be spent in the "Cahill Amusement House," where a continual performance was held for the benefit of the students. Besides this, new additions were being constantly completed. They were just finishing a postoffice, presided over by Miss Ambrose. Her personal mail exceeded that received by the school, Lansburgh told me. The music department was in charge of Miss Knight, and all freshmen sat in a class-room where Miss Lucey held supreme rule. Lansburgh informed me that she had

great influence over her young charges, but I thought to myself that her influence did not end here.

Having viewed the school, I asked Lansburgh for a nearer view of the "Cahill Amusement House." Another turn of the panorama, and there, at close range, I beheld a large-sized edition of Mrs. Muntz's store. On a huge billboard was placed the legend, "The Muntz Glee Club, consisting of Messrs. Cahill, Garner (returned from a season's run in Falls Church), and Shoemaker will appear today in a charming little opera, entitled, 'Home Ain't Nothing Like This.' "

Lansburgh said that their last tri-weekly performance at the Chew Opera House had been a howling success.

"Now, this last picture," announced Lansburgh, "is the culmination of Professor Bushnell's experiments in somnambulistic research. The state that you now observe him in he has continued in for over seven years, and not even the knowledge of McCandlish, the world-famous diagnosing physician, has been of avail." Thereupon my faithful interlocuter brot before my terror-stricken gaze the figure of my friend Bushnell, apparently recumbent in the sleep of death. McCandlish, with characteristic gravity, was making his concluding remarks on the case. From force of habit, I became all attention, lest one of his words of wisdom should escape me. Taking hold of the edge of his frock coat, as of yore, he addressed the group of consulting physicians around the bedside thus:

"Tho to those who had not known him the appearance of our friend Bushnell would belie him as dead, I, who know him, am convinced that he yet lives, and, in fact, looks as natural as ever. However, he has remained thus for seven years, and will continue so indefinitely. Meanwhile, he is incurring daily expense upon those in charge of him. This thing's got to end somewhere, and so I have made arrangements for his immediate interment."

As the phonograph transmitted this last sentence to my horror-stricken thoughts, I lunged forward toward the scene before me in a determined attempt to rescue my friend. I crashed thru the mechanism with a cry of "He still lives!" with such force as to shake off the power of the narcotic, to find myself in Bushnell's laboratory with the real, the present-day Bushnell struggling in my grasp.

Class Song

Tune—"Rings On My Fingers."

I.

There is a class that we all know;
It's Nineteen Hundred Eleven.
And who can say that we are slow,
We classmates ten times seven?
We're proud of Nineteen Eleven,
As we should justly be.
The reason you'll soon see.
Just listen now to we.

Chorus.

For we have football stars a plenty,
And an expert pitcher, too.
Marvels at oratory,
There's nothing we can't do.
So sing the praise of our wondrous class,
For we love her faithfully.
We're proud of dear old Nineteen Eleven,
As we should be.

II.

When we leave old Western's wall,
May we never forget,
Whene'er our Alma Mater calls,
We're Nineteen Eleven yet.
For, tho' scattered over land and sea,
We'll all return to her.
We again will shout in glee;
Just listen now to we.

Chorus.

Class Song, 1911

Tune—"Old Kentucky Home."

I.

Oh, we say good-bye to the dear old Western High.
With the school we love so well our parting's nigh.
For four years now we've waited for this day,
When the Class of 1911 goes away.

Chorus.

We're sad to leave old Western,
We cannot tarry more.
We have spent four years in the school we held so high.
So we bid old Western High good-bye.

II.

For four years now we have held her honor high,
And we leave forever, not without a sigh.
We hope that she will forever and for aye
Remember when "Eleven" went away.

Chorus.

EDWARD ALBERT HALE.



WALTER UPTON
Presentorian



RAYMOND LEROY
SHOEMAKER
Historian

Valedictory

The few words of farewell which I speak to-night will soon pass into oblivion, but the occasion which calls forth these words will never be forgotten by the Class of 1911. Four years ago we looked forward to this night when we should be assembled to bid farewell to Western—and now the time has come. By some it is considered a time of jollity, for those who rejoice are glad that they have completed their course of study. To others this night has a more serious meaning, for they seem to realize that they are leaving behind them the happiest days of their lives, and must soon be cast upon the waters of life.

During the past four years we of the Class of 1911 have worked and played together. Some of us have jested and have paid the price; some have struggled and have survived; some have labored and have reaped the reward. And through it all the Class of 1911 has not despaired because defeated, nor has it become vain because victorious.

The friendships formed during our association with Western will long remain, and will grow closer and dearer as the years go by. To our friends among the under-classmen we would but say—profit by the errors of 1911 and imitate its worthy endeavors.

Our friends, the Faculty, will never cease to occupy a warm place in the hearts of 1911. When we were perplexed, they have counselled us; when ill, they have been solicitous of us; when mistaken, they have corrected us; when despondent, they have cheered us; and when happy, they have rejoiced with us. We are to the Faculty but one of many classes who have passed through the halls of Western and out into the world. Although this is true, yet we of the Class of 1911 never had better friends, and we trust that in the time to come a memory of this class will remain fresh within their minds and an affection for us may dwell within their hearts.

And now, friends and classmates, that we have reached that goal to which we looked forward, let us realize what it means to us. Henceforth many of us will have to fight the battles of life. May the Class of 1911 be victorious in the strife. Some will achieve success in public life, some will become distinguished by their learning, and some will perform their duties faithfully and cheerfully, wherever their paths may lead—whether obscure or known to the world, virtue will have its own reward. If perhaps individually our paths be not carpeted with roses and our approach be not heralded by blasts of the trumpet, yet there are other things significant of achievement. Some will aspire to fame, and others will seek happiness in the performance of humbler duties. We trust the former will not be deluded nor the latter disappointed.

To our classmates it is hard to say farewell. We have learned to love and understand each other during our association together. We have formed lasting friendships which will be a source of consolation in the days to come. To these friends we now must bid farewell, for soon this entire class will meet no more. We hope

that the gathering of the Class of 1911 will be perennial—but some who are here to-night may not be present at the future meetings. Some of these bright and happy faces may be smiling elsewhere, and some perhaps will have gone to their final rest. But the absent ones will be present at these reunions in spirit if not in body.

When we consider our days at Western and realize that we must say farewell, there is mingled with our hopes and our ambitions for the future a realization of the significance of this parting. Yet this is but a milestone along our course of life, and in the future lies our work. And with a smile of friendship and a word of encouragement, the Class of 1911 bid one another farewell, firm in the belief that always will our memories of Western be sweet and our love for our Alma Mater great.

HARRY CULLEN BLANTON.

Miss Helen Nicholson, of the Class of 1907, who took the Kendall Green Scholarship for the George Washington University, has just been graduated with first honors in her class. She also took the English prize of \$40, and the Latin gold medals.

Class Poem, 1911

We reach a mile-stone in our path to-night
And mete with ever-freshening delight
The road that we have traveled—
A highway of our failures and successes,
A place once dark, now filled with all the sun
Of something past, whose ended striving blesses
And fills us with the joy of work well done,
And problems all unraveled.

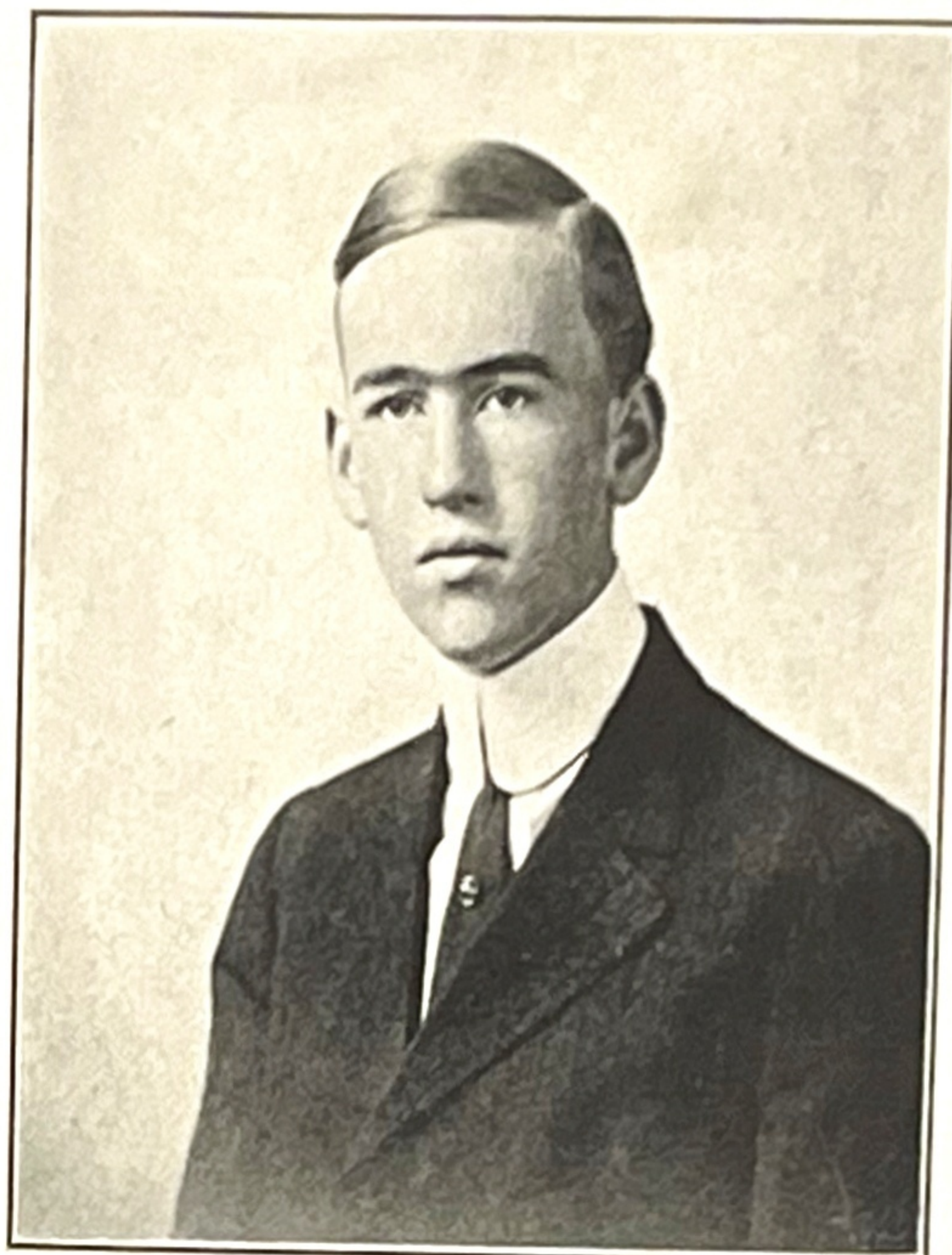
Children we were, but now the years demand
That we abandon childhood's care-free land,
Its lesser griefs and gladness,
And enter on our man and womanhood;
For in this youth we do but grope for keys
Of things and theories half understood,
And open not the doors, fearing we seize
On much of wisdom's sadness.

We wait below in longing for the day
When we shall reach the heights, and in dismay
We see the shadowed grass,
And the long hillsides that must be behind us
Before we reach the goal of our ambition,
And heed not when those gone before remind us
That but one hillside need have recognition,
Since one by one they pass.

But youth is ever fraught with present hopes—
A swift desire to feel the broadest scope
Of new anticipation.
The fearful cringe and fluttering eyes of pain
With sad experience come, and are not seen,
While the fresh spirits of the dawn remain
Among us, shimmering all with rosy sheen
Of lifting young elation.

For what care we, can we but find a life
In which the sunlight of each day is rife
With quiet, placid glow.
For tho' our feet be weary of the way,
O may we keep youth's effervescent sprite
Dancing before our steps and ever gay,
Finding behind each shade the greater light,
That those who toil may know.

DOROTHY LOUD.



JAMES B. LOCKWOOD, Prophet



MISS DOROTHY LOUD, Poet



MISS MARGARET SCOFIELD, Secretary

Class Song, 1911

Tune—"Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet."

Through those four short years of high school,
With the ever-swaying class rule,
This class has made its way.
Now that our careers are ended,
Our diplomas we are tendered,
Other things must hold their sway.
But we'll always think of this class
As one that ne'er has been surpassed
By any one of those in former days.
Then our heavy hearts will lighten
And our faces sad will brighten
As some one will turn and say:

Chorus.

It was that Class of 1911,
With its three and seventy-seven,
Whose mighty name will never die;
For it is they above the others
Who love to see the colors
Of dear old Western High.

While through different paths we wander
We will often sit and ponder
Of the good old days gone by.
We will turn from joy to sorrow
That is hidden in the morrow
To our thoughts of Western High.
Within memory's vaults will dwell
All those friends we loved so well,
And we'll picture them as in the days of yore.
In our dreams we then will treasure
Every thought of work and pleasure,
And our hearts will say once more:

Chorus.

RAYMOND LEROY SHOEMAKER.

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SHOW PLACES

At this time of the year, when so many good things are bought and consumed, there sometimes comes to the mind the question as to how these things are made, and perhaps we stop and are content to leave well enough alone. But Washington is already noted as one of the most healthful cities of the country, and this is due to the almost autocratic supervision of the food supply of the city and to the willingness with which the manufacturers of her products comply with the laws. Among these none rank higher in sanitary conditions than the **Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Company**, the makers of the famous, and justly so-called, "*Velvet Kind*" Ice Cream. From the receipt of the Cream till the finished product, its progress is safeguarded by all the methods known to science to insure the healthful, as well as palatable article, which is every day served to Washington's most dainty palates. It is most interesting, as well as educational and instructive, to go through the magnificently equipped and tile-lined factory. Everything from the cream to the containers are pasteurized, killing any injurious bacteria that might otherwise be contained therein. The bright, shiny mixing vats, the freezers and refrigerating rooms are all shown and their uses thoroughly explained by a competent guide, which it is the Company's pleasure to furnish visitors, who, by the way, are always welcome; the Company being indeed anxious of critical inspection and comment which might in any way enable them to add to the excellence of their famous product.

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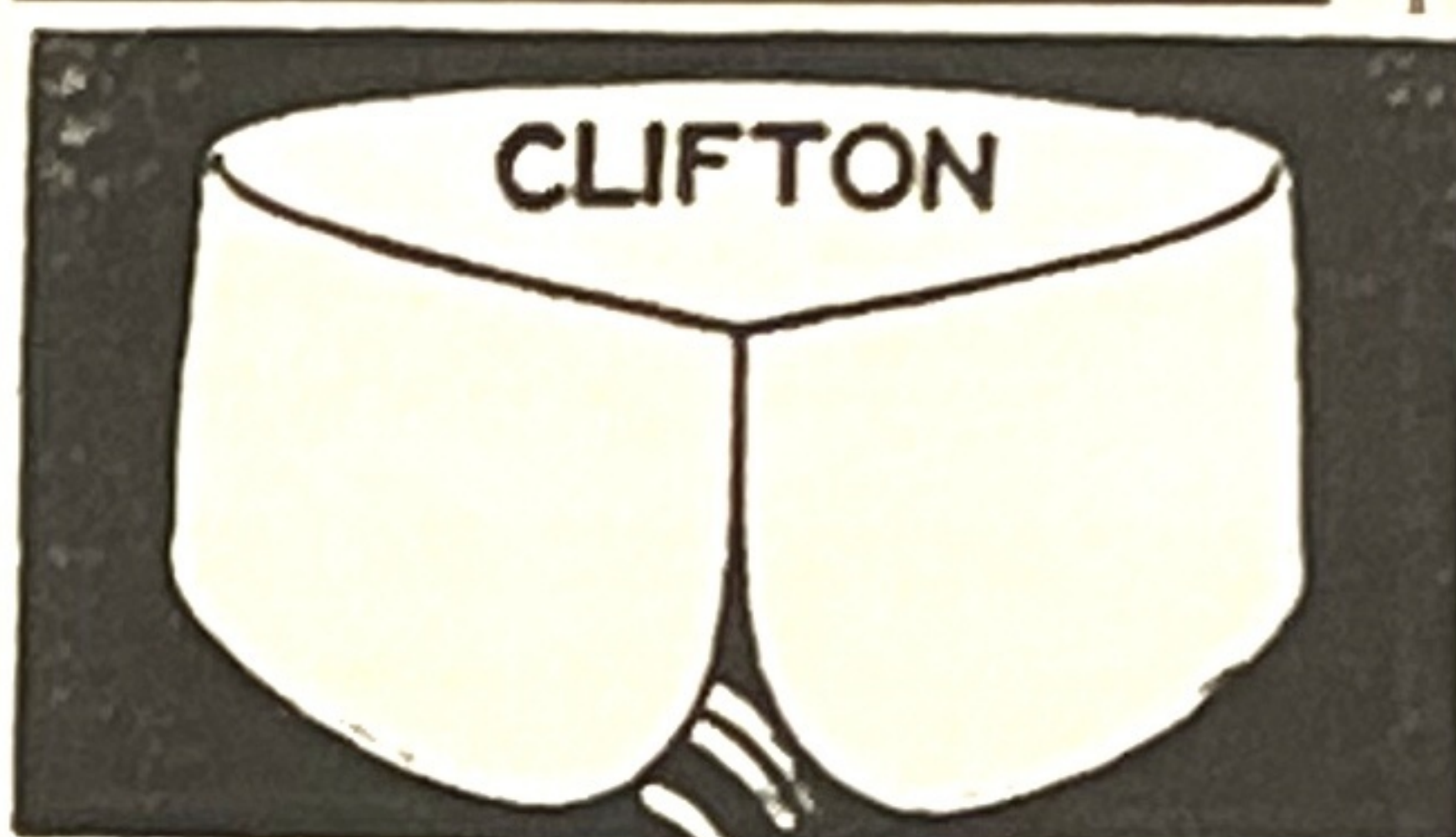
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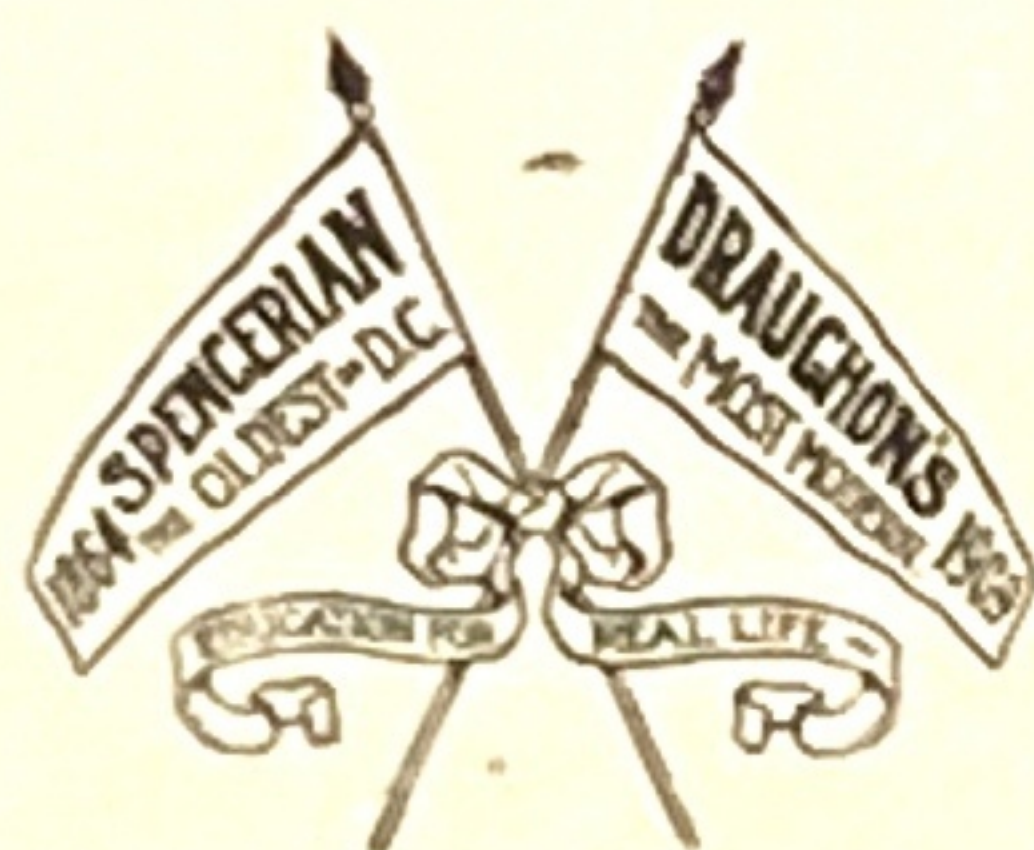
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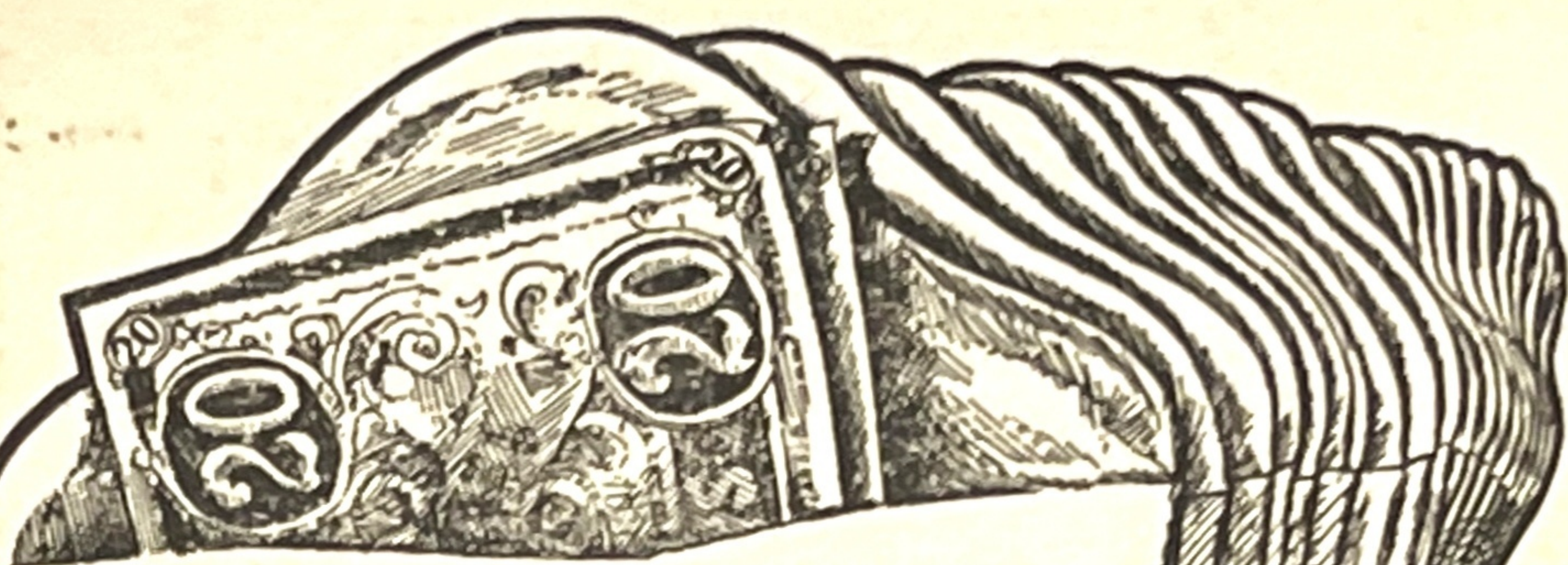
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